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THE GOLDEN BOOK OF  
MODERN ENGLISH POETRY

1870-1920



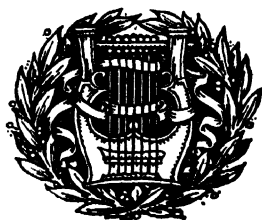
THE  
GOLDEN BOOK OF  
MODERN ENGLISH  
POETRY

1870 - 1920

SELECTED & ARRANGED BY  
THOMAS CALDWELL  

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
LORD DUNSANY



1923  
LONDON & TORONTO  
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TO  
ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE  
IN HOMAGE



## INTRODUCTION

*I UNDERSTAND* from Mr Caldwell that one of his objects in making this collection was to show that the best of the poetry of the modern age is "either classical or romantic in character, and not—as some critics would have it—of the realistic school." I entirely agree with him ; nor is this the case of the modern age alone, but it must always be thus : for no achievement of man can possibly transcend man's aspirations, which are the source of all his achievements, and can very rarely equal them ; and those aspirations are the raw material of all the arts. Other material may be used as a substitute, as tiaras may be made out of bottle glass, but there is nothing for the purposes of art that can be other than a clumsy imitation for anything so delicate and pure and glorious as human aspirations ; unless it be such fields and little hills and evenings, unspoiled by hurry or smoke, and changing only four times with the seasons, year after year for ever, as *Ledwidge* loved to write of. But that rare spirit that left us from the front of Arras clothed all those fields and hedgerows with such a human wistfulness, that we see them now through the luminous cloak of it, as we see them at dawn with spiders' webs over the grass and the spiders' webs dim with dew. That is not what we mean by realism. Realism (as it is understood to-day) is something done in defiance of man. Man sets up to be something better than the rocks, to play some part in a scheme wherein there are beauty and dignity ; and the realist comes along and writes of mud, writes of it accurately and vividly and minutely, describing component parts of it, glorying in the causes of it, picturing it so that



*every man who has ever hung his head as he walks shall recognise the truth of it, and telling us that there is lots of it in the world. Man turns his eye for a moment from his dream, and it is caught at once by the realist and his mud: "new, strong, virile, manly, up-to-date treatment of smelly mud," say the advertisements: "that's the stuff for you," says the realist, "there's no other truth but that."*

*And because everybody has seen mud, and is able to check the accuracy of the description of it, they come to believe that his is all the truth there is. But it is a poet's duty to tell of things that others cannot see, like a watchman with a glass on a high tower; to tell of truths that would otherwise pass unseen through our generations. Hear Masfield when he speaks of tired men tramping through the mud, a travelling circus all worn out at evening. It is in "King Cole," too long for inclusion here and I have no copy by me. He tells how ardours, born in men's spirits, stride splendidly amongst the weary men and horses, whom they transfigure as they cheer them on. That is not realism, that is reality. It is true that man is lifted and upheld through his greatest efforts by things that the realist's heart has never known. It is true and the poets should tell of it. The Poet Laureate, in a poem in this collection, tells, in the first verse, of a ship setting out for a far country, but in the next verse he says:*

*"I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,  
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air;  
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest."*

*There you have a clear claim for the poet that his work is not enclosed within the boundaries that limit material things. Indeed, if poetry is to be judged by the standard of what the common eye can see in ordinary things, then the reader that holds such a view has unhappily come by the wrong book, for we have no realism here, but the things pertaining to magic and the everyday affairs of the kingdoms of myth.*

*We have here the gorgeous James Flecker, with his shining Eastern wares ; A. E., like some merchant-magician, bringing to Dublin and to-day the colour and glamour of Babylon ; and Walter de la Mare, none surer of immortality, like a strange spirit drawn into the orbit of Earth, trailing the perfume and the memories and the wonder of the lands out of which he came ; Thomas Hardy, speaking of very simple things, yet regarding them not with the realist's eye but with the gaze of the prophet ; Ralph Hodgson trying, in the poem on page 262, to tell people something simpler still, but they have grown too complex and busy, and may not understand ; and we have Gordon Bottomley, on page 239, charging with all the courage of Don Quixote, not against windmills but against very real devils, and devils that have a compact with this age.*

*And here we have England all spread out before us, and somewhat preserved against Time and his fierce ally, Change, so that if London cover Sussex with highly desirable residences, and beat down with the pavement harebell and thyme and mint, a little light of its grasses will still shine on in these two poems in which Rudyard Kipling and Hilaire Belloc have crystallized it ; and even if the folk of the English countryside come one day to be devoured by " Greater London," something of them will yet live on in that poem by G. K. Chesterton, " The Secret People," which first saw light in The Neolith about 1908, wherein is that unforgettable line telling of the attitude of " the new unhappy lords " to the people of England :*

*" They look at our labour and laughter as a tired man looks at flies."*

*Nor could England be fully told of without telling also of the sea, and this collection could not have been complete without Sir Henry Newbolt. And " Into Battle," by Julian Grenfell, and " Lights Out," by Edward Thomas, and that fine marching song by Charles Sorley, and the grand poem by*

*Alan Seeger, they are England too, "for ever England" as Rupert Brooke has written, fine songs like songs that birds sing in a stormy twilight.*

*And here, too, are exquisite poems that Eva Gore-Booth, Padraic Colum, and Moira O'Neill have made out of the love of Irish fields and lanes, which shines through every line of them : here is one of such lines :*

*"And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart."*

*And "The Doves," by Katharine Tynan, is full of those wistful memories, that call to mind quiet sunsets in the autumn, and which poetry alone can preserve for us beyond their generation.*

*One finds old favourites here, such as Arthur O'Shaughnessy's proud but just boast on behalf of the poets ; and Ernest Dowson's "Cynara," with a rhythm all of its own, which seems to be one of the surest signs of genius ; and the perfect sonnets of Lord Alfred Douglas ; and the strange and beautiful "Listeners" ; and "Lepanto" ; and "Nightingales" ; and "The South Country" ; and Mrs Wood's "March Thoughts from England," which I last read in a magazine twenty-five years ago ; it is hard to judge fairly between such poems that have long haunted one's memory, and those such as Thomas Edward Brown's "White Foxglove," of which I was hitherto ignorant. Several of Francis Thompson's poems are here, whom even starvation did not turn from his work, nor tempt to inferior work for inferior men, a grand example to all workers. And then there is Herbert Trench's "Song of the Vine in England," calling up all Italy before us, a fragrant essence of Italy, such as poets distil out of memories, a thing too beautiful to say anything about ; it should merely be read.*

*But the wealth of this book cannot all be set forth in an Introduction, and there are those, moreover, whom it would be almost an impertinence for me to praise, W. B. Yeats for*

*instance, whose work is already known in his own country ; and when that can be said of a poet (at any rate in England or Ireland) the magic ship that carries his wares has come to the last port of her long journey, and there are no longer harbours in the world that have not known her sails.*

*Let me conclude with the claim that we have poetry here well worthy of the age ; and this should always be so, for great deeds without great feelings would be like the undirected efforts of a giant in the dark, struggling with hidden destinies. For poetry is not a mere affectation, easily to be produced by drink or drugs, or a dissolute life, but is a rare flower brought to being only by the toil of beautiful, strong spirits, such a flower as will give splendour to an age ; penetrating men's thoughts with subtlety beyond our definition, as a wild perfume penetrates the air, cleansing and strengthening our visions ; and making its absence felt, in ages wherein it has faded, by yearnings of unknown wants that beat out from man, and reverberate in the night that surrounds our knowledge, only to beat back to him again and again from the unknown boundaries unanswered.*

DUNSANY



## EDITOR'S PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION

VARIOUS alterations, designed to improve the anthology in detail, and some of which are due to the suggestions of friendly critics, have been made in the present edition.

Several poets who were not in the first edition are represented in this, including three who published part of their work prior to 1870; the appearance of these latter is justified by special circumstances. A number of poems which could not be included in the first edition, owing to copyright difficulties, are now included.

In many cases the choice has been revised or the selection augmented; excerpts have been added from the more notable of the longer poems written during the past fifty years.

Certain omissions of both poems and poets have been found unavoidable, in order to make room for others that must be held to have the first claim. The effect of all the changes mentioned is to strengthen the anthology.

One point should be emphasized. Some critics have inferred that the proper intention of the anthology has been subordinated to the illustration and defence of a particular theory of poetry. Such is not the case; for the best poetry of our time is not realistic in character, but maintains the tradition of form and beauty.

THOMAS CALDWELL



## EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE half-century, 1870-1920, is one of those definite periods which lend themselves to review within the limits of an anthology.

This anthology is intended to serve as some guide to what is best and most notable in the poetry written during the course of the period mentioned; and it finds its justification in the fact that no similar collection professes to survey modern English poetry in equal detail.

The principal aim of the anthology is to give poems representative of the finest work of modern poets; but an attempt has also been made to show that the most significant poetry of our time is either classical or romantic in character, and not—as some critics would have it—of the realistic school.

The scope of the anthology is defined in its title. The present and the immediate past together constitute the modern age; and the anthology, in reviewing the poetry of the five decades in question, gives what is, in the fullest sense of the term, modern in spirit.

No profession is made of including poets, who, although continuing to write after 1870, were known to the public before that date. All the poets represented here published their first volume of verse subsequent to 1870. This fact separates the elder among them from the true Victorians.

There is reason for regarding the year 1870 as an important turning-point in relation to English poetry. The poets who belong wholly to the Victorian age had by then, with some few exceptions, produced the work upon which their reputations in the main rest; whilst their successors, the younger men, afterwards to become the doyens of our own day, were putting forth their first efforts in verse.



And the half-century which followed 1870 is one of decided interest and importance ; one that has seen the appearance of many poets of distinguished merit ; one that is conspicuous for the excellence, variety and high technical skill of the poetry which it has contributed to the common stock of English verse. These are qualities which, to say no more, render it comparable with any similar period in the history of our literature not crowned by names of unquestionable pre-eminence.

The order of arrangement of the anthology is according to the birth dates of the poets, so far as these could be ascertained. Several departures from this principle have, however, been made to permit of more effective grouping of certain poems. The result assists, none the less, to illustrate the changes in style and manner peculiar to the poetry written in the course of what has been markedly a period of transition and experiment.

Copyright difficulties must be held responsible for the omission of a few poems which might have been included. But it is claimed that the name of every poet of real and accepted distinction, who has appeared between the years 1870 to 1920, is to be found in these pages ; and that the anthology is representative of what is finest in that body of poetry from which its contents have been chosen.

THOMAS CALDWELL

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<sup>1</sup> Pen-name used jointly by:

Katherine Harris Bradley, 1846-1914.

Edith Emma Cooper, 1862-1913.

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THE GOLDEN BOOK  
OF  
MODERN ENGLISH POETRY  
1870-1920

*ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE*

---

ODE ON THE TERCENTENARY  
COMMEMORATION OF SHAKESPEARE, 1916

Kind dove-wing'd Peace, for whose green olive-crown  
The noblest kings would give their diadems,  
Mother, who hast ruled our home so long,  
How suddenly art thou fled !  
Leaving our cities astir with war ;  
And yet on the fair fields deserted  
Lingerest, wherever the gaudy seasons  
Deck with excessive splendour  
The sorrow-stricken year,  
Where cornlands bask and high elms rustle gently,  
And still the unweeting birds sing on by brae and bourn.

The trumpet blareth and calleth the true to be stern :  
Be then thy soft reposeful music dumb ;  
Yet shall thy lovers awhile give ear  
—An' tho' full-arm'd they come—  
To the praise of England's gentlest son ;  
Whom, when she bore the Muses lov'd  
Above the best of eldest honour  
—Yea, save one without peer—  
And by great Homer set,  
Not to impugn his undisputed throne,  
The myriad-hearted by the mighty-hearted one.

2      *ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE*

For God of His gifts pour'd on him a full measure,  
And gave him to know Nature and the ways of men :  
And he dower'd with inexhaustible treasure  
    A world conquering speech,  
Which surg'd as a river high-descended  
That, gathering tributaries of many lands,  
Rolls through the plain a bounteous flood,  
    Picturing towers and temples  
    And ruin of bygone times,  
And floateth the ships deep-laden with merchandise  
Out to the windy seas to traffic in foreign climes.

Thee, SHAKESPEARE, to-day we honour ; and evermore,  
Since England bore thee, the master of human song,  
    Thy folk are we, children of thee,  
    Who, knitting in one her realm  
And strengthening with pride her sea-borne clans,  
Scorn'st in the grave the bruize of death.  
All thy later-laurel'd choir  
    Laud thee in thy world-shrine :  
    London's laughter is thine ;  
One with thee is our temper in melancholy or might,  
And in thy book Great Britain's rule readeth her right.

Her chains are chains of Freedom, and her bright arms  
Honour, Justice and Truth and Love to man.  
    Though first from a pirate ancestry  
    She took her home on the wave,  
Her gentler spirit arose disdainful,  
And, smiting the fetters of slavery,  
Made the high seaways safe and free,  
    In wisdom bidding aloud  
    To world-wide brotherhood,  
Till her flag was hail'd as the ensign of Liberty,  
And the boom of her guns went round the earth in salvoes  
    of peace.

And thou, when Nature bow'd her mastering hand  
To borrow an ecstasy of man's art from thee,  
    Thou, her poet, secure as she

Of the shows of eternity,  
Didst never fear thy work should fall  
To fashion's craze nor pedant's folly  
Nor devastator, whose arrogant arms  
Murder and maim mankind ;  
Who, when in scorn of grace  
He hath batter'd and burn'd some loveliest dearest shrine.  
Laugheth in ire and boasteth aloud his brazen god.

. . . . .

I SAW the Angel of Earth from strife aloof  
Mounting the heavenly stair with Time on high,  
Growing ever younger in the brightening air  
Of the everlasting dawn :  
It was not terror in his eyes nor wonder,  
That glance of the intimate exaltation  
Which lieth as Power under all Being,  
And broodeth in Thought above—  
As a bird wingeth over the ocean,  
Whether indolently the heavy water sleepeth  
Or is dash'd in a million waves, chafing or lightly laughing.

I hear his voice in the music of lamentation,  
In echoing chant and cadenced litany,  
In country song and pastoral piping  
And silvery dances of mirth :  
And oft, as the eyes of a lion in the brake,  
His presence hath startled me . . .  
In austere shapes of beauty lurking,  
Beautiful for Beauty's sake ;  
As a lonely blade of life  
Ariseth to flower, whenever the unseen Will  
Stirreth with kindling aim the dark fecundity of Being.

Man knoweth but as in a dream of his own desire  
The thing that is good for man, and he dreameth well :  
But the lot of the gentle heart is hard  
That is cast in an epoch of life  
When evil is knotted and demons fight,  
Who know not, they, that the lowest lot

Is treachery, hate and trust in sin  
 And perseverance in ill,  
 Doom'd to oblivious Hell,  
 To pass with the shames unspoken of men away,  
 Wash'd out with their tombs by the grey unpitying tears  
 of Heaven.

But ye, dear Youth, who lightly in the day of fury  
 Put on England's glory as a common coat,  
 And in your stature of masking grace  
 Stood forth warriors complete,  
 No praise o'ershadoweth yours to-day,  
 Walking out of the home of love  
 To match the deeds of all the dead.—  
 Alas ! alas ! fair Peace,  
 These were thy blossoming roses.  
 Look on thy shame, fair Peace, thy tearful shame !  
 Turn to thine isle, fair Peace ; return thou and guard it  
 well !

### I LOVE ALL BEAUTEOUS THINGS

I love all beauteous things,  
 I seek and adore them ;  
 God hath no better praise,  
 And man in his hasty days  
 Is honoured for them.

I too will something make  
 And joy in the making ;  
 Altho' to-morrow it seem  
 Like the empty words of a dream  
 Remembered on waking.

### THE VOICE OF NATURE

I stand on the cliff and watch the veiled sun paling  
 A silver field afar in the mournful sea,  
 The scourge of the surf, and plaintive gulls sailing

At ease on the gale that smites the shuddering lea :  
Whose smile severe and chaste  
June never hath stirred to vanity, nor age defaced.  
In lofty thought strive, O spirit, for ever :  
In courage and strength pursue thine own endeavour.

Ah ! if it were only for thee, thou restless ocean  
Of waves that follow and roar, the sweep of the tides ;  
Wer't only for thee, impetuous wind, whose motion  
Precipitate all o'errides, and turns, nor abides :  
For you sad birds and fair,  
Or only for thee, bleak cliff, erect in the air ;  
Then well could I read wisdom in every feature,  
O well should I understand the voice of Nature.

But far away, I think, in the Thames valley,  
The silent river glides by flowery banks :  
And birds sing sweetly in branches that arch an alley  
Of cloistered trees, moss-grown in their ancient ranks :  
Where if a light air stray,  
'Tis laden with hum of bees and scent of may.  
Love and peace be thine, O spirit, for ever :  
Serve thy sweet desire : despise endeavour.

And if it were only for thee, entranced river,  
That scarce dost rock the lily on her airy stem,  
Or stir a wave to murmur, or a rush to quiver ;  
Wer't but for the woods, and summer asleep in them :  
For you my bowers green,  
My hedges of rose and woodbine, with walks between,  
Then well could I read wisdom in every feature,  
O well should I understand the voice of Nature.

## MY DELIGHT AND THY DELIGHT

My delight and thy delight  
Walking, like two angels white,  
In the gardens of the night :

6.     *ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE*

My desire and thy desire  
Twining to a tongue of fire,  
Leaping live, and laughing higher ;  
'Thro' the everlasting strife  
In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun,  
Hath the secret of the sun.

Love can tell, and love alone,  
Whence the million stars were strewn,  
Why each atom knows its own,  
How, in spite of woe and death,  
Gay is life, and sweet is breath :

This he taught us, this we knew,  
Happy in his science true,  
Hand in hand as we stood  
'Neath the shadows of the wood,  
Heart to heart as we lay  
In the dawning of the day.

NIGHTINGALES

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,  
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom  
Ye learn your song :  
Where are those starry woods ? O might I wander there,  
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air  
Bloom the year long !

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams :  
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,  
A throe of the heart,  
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,  
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,  
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men  
We pour our dark nocturnal secret ; and then,  
    As night is withdrawn  
From these sweet springing meads and bursting boughs of  
    May,  
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day  
    Welcome the dawn.

### ON A DEAD CHILD

Perfect little body, without fault or stain on thee,  
    With promise of strength and manhood full and fair !  
    Though cold and stark and bare,  
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on  
    thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou ;—alas ! no longer  
    To visit her heart with wondrous joy ; to be  
    Thy father's pride ;—ah, he  
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make  
    stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,  
    Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond ;  
    Startling my fancy fond  
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it :  
    But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking and  
    stiff ;  
    Yet feels to my hand as if  
'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—  
    Go lie there in thy coffin, thy last little bed !—  
    Propping thy wise, sad head,  
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.



So quiet ! doth the change content thee ?—Death, whither  
hath he taken thee ?

To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this ?  
The vision of which I miss,  
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and  
awaken thee ?

Ah ! little at best can all our hopes avail us  
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,  
Unwilling, alone we embark,  
And the things we have seen and have known and have  
heard of, fail us.

#### A PASSER-BY

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,  
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,  
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,  
Whither away fair rover, and what thy quest ?  
Ah ! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,  
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,  
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest  
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,  
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air ;  
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,  
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,  
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare ;  
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped,  
grandest  
Peak, that is over the feathery palms more fair  
Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,  
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine  
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,  
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.

But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,  
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,  
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line  
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

### AWAKE, MY HEART, TO BE LOVED

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake !  
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,  
It leaps in the sky : unrisen lustres slake  
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake !

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee ;  
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,  
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take :  
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake !

And if thou tarry from her,—if this could be,—  
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee ;  
For thee would unashamed herself forsake :  
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake !

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,  
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree :  
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake ;  
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake !

Lo, all things wake and tarry and look for thee :  
She looketh and saith, " O sun, now bring him to me.  
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,  
And awake my heart to be loved : awake, awake ! "

### LONDON SNOW

When men were all asleep the snow came flying,  
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,  
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,  
Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town ;  
Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing ;  
Lazily and incessantly floating down and down :

Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and railing ;  
 Hiding difference, making unevenness even,  
 Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.

All night it fell, and when full inches seven  
 It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,  
 The clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven ;  
 And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness  
 Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare :  
 The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling whiteness ;

The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air ;  
 No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,  
 And the busy morning cries came thin and spare.

Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling,  
 They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze  
 Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snow-balling ;

Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees ;  
 Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,  
 "O look at the trees !" they cried, "O look at the trees !"

With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder,  
 Following along the white deserted way,  
 A country company long dispersed asunder :

When now already the sun, in pale display  
 Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below  
 His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.

For now doors open, and war is waged with the snow ;  
 And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,  
 Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they go :

But even for them awhile no cares encumber  
 Their minds diverted ; the daily word is unspoken,  
 The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber  
 At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the  
 charm they have broken.

## SONNETS FROM *THE GROWTH OF LOVE*

### VIII

For beauty being the best of all we know  
 Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims  
 Of nature, and on joys whose earthly names  
 Were never told can form and sense bestow ;

And man hath sped his instinct to outgo  
The step of science ; and against her shames  
Imagination stakes out heavenly claims,  
Building a tower above the head of woe.

Nor is there fairer work for beauty found  
Than that she win in nature her release  
From all the woes that in the world abound :  
Nay, with his sorrow may his love increase,  
If from man's greater need beauty redound,  
And claim his tears for homage of his peace.

XVIII

Where San Miniato's convent from the sun  
At forenoon overlooks the city of flowers  
I sat, and gazing on her domes and towers  
Call'd up her famous children one by one :  
And three who all the rest had far outdone,  
Mild Giotto first, who stole the morning hours,  
I saw, and god-like Buonarroti's powers,  
And Dante, gravest poet, her much-wrong'd son.

Is all this glory, I said, another's praise ?  
Are these heroic triumphs things of old,  
And do I dead upon the living gaze ?  
Or rather doth the mind, that can behold  
The wondrous beauty of the works and days,  
Create the image that her thoughts enfold ?

XXXV

All earthly beauty hath one cause and proof,  
To lead the pilgrim soul to beauty above :  
Yet lieth the greater bliss so far aloof,  
That few there be are wean'd from earthly love.  
Joy's ladder it is, reaching from home to home,  
The best of all the work that all was good ;  
Whereof 'twas writ the angels aye upclomb,  
Down sped, and at the top the Lord God stood.

But I my time abuse, my eyes by day  
 Center'd on thee, by night my heart on fire—  
 Letting my number'd moments run away—  
 Nor e'en 'twixt night and day to heaven aspire :  
     So true it is that what the eye seeth not  
 But slow is loved, and loved is soon forgot.

### *GEORGE MEREDITH*

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#### HYMN TO COLOUR

With Life and Death I walked when Love appeared,  
 And made them on each side a shadow seem.  
 Through wooded vales the land of dawn we neared,  
 Where down smooth rapids whirls the helmless dream  
 To fall on daylight ; and night puts away  
     Her darker veil for grey.

In that grey veil green grassblades brushed we by ;  
 We came where woods breathed sharp, and overhead  
 Rocks raised clear horns on a transforming sky :  
 Around, save for those shapes, with him who led  
 And linked them, desert varied by no sign  
     Of other life than mine.

By this the dark-winged planet, raying wide,  
 From the mild pearl-glow to the rose upborne,  
 Drew in his fires, less faint than far descried,  
 Pure-fronted on a stronger wave of morn :  
 And those two shapes the splendour interweaved,  
     Hung web-like, sank and heaved.

Love took my hand when hidden stood the sun  
 To fling his robe on shoulder-heights of snow.  
 Then said : There lie they, Life and Death in one.  
 Whichever is, the other is : but know,  
 It is thy craving self that thou dost see,  
     Not in them seeing me.

Shall man into the mystery of breath  
 From his quick beating pulse a pathway spy ?  
 Or learn the secret of the shrouded death,  
 By lifting up the lid of a white eye ?  
 Cleave thou thy way with fathering desire  
 Of fire to reach to fire.

Look now where Colour, the soul's bridegroom, makes  
 The house of heaven splendid for the bride.  
 To him as leaps a fountain she awakes,  
 In knotting arms, yet boundless : him beside,  
 She holds the flower to heaven, and by his power  
 Brings heaven to the flower.

He gives her homeliness in desert air,  
 And sovereignty in spaciousness ; he leads  
 Through widening chambers of surprise to where  
 Throbs rapture near an end that aye recedes,  
 Because his touch is infinite and lends  
 A yonder to all ends.

Death begs of Life his blush ; Life Death persuades  
 To keep long day with his caresses graced.  
 He is the heart of light, the wing of shades,  
 The crown of beauty : never soul embraced  
 Of him can harbour unfaith ; soul of him  
 Possessed walks never dim.

Love eyed his rosy memories : he sang :  
 O bloom of dawn, breathed up from the gold sheaf  
 Held springing beneath Orient ! that dost hang  
 The space of dewdrops running over leaf ;  
 Thy fleetingness is bigger in the ghost  
 Than Time with all his host !

Of thee to say behold, has said adieu :  
 But Love remembers how the sky was green,  
 And how the grasses glimmered lightest blue ;  
 How saint-like grey took fervour ; how the screen  
 Of cloud grew violet ; how thy moment came  
 Between a blush and flame.

Love saw the emissary eglantine  
Break wave round thy white feet above the gloom ;  
Lay finger on thy star ; thy raiment line  
With cherub wing and limb ; wed thy soft bloom,  
Gold-quivering like sunrays in thistle-down,  
Earth under rolling brown.

They do not look through love to look on thee,  
Grave heavenliness ! nor know they joy of sight,  
Who deem the wave of rapt desire must be  
Its wrecking and last issue of delight.  
Dead seasons quicken in one petal-spot  
Of colour unforgot.

This way have men come out of brutishness  
To spell the letters of the sky and read  
A reflex upon earth else meaningless.  
With thee, O fount of the Untimed ! to lead ;  
Drink they of thee, thee eyeing, they unaged  
Shall on through brave wars waged.

More gardens will they win than any lost ;  
The vile plucked out of them, the unlovely slain.  
Not forfeiting the beast with which they are crossed,  
To stature of the Gods will they attain.  
They shall uplift their Earth to meet her Lord,  
Themselves the attuning chord !

The song had ceased ; my vision with the song.  
Then of those Shadows, which one made descent  
Beside me I knew not : but Life ere long  
Came on me in the public ways and bent  
Eyes deeper than of old : Death met I too,  
And saw the dawn glow through.

## THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

## WHITE FOXGLOVE

White foxglove, by an angle in the wall,  
Secluded, tall,  
No vulgar bees  
Consult you, wondering  
If such a dainty thing  
Can give them ease.  
Yet what was that ? Sudden a breeze  
From the far moorland sighed,  
And you replied,  
Quiv'ring a moment with a thrill  
Sweet, but ineffable.

Was it a kiss that sought you from the bowers  
Of happier flowers,  
And did not heed  
Accessible loveliness,  
And with a quaint distress  
Hinted the need,  
And paused and trembled for its deed,  
And so you trembled, too,  
No roseate hue  
Revealing how the alarmed sense  
Blushed quick—intense ?

Ah me !  
Such kisses are for roses in the prime,  
For braid of lime,  
For full-blown blooms,  
For ardent breaths outpoured  
Obvious, or treasure stored  
In honied rooms  
Of rare delight, in which the looms  
Of nature still conspire  
To sate desire.  
Not such are you beside the wall,  
Cloistered and virginal.



'Twas your wild purple sisters there that passed  
 Unseen, and cast  
 The spell. They hold  
 The vantage of the heights,  
 And in you they have rights,  
 And they are bold :  
 They know not ever to be cold  
 Or coy, but they would play  
 With you alway.  
 Wherefore their little sprites a-wing  
 Make onslaught from the ling.

*So spake I to the foxglove in my mood,  
 But was not understood.  
 Rather she shrank, and in a tenfold whiteness  
 Condemned what must have seemed to her my lightness.*

## THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

### WASSAIL CHORUS

#### CHRISTMAS AT THE MERMAID

##### CHORUS

Christmas knows a merry, merry place,  
 Where he goes with fondest face,  
 Brightest eye, brightest hair :  
 Tell the Mermaid where is that one place :  
 Where ?

##### RALEIGH

'Tis by Devon's glorious halls,  
 Whence, dear Ben, I come again :  
 Bright with golden roofs and walls—  
 El Dorado's rare domain—  
 Seem those halls when sunlight launches  
 Shafts of gold through leafless branches,  
 Where the winter's feathery mantle blanches  
 Field and farm and lane.

## CHORUS

Christmas knows a merry, merry place,  
Where he goes with fondest face,  
Brightest eye, brightest hair :  
Tell the Mermaid where is that one place :  
Where ?

## DRAYTON

'Tis where Avon's wood-sprites weave  
Through the boughs a lace of rime,  
While the bells of Christmas Eve  
Fling for Will the Stratford-chime  
O'er the river-flags emboss'd  
Rich with flowery runes of frost—  
O'er the meads where snowy tufts are toss'd—  
Strains of olden time.

## CHORUS

Christmas knows a merry, merry place,  
Where he goes with fondest face,  
Brightest eye, brightest hair :  
Tell the Mermaid where is that one place :  
Where ?

## SHAKESPEARE'S FRIEND

'Tis, methinks, on any ground  
Where our Shakespeare's feet are set.  
There smiles Christmas, holly-crown'd  
With his blithest coronet :  
Friendship's face he loveth well :  
'Tis a countenance whose spell  
Sheds a balm o'er every mead and dell  
Where we used to fret.

## CHORUS

Christmas knows a merry, merry place,  
Where he goes with fondest face,  
Brightest eye, brightest hair :  
Tell the Mermaid where is that one place :  
Where ?

## HEYWOOD

More than all the pictures, Ben,  
 Winter weaves by wood or stream,  
 Christmas loves our London, when  
 Rise thy clouds of wassail-steam—  
 Clouds like these, that, curling, take  
 Forms of faces gone, and wake  
 Many a lay from lips we loved, and make  
 London like a dream.

## CHORUS

Christmas knows a merry, merry place,  
 Where he goes with fondest face,  
 Brightest eye, brightest hair :  
 Tell the Mermaid where is that one place :  
 Where ?

## BEN JONSON

Love's old songs shall never die,  
 Yet the new shall suffer proof ;  
 Love's old drink of Yule brew I,  
 Wassail for new love's behoof :  
 Drink the drink I brew, and sing  
 Till the berried branches swing,  
 Till our song make all the Mermaid ring—  
 Yea from rush to roof.

## FINALE

Christmas loves this merry, merry place :—  
 Christmas saith with fondest face,  
 Brightest eye, brightest hair :  
 " Ben ! the drink tastes rare of sack and mace :  
 Rare ! "

## SONNETS

## I

When hope lies dead—ah, when 'tis death to live,  
 And wrongs remembered make the heart still bleed,  
 Better are Sleep's kind lies for Life's blind need  
 Than truth, if lies a little peace can give.

A little peace ! 'tis thy prerogative,  
 O Sleep ! to lend it ; thine to quell or feed  
 This love that starves—this starving soul's long greed,  
 And bid Regret, the queen of hell, forgive.  
 Yon moon that mocks me thro' the uncurtained glass  
 Recalls that other night, that other moon,—  
 Two English lovers on a grey lagoon,—  
 The voices from the lantern'd gondolas,  
 The kiss, the breath, the flashing eyes, and, soon,  
 The throbbing stillness : all the heaven that was.

## II

## NATURA MALIGNA

The Lady of the Hills with crimes untold  
 Followed my feet with azure eyes of prey ;  
 By glacier-brink she stood—by cataract-spray—  
 When mists were dire, or avalanche-echoes rolled.  
 At night she glimmered in the death-wind cold,  
 And if a footprint shone at break of day,  
 My flesh would quail, but straight my soul would say :  
 “ 'Tis hers whose hand God's mightier hand doth hold.”  
 I trod her snow-bridge, for the moon was bright,  
 Her icicle-arch across the sheer crevasse,  
 When lo, she stood ! . . . God made her let me pass,  
 Then felled the bridge ! . . . Oh, there in fallow light,  
 There down the chasm, I saw her, cruel, white,  
 And all my wondrous days as in a glass.

## RICHARD WATSON DIXON

## THE FEATHERS OF THE WILLOW

The feathers of the willow  
 Are half of them grown yellow  
 Above the swelling stream ;  
 And ragged are the bushes,  
 And rusty now the rushes,  
 And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,  
 His stalk begins to moulder,  
     His head is white as snow ;  
 The branches all are barer,  
 The linnet's song is rarer,  
     The robin pipeth now.

JAMES THOMSON  
 (B. V.)

*FROM THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT*

Large glooms were gathered in the mighty fane,  
 With tinted moon-gleams slanting here and there ;  
 And all was hush : no swelling organ-strain,  
     No chant, no voice or murmuring of prayer ;  
 No priests came forth, no tinkling censers fumed,  
 And the high altar space was unillumed.

Around the pillars and against the walls  
 Leaned men and shadows ; others seemed to brood  
 Bent or recumbent in secluded stalls,  
     Perchance they were not a great multitude  
 Save in that city of so lonely streets  
 Where one may count up every face he meets.

All patiently awaited the event  
 Without a stir or sound, as if no less  
 Self-occupied, doomstricken, while attent.  
 And then we heard a voice of solemn stress  
 From the dark pulpit, and our gaze there met  
 Two eyes which burned as never eyes burned yet :

Two steadfast and intolerable eyes  
 Burning beneath a broad and rugged brow ;  
 The head behind it of enormous size,  
     And as black fir-groves in a large wind bow,  
 Our rooted congregation, gloom-arrayed,  
 By that great sad voice deep and full were swayed :—

O melancholy Brothers, dark, dark, dark !  
 O battling in black floods without an ark !  
 O spectral wanderers of unholy Night !  
 My soul hath bled for you these sunless years,  
 With bitter blood-drops running down like tears :  
 Oh, dark, dark, dark, withdrawn from joy and light !

My heart is sick with anguish for your bale !  
 Your woe hath been my anguish ; yea, I quail  
 And perish in your perishing unblest.  
 And I have searched the heights and depths, the scope  
 Of all our universe, with desperate hope  
 To find some solace for your wild unrest.

And now at last authentic word I bring,  
 Witnessed by every dead and living thing ;  
 Good tidings of great joy for you, for all :  
 There is no God ; no Fiend with names divine  
 Made us and tortures us ; if we must pine,  
 It is to satiate no Being's gall.

It was the dark delusion of a dream,  
 That living Person conscious and supreme,  
 Whom we must curse for cursing us with life ;  
 Whom we must curse because the life He gave  
 Could not be buried in the quiet grave,  
 Could not be killed by poison or by knife.

This little life is all we must endure,  
 The grave's most holy peace is ever sure,  
 We fall asleep and never wake again ;  
 Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh,  
 Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh  
 In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.

We finish thus ; and all our wretched race  
 Shall finish with its cycle, and give place  
 To other beings, with their own time-doom  
 Infinite æons ere our kind began ;  
 Infinite æons after the last man  
 Has joined the mammoth in earth's tomb and womb.

We bow down to the universal laws,  
Which never had for man a special clause  
Of cruelty or kindness, love or hate :  
If toads and vultures are obscene to sight,  
If tigers burn with beauty and with might,  
Is it by favour or by wrath of fate ?

All substance lives and struggles evermore  
Through countless shapes continually at war,  
By countless interactions interknit :  
If one is born a certain day on earth,  
All times and forces tended to that birth,  
Not all the world could change or hinder it.

I find no hint throughout the Universe  
Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse ;  
I find alone Necessity Supreme ;  
With infinite Mystery, abysmal, dark,  
Unlighted ever by the faintest spark  
For us the flitting shadows of a dream.

O Brothers of sad lives ! they are so brief ;  
A few short years must bring us all relief :  
Can we not bear these years of labouring breath ?  
But if you would not this poor life fulfil,  
Lo, you are free to end it when you will,  
Without the fear of waking after death.—

The organ-like vibrations of his voice  
Thrilled through the vaulted aisles and died away ;  
The yearning of the tones which bade rejoice  
Was sad and tender as a requiem lay :  
Our shadowy congregation rested still  
As brooding on that " End it when you will."

THOMAS HARDY

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IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS"  
1915

I

Only a man harrowing clods  
In a slow, silent walk  
With an old horse that stumbles and nods  
Half asleep as they stalk.

II

Only thin smoke without flame  
From the heaps of couch-grass  
Yet this will go onward the same  
Though Dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight  
Come whispering by :  
War's annals will cloud into night  
Ere their story die.

WHEN I SET OUT FOR LYONNESSE

When I set out for Lyonesse,  
A hundred miles away,  
The rime was on the spray,  
And starlight lit my lonesomeness  
When I set out for Lyonesse  
A hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonesse  
While I should sojourn there  
No prophet durst declare,  
Nor did the wisest wizard guess  
What would bechance at Lyonesse  
While I should sojourn there.



## THOMAS HARDY

When I came back from Lyonesse  
With magic in my eyes,  
All marked with mute surprise  
My radiance rare and fathomless,  
When I came back from Lyonesse  
With magic in my eyes !

## GREAT THINGS

Sweet cyder is a great thing,  
A great thing to me,  
Spinning down to Weymouth town  
By Ridgway thirstily,  
And maid and mistress summoning  
Who tend the hostelry :  
O cyder is a great thing,  
A great thing to me !

The dance it is a great thing,  
A great thing to me,  
With candles lit and partners fit  
For night-long revelry ;  
And going home when day-dawning  
Peeps pale upon the lea :  
O dancing is a great thing,  
A great thing to me !

Love is, yea, a great thing,  
A great thing to me,  
When, having drawn across the lawn  
In darkness silently,  
A figure flits like one a-wing  
Out from the nearest tree :  
O love is, yes, a great thing,  
A great thing to me !

Will these be always great things,  
Great things to me ?  
Let it befall that One will call,  
" Soul, I have need of thee " :

What then ? Joy-jaunts, impassioned flings,  
Love, and its ecstasy,  
Will always have been great things,  
Great things to me !

## THE END OF THE EPISODE

Indulge no more may we  
In this sweet-bitter pastime :  
The love-light shines the last time  
Between you, Sweet, and me.

There shall remain no trace  
Of what so closely tied us,  
And blank as ere love eyed us  
Will be our meeting-place.

The flowers and thymy air,  
Will they now miss our coming ?  
The dumbles thin their humming  
To find we haunt not there ?

Though fervent was our vow,  
Though ruddily ran our pleasure,  
Bliss has fulfilled its measure,  
And sees its sentence now.

Ache deep ; but make no moans :  
Smile out ; but stiffly suffer :  
The paths of love are rougher  
Than thoroughfares of stones.

## AFTERWARDS

When the Present has latched its postern behind my  
tremulous stay,  
And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,  
Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the neighbours say,  
" He was a man who used to notice such things " ?

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's soundless blink,  
 The dewfall-hawk comes crossing the shades to alight  
 Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, a gazer may think,  
 "To him this must have been a familiar sight."

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,  
 When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,  
 One may say, "He strove that such innocent creatures  
 should come to no harm,  
 But he could do little for them ; and now he is gone."

If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand  
 at the door,  
 Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,  
 Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no  
 more,  
 "He was one who had an eye for such mysteries " ?

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the  
 gloom,  
 And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its out-rollings,  
 Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,  
 "He hears it not now, but used to notice such things " ?

### FROM THE DYNASTS

#### SEMICHORUS I OF THE YEARS (aerial music)

*Last as first the question rings  
 Of the Will's long travailings ;  
 Why the All-mover,  
 Why the All-prover  
 Ever urges on and measures out the chordless chime of Things.*<sup>1</sup>

#### SEMICHORUS II

*Heaving dumbly  
 As we deem,  
 Moulding numbly  
 As in dream,  
 Apprehending not how fare the sentient subjects of Its scheme.*

<sup>1</sup> Hor., *Epis.*, i. 12.

SEMICHORUS I OF THE PITIES

*Nay ;—shall not Its blindness break ?  
Yea, must not Its heart awake,  
Promptly tending  
To Its mending  
In a genial germinating purpose, and for loving-kindness' sake ?*

SEMICHORUS II

*Shall It never  
Curb or cure  
Aught whatever  
Those endure  
Whom It quickens, let them darkle to extinction swift and sure.*

CHORUS

*But—a stirring thrills the air  
Like to sounds of joyance there  
That the rages  
Of the ages  
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that  
were,  
Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashions all things  
fair !*

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

SONNETS

I

*Never, oh never more shall I behold  
A sunrise on the glacier :—stars of morn  
Paling in primrose round the crystal horn;  
Soft curves of crimson mellowing into gold  
O'er sapphire chasm, and silvery snow-field cold,  
Fire that o'er-floods the horizon ; beacons borne  
From wind-worn peak to storm-swept peak forlorn ;  
Clear hallelujahs through heaven's arches rolled.*

Never, oh never more these feet shall feel  
 The firm elastic tissue of upland turf,  
 Or the crisp edge of the high rocks ; or cling  
 Where the embattled cliffs beneath them reel  
 Through cloud-wreaths eddying like the Atlantic surf,  
 Far, far above the wheeling eagle's wing.

## II

## A CRUCIFIX IN THE ETSCH THAL

Blue mists lie curled along the sullen stream ;  
 Clouds furl the pine-clad highlands whence we came ;  
 Stage after stage, interminably tame,  
 Stretch the gaunt mountain-flanks without one gleam.  
 All things are frozen in a dull dead dream ;  
 It is a twilight land without a name ;  
 Each half-awakened hamlet seems the same  
 Home of grey want and misery supreme.

Heart-breaking is the world-old human strife  
 With niggard nature traced adown this vale  
 In records fugitive as human life.  
 Ah Christ ! the land is Thine ! Those tortured eyes,  
 That thorn-crowned brow, those mute lips, thin and pale,  
 Appeal from man's pain to the impiteous skies.

## III

## TO THE GENIUS OF ETERNAL SLUMBER

Sleep, that art named eternal ! Is there then  
 No chance of waking in thy noiseless realm ?  
 Come there no fretful dreams to overwhelm  
 The feverish spirits of o'erlabouring men ?  
 Shall conscience sleep where thou art ; and shall pain  
 Lie folded with tired arms around her head ;  
 And memory be stretched upon a bed  
 Of ease, whence she shall never rise again ?  
 O Sleep, that art eternal ! Say, shall love  
 Breathe like an infant slumbering at thy breast ?  
 Shall hope there cease to throb ; and shall the smart

Of things impossible at length find rest ?  
Thou answerest not. The poppy-heads above  
Thy calm brows sleep. How cold, how still thou art !

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

---

ST VALENTINE'S DAY

To-day, all day, I rode upon the down,  
With hounds and horsemen, a brave company.  
On this side in its glory lay the sea,  
On that side Sussex weald, a sea of brown.  
The wind was light, and brightly the sun shone,  
And still we galloped on from gorse to gorse :  
And once, when checked, a thrush sang, and my horse  
Pricked his quick ears as to a sound unknown.

I knew the Spring was come. I knew it even  
Better than all by this, that through my chase  
In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven  
I seemed to see and follow still your face.  
Your face my quarry was. For it I rode,  
My horse a thing of wings, myself a god.

THE OLD SQUIRE

I like the hunting of the hare  
Better than that of the fox ;  
I like the joyous morning air,  
And the crowing of the cocks.

I like the calm of the early fields,  
The ducks asleep by the lake,  
The quiet hour which Nature yields,  
Before mankind is awake.

I like the pheasants and feeding things  
Of the unsuspecting morn ;  
I like the flap of the wood-pigeon's wings  
As she rises from the corn.

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush  
From the turnips as I pass by,  
And the partridge hiding her head in a bush,  
For her young ones cannot fly.

I like these things, and I like to ride  
When all the world is in bed,  
To the top of the hill where the sky grows wide,  
And where the sun grows red.

The beagles at my horse heels trot  
In silence after me ;  
There's Ruby, Roger, Diamond, Dot,  
Old Slut and Margery,—

A score of names well used, and dear,  
The names my childhood knew ;  
The horn, with which I rouse their cheer,  
Is the horn my father blew.

I like the hunting of the hare  
Better than that of the fox ;  
The new world still is all less fair  
Than the old world it mocks.

I covet not a wider range  
Than these dear manors give ;  
I take my pleasure without change,  
And as I lived I live.

I leave my neighbours to their thought ;  
My choice it is, and pride,  
On my own lands to find my sport,  
In my own fields to ride.

The hare herself no better loves  
The field where she was bred,  
Than I the habit of these groves,  
My own inherited.

I know my quarries every one,  
The meuse where she sits low ;  
The road she chose to-day was run  
A hundred years ago.

The lags, the gills, the forest ways,  
The hedgerows one and all,  
These are the kingdoms of my chase,  
And bounded by my wall ;

Nor has the world a better thing,  
Though one should search it round,  
Than thus to live one's own sole king,  
Upon one's own sole ground.

I like the hunting of the hare ;  
It brings me, day by day,  
The memory of old days as fair,  
With dead men past away.

To these, as homeward still I ply,  
And pass the churchyard gate  
Where all are laid as I must lie,  
I stop and raise my hat.

I like the hunting of the hare ;  
New sports I hold in scorn.  
I like to be as my fathers were,  
In the days ere I was born.

### ON THE SHORTNESS OF TIME

If I could live without the thought of Death,  
Forgetful of Time's waste, the soul's decay,  
I would not ask for other joy than breath  
With light and sound of birds and the sun's ray.  
I could sit on untroubled day by day  
Watching the grass grow, and the wild flowers range



From blue to yellow and from red to grey  
 In natural sequence as the seasons change.  
 I could afford to wait, but for the hurt  
 Of this dull tick of time which chides my ear.  
 But now I dare not sit with loins ungirt  
 And staff unlifted, for Death stands too near.  
 I must be up and doing—ay, each minute.  
 The grave gives time for rest when we are in it.

*AUSTIN DOBSON*

## A GARDEN SONG

Here in this sequestered close  
 Bloom the hyacinth and rose,  
 Here beside the modest stock  
 Flaunts the flaring hollyhock ;  
 Here, without a pang, one sees  
 Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

All the seasons run their race  
 In this quiet resting-place ;  
 Peach and apricot and fig  
 Here will ripen and grow big ;  
 Here is store and overplus,—  
 More had not Alcinoüs !

Here, in alleys cool and green,  
 Far ahead the thrush is seen ;  
 Here along the southern wall  
 Keeps the bee his festival ;  
 All is quiet else—afar  
 Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here be shadows large and long ;  
 Here be spaces meet for song ;  
 Grant, O garden-god, that I,  
 Now that none profane is nigh,—  
 Now that mood and moment please,—  
 Find the fair Pierides !

## THE LADIES OF ST JAMES'S

## A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN

*Phyllida amo ante alias.*—VIRGIL

The ladies of St James's  
Go swinging to the play ;  
Their footmen run before them,  
With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
She takes her buckled shoon,  
When we go out a-courting  
Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St James's  
Wear satin on their backs ;  
They sit all night at *Ombre*,  
With candles all of wax :  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
She dons her russet gown,  
And runs to gather May dew  
Before the world is down.

The ladies of St James's !  
They are so fine and fair,  
You'd think a box of essence  
Was broken in the air :  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
The breath of heath and furz  
When breezes blow at morning,  
Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St James's !  
They're painted to the eyes ;  
Their white it stays for ever,  
Their red it never dies :  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
Her colour comes and goes ;  
It trembles to a lily,—  
It wavers to a rose.

## AUSTIN DOBSON

The ladies of St James's !  
 You scarce can understand  
 The half of all their speeches,  
 Their phrases are so grand :  
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
 Her shy and simple words  
 Are clear as after rain-drops  
 The music of the birds.

The ladies of St James's !  
 They have their fits and freaks ;  
 They smile on you—for seconds ;  
 They frown on you—for weeks :  
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
 Come either storm or shine,  
 From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,  
 Is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida ! my Phyllida !  
 I care not though they heap  
 The hearts of all St James's,  
 And give me all to keep ;  
 I care not whose the beauties  
 Of all the world may be,  
 For Phyllida—for Phyllida  
 Is all the world to me !

ON A FAN THAT BELONGED TO THE  
 MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR

Chicken-skin, delicate, white,  
 Painted by Carlo Vanloo,  
 Loves in a riot of light,  
 Roses and vaporous blue ;  
 Hark to the dainty *frou-frou* !  
 Picture above if you can,  
 Eyes that could melt as the dew,—  
 This was the Pompadour's fan !

See how they rise at the sight,  
 Thronging the *Œil de Bœuf* through,  
 Courtiers as butterflies bright,  
 Beauties that Fragonard drew,  
*Talon-rouge*, falbala, queue,  
 Cardinal, Duke,—to a man,  
 Eager to sigh or to sue,—  
 This was the Pompadour's fan !

Ah ! but things more than polite  
 Hung on this toy, *voyez vous* !  
 Matters of state and of might,  
 Things that great ministers do ;  
 Things that, maybe, overthrew  
 Those in whose brains they began ;  
 Here was the sign and the cue,—  
 This was the Pompadour's fan !

#### ENVOY

Where are the secrets it knew ?  
 Weavings of plot and of plan ?  
 —But where is the Pompadour, too ?  
*This was the Pompadour's fan !*

#### A FANCY FROM FONTENELLE

*"De mémoires de Roses on n'a point vu mourir le Jardinier."*

The Rose in the garden slipp'd her bud,  
 And she laugh'd in the pride of her youthful blood,  
 As she thought of the Gardener standing by—  
 "He is old,—so old ! And he soon must die !"

The full Rose wax'd in the warm June air,  
 And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare ;  
 And she laugh'd once more as she heard his tread—  
 "He is older now ! He will soon be dead !"

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found  
 That the leaves of the blown Rose strew'd the ground ;  
 And he came at noon, that Gardener old,  
 And he raked them gently under the mould.

*And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,  
 For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener, Time.*

## JOHN PAYNE

## RONDEL

*From Charles D'Orleans*

The year has cast its wede away  
 Of rain, of tempest and of cold,  
 And put on broidery of gold  
 Of sunbeams bright and clear and gay.  
 There is no bird or beast to-day  
 But sings and shouts in field and fold,  
 "The year has cast its wede away  
 Of rain, of tempest and of cold."

The silver fret-work of the May  
 Is over brook and spring encrolled,  
 A blazon lovely to behold.  
 Each thing has put on new array :  
 The year has cast its wede away  
 Of rain, of tempest and of cold.

## ROCOCO

Straight and swift the swallows fly  
 To the sojourn of the sun ;  
 All the golden year is done,  
 All the flower-time flitted by ;  
 Thro' the boughs the witch-winds sigh;  
 But heart's summer is begun ;  
 Life and love at last are one ;  
 Love-lights glitter in the sky.

Summer days were soon outrun  
 With the setting of the sun ;  
 Love's delight is never done.  
 Let the turn-coat roses die ;  
 We are lovers, Love and I ;  
 In Love's lips my roses lie.

## SAMUEL WADDINGTON

## MORNING

Now o'er the topmost pine,  
 The distant pine-clad peak,  
 There dawns a golden streak  
 Of light, an orient line :—  
 Phœbus, the light is thine,  
 Thine is the glory,—seek  
 Each dale and dewy creek,  
 And in full splendour shine !

Thy steeds now chafe and fret  
 To scour the dusky plain :  
 Speed forth with flashing rein,  
 Speed o'er the land,—and yet,  
 Ah ! linger in this lane,  
 Kissing each violet.

## BEATA BEATRIX

*“Ella ha perduta la sua Beatrice :  
 E le parole ch'uom di lei può dire  
 Hanno virtù di far piangere altrui.”*

*Vita Nuova.*

And was it thine, the light whose radiance shed  
 Love's halo round the gloom of Dante's brow ?  
 Was thine the hand that touched his hand, and thou  
 The spirit to his inmost spirit wed ?  
 O gentle, O most pure, what shall be said  
 In praise of thee to whom Love's minstrels bow ?  
 O heart that held his heart, for ever now  
 Thou with his glory shalt be garlanded.

Lo, 'mid the twilight of the waning years,  
 Firenze claims once more our love, our tears :  
 But thou, triumphant on the throne of song,—  
 By Mary seated in the realm above,—  
 O give us of that gift than death more strong,  
 The loving spirit that won Dante's love.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

ODE

We are the music makers,  
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
 Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
 And sitting by desolate streams ;—  
 World-losers and world-forsakers,  
 On whom the pale moon gleams :  
 Yet we are the movers and shakers  
 Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties  
 We build up the world's great cities,  
 And out of a fabulous story  
 We fashion an empire's glory :  
 One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;  
 And three with a new song's measure  
 Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying  
 In the buried past of the earth,  
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
 And Babel itself in our mirth ;  
 And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
 To the old of the new world's worth ;  
 For each age is a dream that is dying,  
 Or one that is coming to birth.

## SONG OF PALMS

Mighty, luminous, and calm  
Is the country of the palm,  
Crowned with sunset and sunrise,  
Under blue unbroken skies,  
Waving from green zone to zone,  
Over wonders of its own ;  
Trackless, untraversed, unknown,  
Changeless through the centuries.

Who can say what thing it bears ?  
Blazing bird and blooming flower,  
Dwelling there for years and years,  
Hold the enchanted secret theirs :  
Life and death and dream have made  
Mysteries in many a shade,  
Hollow haunt and hidden bower  
Closed alike to sun and shower.

Who is ruler of each race  
Living in each boundless place,  
Growing, flowering, and flying,  
Glowing, revelling, and dying ?  
Wave-like, palm by palm is stirred,  
And the bird sings to the bird,  
And the day sings one rich word,  
And the great night comes replying.

Long red reaches of the cane,  
Yellow winding water-lane,  
Verdant isle and amber river,  
Lisp and murmur back again,  
And ripe under-worlds deliver  
Rapturous souls of perfume, hurled  
Up to where green oceans quiver  
In the wide leaves' restless world.

Like a giant led astray  
Seemeth each effulgent day,



*ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY*

Wandering amazed and lonely  
Up and down each forest way,  
Lured by bird and charmed by bloom,  
Lulled to sleep by great perfume,  
Knowing, marvelling and only  
Bearing some rich dream away.

Many thousand years have been,  
And the sun alone hath seen,  
Like a high and radiant ocean,  
All the fair palm world in motion ;  
But the crimson bird hath fed  
With its mate of equal red,  
And the flower in soft explosion  
With the flower hath been wed.

And its long luxuriant thought  
Lofty palm to palm hath taught,  
While a single vast liana  
All one brotherhood hath wrought,  
Crossing forest and savannah,  
Binding fern and coco-tree,  
Fig-tree, buttress-tree, banana,  
Dwarf cane and tall marití.

And no sun hath reached the rock  
Shaken by water shock,  
Where with flame-like plumage flutter  
Golden birds in glaring flock,  
Bright against the darkness utter,  
Lighting up the solitude,  
Where dim cascades roar and mutter  
Through the river's foaming feud.

And beyond the trees are scant,  
And a hidden lake is lying  
Under wide-leaved water-plant,  
Blossom with white blossom vying.

Who shall say what thing is heard,  
Who shall say what liquid word,  
Caught by the bentivi bird,  
Over lake and blossom flying ?

All around and overhead,  
Spells of splendid change are shed ;  
Who shall tell enchanted stories  
Of the forests that are dead ?  
Lo ! the soul shall grow immense,  
Looking on strange hues intense,  
Gazing at the flaunted glories  
Of the hundred-coloured lories.

# SONG

I made another garden, yea,  
For my new Love :  
I left the dead rose where it lay  
And set the new above.  
Why did my Summer not begin ?  
Why did my heart not haste ?  
My old Love came and walk'd therein,  
And laid the garden waste.

She enter'd with her weary smile,  
Just as of old ;  
She look'd around a little while  
And shiver'd with the cold :  
Her passing touch was death to all,  
Her passing look a blight ;  
She made the white-rose petals fall,  
And turn'd the red rose white.

Her pale robe clinging to the grass  
Seem'd like a snake  
That bit the grass and ground, alas !  
And a sad trail did make.

She went up slowly to the gate,  
And then, just as of yore,  
She turn'd back at the last to wait  
And say farewell once more.

### THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS

If you go over desert and mountain,  
Far into the country of Sorrow,  
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,  
And maybe for months and for years ;  
    You shall come with a heart that is bursting  
    For trouble and toiling and thirsting,  
You shall certainly come to the fountain  
At length,—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely  
    For piteous lamenting and sighing,  
    And those who come living or dying  
Alike from their hopes and their fears ;  
    Full of cyprus-like shadows the place is  
    And statues that cover their faces :  
But out of the gloom springs the holy  
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion  
    So gentle and lovely and listless,  
    And murmurs a tune so resistless  
To him who has suffer'd and hears—  
    You shall surely—without a word spoken,  
    Kneel down there and know your heart broken,  
And yield to the long-curb'd emotion  
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

For it grows and it grows, as though leaping  
    Up higher the more one is thinking ;  
    And ever its tunes go on sinking  
More poignantly into the ears :

Yea, so blessèd and good seems that fountain,  
Reach'd after dry desert and mountain,  
You shall fall down at length in your weeping  
And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then, alas ! while you lie there a season  
And sob between living and dying,  
And give up the land you were trying  
To find 'mid your hopes and your fears ;  
—O the world shall come up and pass o'er you,  
Strong men shall not stay to care for you,  
Nor wonder indeed for what reason  
Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting  
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,  
Nor caring to raise your wet tresses  
And look how the cold world appears—  
O perhaps the mere silences round you—  
All things in that place Grief hath found you—  
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,  
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes  
Your face, as though some one had kiss'd you ;  
Or think at least someone who miss'd you  
Had sent you a thought,—if that cheers ;  
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,  
May pass for a tender word spoken :  
—Enough, while around you there rushes  
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,  
Brim over and baffle resistance,  
And roll down blear'd roads to each distance  
Of past desolation and years ;  
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,  
And leave you no past and no morrow :  
For what man is able to master  
And stem the great Fountain of Tears ?

But the floods and the tears meet and gather ;  
 The sound of them all grows like thunder :  
 —O into what bosom, I wonder,  
 Is pour'd the whole sorrow of years ?  
 For Eternity only seems keeping  
 Account of the great human weeping :  
 May God, then, the Maker and Father—  
 May He find a place for the tears !

*GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS*

## THE STARLIGHT NIGHT

Look at the stars ! look, look up at the skies !  
 O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air !  
 The bright boroughs, the quivering citadels there !  
 The dim woods quick with diamond wells ; the elf-eyes !  
 The grey lawns cold where quaking gold-dew lies !  
 Wind-beat white-beam ; airy abeles all on flare !  
 Flake-doves sent out at a farmyard scare !—  
 Ah well ! it is a purchase and a prize.

Buy then ! Bid then !—What ?—Prayer, patience, alms,  
 vows.—

Look, look ! a May-mess, like on orchard boughs ;  
 Look ! March-bloom, like on meal'd-with-yellow  
 sallows.—

These are indeed the barn : within-doors house  
 The shocks. This piece-bright paling hides the Spouse  
 Christ, and the mother of Christ and all His hallows.

*ANDREW LANG*

## THE ODYSSEY

As one that for a weary space has lain  
 Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine  
 In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,  
 Where that Æean isle forgets the main,

And only the low lutes of love complain,  
 And only shadows of wan lovers pine—  
 As such an one were glad to know the brine  
 Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—  
 So gladly, from the songs of modern speech  
 Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free  
 Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers.  
 And through the music of the languid hours  
 They hear like Ocean on the western beach  
 The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

## BALLADE OF HIS CHOICE OF A SEPULCHRE

Here I would come when weariest ;  
 Here the breast  
 Of the Windburg's tufted over  
 Deep with bracken ; here his crest  
 Takes the west,  
 Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Silent here are lark and plover ;  
 In the cover  
 Deep below the cushat best  
 Loves his mate and croons above her  
 O'er their nest,  
 Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

Bring me here life's tired out guest,  
 To the blest  
 Bed that waits the weary rover,  
 Here should failure be confessed ;  
 Ends my quest  
 Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

## ENVOY

Friend, or stranger kind, or lover,  
 Ah, fulfil a last behest,  
 Let me rest  
 Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover !

## ALMÆ MATRES

(ST ANDREWS, 1862—OXFORD, 1865)

*St Andrews by the Northern Sea**A haunted town it is to me !*

A little city, worn and gray,

The gray North Ocean girds it round,  
And o'er the rocks, and up the bay,

The long sea-rollers surge and sound.

And still the thin and biting spray

Drives down the melancholy street,

And still endure, and still decay,

Towers that the salt winds vainly beat.

Ghost-like and shadowy they stand

Clear mirror'd in the wet sea-sand.

O, ruin'd chapel, long ago

We loiter'd idly where the tall

Fresh-budded mountain-ashes blow

Within thy desecrated wall :

The tough roots broke the tomb below,

The April birds sang clamorous,

We did not dream, we could not know

How soon the Fates would sunder us !

O, broken minster, looking forth

Beyond the bay, above the town,

O, winter of the kindly North,

O, college of the scarlet gown,

And shining sands beside the sea,

And stretch of links beyond the sand,

Once more I watch you, and to me

It is as if I touch'd his hand !

And therefore art thou yet more dear,

O, little city, gray and sere,

Though shrunken from thine ancient pride,

And lonely by thy lonely sea,

Than these fair halls on Isis' side,

Where Youth an hour came back to me.

A land of waters green and clear,  
Of willows and of poplars tall,  
And in the spring-time of the year,  
The white may breaking over all,  
And Pleasure quick to come at call ;  
And summer rides by marsh and wold,  
And Autumn with her crimson pall  
About the towers of Magdalen roll'd :  
And strange enchantments from the past,  
And memories of the friends of old,  
And strong Tradition, binding fast  
The flying terms with bands of gold,—  
All these hath Oxford : all are dear,  
But dearer far the little town,  
The drifting surf, the wintry year,  
The college of the scarlet gown :  
*St Andrews by the Northern Sea,*  
*That is a haunted town to me !*

## EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

## SUNKEN GOLD

In dim green depths rot ingot-laden ships,  
While gold doubloons that from the drowned hand fell  
Lie nestled in the Ocean's flower bell  
With Love's gemmed rings once kissed by now dead lips.  
And round some wrought-gold cup the sea-grass whips  
And hides lost pearls, near pearls still in their shell,  
Where seaweed forests fill each ocean dell,  
And seek dim sunlight with their countless tips.

So lie the wasted gifts, the long lost hopes,  
Beneath the now hushed surface of myself,  
In lovelier depths than where the diver gropes  
They lie deep, deep ; but I at times behold  
In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy shelf,  
The gleam of irrecoverable gold.



## SEA-SHELL MURMURS

The hollow sea-shell that for years hath stood  
 On dusty shelves, when held against the ear  
 Proclaims its stormy parent ; and we hear  
 The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.

We hear the sea. The sea ? It is the blood  
 In our own veins, impetuous and near,  
 And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear  
 And with our feelings' every shifting mood.

Lo, in my heart I hear, as in a shell,  
 The murmur of a world beyond the grave,  
 Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.

Thou fool ; the echo is a cheat as well,—  
 The hum of earthly instincts ; and we crave  
 A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

## WINE OF OMAR KHAYYÂM

He rode the flame-winged dragon-steed of Thought  
 Through Space and Darkness, seeking Heaven and Hell;  
 And searched the furthest stars where souls might dwell  
 To find God's justice : and in vain he sought.

Then, looking on the dusk-eyed girl who brought  
 His dream-filled wine beside his garden-well,  
 He said : " Her kiss ; the wine-jug's drowsy spell ;  
 Bulbul ; the roses ; death ; . . . all else is nought :

So drink till that."—What, drink, because the abyss  
 Of Nothing waits ? because there is for man  
 But one swift hour of consciousness and light ?

No,—just because we have no life but this,  
 Turn it to use ; be noble while you can ;  
 Search, help, create ; then pass into the night.

*D. M. DOLBEN*

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A SONG

The world is young to-day :  
Forget the gods are old,  
Forget the years of gold  
When all the months were May.

A little flower of love  
Is ours, without a root,  
Without the end of fruit,  
Yet—take the scent thereof.

There may be hope above,  
There may be rest beneath ;  
We see them not, but Death  
Is palpable—and Love.

*EDMUND GOSSE*

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LYING IN THE GRASS

Between two golden tufts of summer grass  
I see the world through hot air as through glass,  
And by my face sweet lights and colours pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,  
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie :  
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,  
Rich glowing colour on bare throat and head,  
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead !

And in my strong young living as I lie,  
I seem to move with them in harmony,—  
A fourth is moving, and that fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,  
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,  
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,  
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,  
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood  
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,  
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,  
A dark-green beech-wood rises, still and fair,  
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,  
And clean white apron on her gown of red,—  
Her even-song of love is but half-said :

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes :  
Her cheeks are redder than the wild blush-rose :  
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass, and vanish, I am there ;  
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,  
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer.

Ah ! now the rosy children come to play,  
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay ;  
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad,  
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad ;  
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad !

I long to go and play among them there ;  
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,  
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

.

The happy children ! full of frank surprise,  
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies ;  
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes !

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays  
That Tuscan potters fashion'd in old days,  
And colour'd like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves portray'd,  
Through ancient forests wandering undismay'd,  
And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight,  
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight  
Of little children playing in his sight ;

What pure sweet pleasure, and what sacred love,  
Comes drifting down upon us from above,  
In watching how their limbs and features move.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,  
I only wish to live my life and find  
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star  
That trembles on the horizon's primrose-bar,—  
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death  
Should come behind and take away my breath,  
I should not rise as one who sorroweth ;

For I should pass ; but all the world would be  
Full of desire and young delight and glee,  
And why should men be sad through loss of me ?

The light is flying ; in the silver blue  
The young moon shines from her bright window through :  
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,  
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
 I thank whatever gods may be  
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
 I have not winced nor cried aloud ;  
 Under the bludgeonings of chance  
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
 And yet the menace of the years  
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
 How charged with punishments the scroll,  
 I am the master of my fate :  
 I am the captain of my soul.

MARGARITÆ SORORI

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies ;  
 And from the west,  
 Where the sun, his day's work ended,  
 Lingers as in content,  
 There falls on the old, gray city  
 An influence luminous and serene,  
 A shining peace.

The smoke ascends  
 In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires  
 Shine, and are changed. In the valley  
 Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,  
 Closing his benediction, •

Sinks, and the darkening air  
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—  
Night with her train of stars  
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing !  
My task accomplish'd and the long day done,  
My wages taken, and in my heart  
Some late lark singing,  
Let me be gather'd to the quiet west,  
The sundown splendid and serene,  
Death.

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

## THE VAGABOND

(TO AN AIR OF SCHUBERT)

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above  
And the byway nigh me.  
Bed in the bush with stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river—  
There's the life for a man like me,  
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me ;  
Give the face of earth around  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me ;  
All I seek, the heaven above  
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me  
Where afield I linger,  
Silencing the bird on tree,  
Biting the blue finger.

White as meal the frosty field—  
Warm the fireside haven—  
Not to autumn will I yield,  
Not to winter even !

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me ;  
Give the face of earth around  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me ;  
All I ask, the heaven above  
And the road below me.

### THE ROADSIDE FIRE

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.  
I will make a palace fit for you and me,  
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom ;  
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white  
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear !  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

### BLOWS THE WIND TO-DAY

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,  
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,  
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are  
crying,  
My heart remembers how !

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,  
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,  
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,  
And winds austere and pure :

Be it granted to me to behold you again in dying,  
Hills of home ! and to hear again the call ;  
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,  
And hear no more at all.

### IN THE HIGHLANDS

In the highlands, in the country places,  
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,  
And the young fair maidens  
Quiet eyes ;  
Where essential silence chills and blesses,  
And for ever in the hill-recesses  
*Her* more lovely music  
Broods and dies—

O to mount again where erst I haunted ;  
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,  
And the low green meadows  
Bright with sward ;  
And when even dies, the million-tinted,  
And the night has come, and planets glinted,  
Lo, the valley hollow  
Lamp-bestarr'd !

O to dream, O to awake and wander  
There, and with delight to take and render,  
Through the trance of silence,  
Quiet breath !  
Lo ! for there, among the flowers and grasses,  
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes ;  
Only winds and rivers,  
Life and death.



## REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie :  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :  
*Here he lies where he long'd to be ;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*

## PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON

## THE ROSE AND THE WIND

## DAWN

## THE ROSE

When think you comes the Wind,  
The Wind that kisses me and is so kind ?  
Lo, how the Lily sleeps ! her sleep is light ;  
Would I were like the Lily, pale and white !  
Will the Wind come ?

## THE BEECH

Perchance for thee too soon.

## THE ROSE

If not, how could I live until the noon ?  
What, think you, Beech-tree, makes the Wind delay ?  
Why comes he not at breaking of the day ?

## THE BEECH

Hush, child, and, like the Lily, go to sleep.

## THE ROSE

You know I cannot.

THE BEECH

Nay, then, do not weep.

*(After a pause)*

Thy lover comes, be happy now, O Rose !  
He softly through my bending branches goes.  
Soon he shall come, and you shall feel his kiss.

THE ROSE

Already my flushed heart grows faint with bliss ;  
Love, I have longed for thee through all the night.

THE WIND

And I to kiss thy petals warm and bright.

THE ROSE

Laugh round me, Love, and kiss me ; it is well.  
Nay, have no fear ; the Lily will not tell.

MORNING

THE ROSE

'Twas dawn when first you came ; and now the sun  
Shines brightly, and the dews of dawn are done.  
'Tis well you take me so in your embrace,  
But lay me back again into my place,  
For I am worn, perhaps with bliss extreme.

THE WIND

Nay, you must wake, Love, from this childish dream.

THE ROSE

'Tis thou, Love, seemest changed ; thy laugh is loud,  
And 'neath thy stormy kiss my head is bowed.  
O Love, O Wind, a space wilt thou not spare ?

THE WIND

Not while thy petals are so soft and fair !

## THE ROSE

My buds are blind with leaves, they cannot see.  
O Love, O Wind, wilt thou not pity me ?

## EVENING

## THE BEECH

O Wind ! a word with you before you pass :  
What did you to the Rose, that on the grass  
Broken she lies, and pale, who loved you so ?

## THE WIND

Roses must live and love, and winds must blow.

*ALICE MEYNELL*

## THE SHEPHERDESS

She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.  
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white ;  
She guards them from the steep.  
She feeds them on the fragrant height,  
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,  
Dark valleys soft and deep.  
Into that tender breast at night  
The chastest stars may peep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,  
Though gay they run and leap.  
She is so circumspect and right ;  
She has her soul to keep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.

## CHRIST IN THE UNIVERSE

With this ambiguous earth  
His dealings have been told us.

These abide :  
The signal to a maid, the human birth,  
The lesson, and the young Man crucified.

But not a star of all  
The innumerable host of stars has heard  
How He administered this terrestrial ball.  
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of His earth-visiting feet  
None knows the secret—cherished, perilous ;  
The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,  
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

No planet knows that this  
Our wayside planet, carrying land and wave,  
Love and life multiplied, and pain and bliss,  
Bears, as chief treasure, one forsaken grave.

Nor, in our little day,  
May His devices with the heavens be guessed ;  
His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way,  
Or His bestowals there, be manifest.

But in the eternities  
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear  
A million alien Gospels, in what guise  
He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

O, be prepared, my soul,  
To read the inconceivable, to scan  
The million forms of God those stars unroll  
When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

## RENOUNCEMENT

I must not think of thee ; and, tired yet strong,  
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—  
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,  
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng  
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet  
bright ;  
But it must never, never come in sight ;  
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,  
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,  
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—  
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep  
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

## IN EARLY SPRING

O Spring, I know thee ! Seek for sweet surprise  
In the young children's eyes.

But I have learnt the years, and know the yet  
Leaf-folded violet.

Mine ear, awake to silence, can foretell  
The cuckoo's fitful bell.

I wander in a grey time that encloses  
June and the wild hedge-roses.

A year's procession of the flowers doth pass  
My feet, along the grass.

And all you sweet birds silent yet, I know  
The notes that stir you so,

Your songs yet half devised in the dim dear  
Beginnings of the year.

In these young days you meditate your part ;  
I have it all by heart.

I know the secrets of the seeds of flowers  
Hidden and warm with showers,  
And how, in kindling Spring, the cuckoo shall  
Alter his interval.  
But not a flower or song I ponder is  
My own, but memory's.  
I shall be silent in those days desired  
Before a world inspired.  
O dear brown birds, compose your old song-phrases,  
Earth, thy familiar daisies.  
  
The poet mused upon the dusky height,  
Between two stars towards night,  
His purpose in his heart. I watched, a space,  
The meaning of his face :  
There was the secret, fled from earth and skies,  
Hid in his grey young eyes.  
My heart and all the Summer wait his choice,  
And wonder for his voice.  
Who shall foretell his songs, and who aspire  
But to divine his lyre ?  
Sweet earth, we know thy dimmest mysteries,  
But he is lord of his.

## A LETTER FROM A GIRL TO HER OWN OLD AGE

Listen, and when thy hand this paper presses,  
O time-worn woman, think of her who blesses  
What thy thin fingers touch, with her caresses.  
  
O mother, for the weight of years that break thee !  
O daughter, for slow time must yet awake thee,  
And from the changes of my heart must make thee.  
  
O fainting traveller, morn is grey in heaven.  
Dost thou remember how the clouds were driven ?  
And are they calm about the fall of even ?  
  
Pause near the ending of thy long migration,  
For this one sudden hour of desolation  
Appeals to one hour of thy meditation.

Suffer, O silent one, that I remind thee  
Of the great hills that stormed the sky behind thee,  
Of the wild winds of power that have resigned thee.

Know that the mournful plain where thou must wander  
Is but a grey and silent world, but ponder  
The misty mountains of the morning yonder.

Listen :—the mountain winds with rain were fretting,  
And sudden gleams the mountain-tops besetting.  
I cannot let thee fade to death, forgetting.

What part of this wild heart of mine I know not  
Will follow with thee where the great winds blow not,  
And where the young flowers of the mountain grow not

Yet let my letter with thy lost thoughts in it  
Tell what the way was when thou didst begin it,  
And win with thee the goal when thou shalt win it.

Oh, in some hour of thine my thoughts shall guide thee.  
Suddenly, though time, darkness, silence hide thee,  
This wind from thy lost country flits beside thee,—

Telling thee : all thy memories moved the maiden,  
With thy regrets was morning over-shaden,  
With sorrow thou hast left, her life was laden.

But whither shall my thoughts turn to pursue thee.  
Life changes, and the years and days renew thee.  
Oh, Nature brings my straying heart unto thee.

Her winds will join us, with their constant kisses  
Upon the evening as the morning tresses,  
Her summers breathe the same unchanging blisses.

And we, so altered in our shifting phases,  
Track one another 'mid the many mazes  
By the eternal child-breath of the daisies.

I have not writ this letter of divining  
To make a glory of thy silent pining,  
A triumph of thy mute and strange declining.

Only one youth, and the bright life was shrouded.  
Only one morning, and the day was clouded.  
And one old age with all regrets is crowded.

Oh, hush ; oh, hush ! Thy tears my words are steeping.  
Oh, hush, hush, hush ! So full, the fount of weeping ?  
Poor eyes, so quickly moved, so near to sleeping ?

Pardon the girl ; such strange desires beset her.  
Poor woman, lay aside the mournful letter  
That breaks thy heart ; the one who wrote, forget her.

The one who now thy faded features guesses,  
With filial fingers thy grey hair caresses,  
With morning tears thy mournful twilight blesses.

## AT NIGHT

To W. M.

Home, home from the horizon far and clear,  
Hither the soft wings sweep ;  
Flocks of the memories of the day draw near  
The dovecote doors of sleep.

O which are they that come through sweetest light  
Of all these homing birds ?  
Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight ?  
Your words to me, your words !

*FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON*

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## THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one ;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.



The mind has a thousand eyes,  
 And the heart but one ;  
 Yet the light of a whole life dies  
 When love is done.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY

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THE FLUTE OF DAPHNIS

(AN ECHO FROM THEOCRITUS)

I am the flute of Daphnis. On this wall  
 He nail'd his tribute to the great god Pan,  
 What time he grew from boyhood, shapely, tall,  
 And felt the first deep ardours of a man.  
 Through adult veins more swift the song-tide ran,—  
 A vernal stream whose swollen torrents call  
 For instant ease in utterance. Then began  
 That course of triumph revered by all.

Him the gods loved, and more than other men  
 Blessed with the flower of beauty, and endow'd  
 His soul of music with the strength of ten.  
 Now on a festal day I see the crowd  
 Look fondly at my resting-place, and when  
 I think whose lips have press'd me, I am proud.

WILLIAM SHARP

(*Fiona Macleod*)

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SHULE, SHULE, SHULE, AGRAH !<sup>1</sup>

His face was glad as dawn to me,  
 His breath was sweet as dusk to me,  
 His eyes were burning flames to me,  
 Shule, Shule, Shule, agrah !

<sup>1</sup> I do not give the correct spelling of the Gaelic. The line signifies  
 "Move, move, move to me, my Heart's Love."—*Author's Note.*

The broad noon-day was night to me,  
The full-moon night was dark to me,  
The stars whirled and the poles span  
The hour God took him far from me.

Perhaps he dreams in heaven now,  
Perhaps he doth in worship bow,  
A white flame round his foam-white brow,  
Shule, Shule, Shule, agrah !

I laugh to think of him like this,  
Who once found all his joy and bliss  
Against my heart, against my kiss,  
Shule, Shule, Shule, agrah !

*Star of my joy, art still the same  
Now thou hast gotten a new name ?  
Pulse of my heart, my Blood, my Flame,  
Shule, Shule, Shule, agrah !*

### MARGARET LOUISA WOODS

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#### GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

Come no more of grief and dying !  
Sing the time too swiftly flying.  
Just an hour  
Youth's in flower,  
Give me roses to remember  
In the shadow of December.

Fie on steeds with leaden paces !  
Winds shall bear us on our races,  
Speed, O Speed,  
Wind, my steed,  
Beat the lightning for your master,  
Yet my fancy shall fly faster.

*MARGARET LOUISA WOODS*

Give me music, give me rapture,  
Youth that's fled can none recapture ;  
    Not with thought  
    Wisdom's bought.

Out on pride and scorn and sadness !  
Give me laughter, give me gladness.

Sweetest Earth, I love and love thee,  
Seas about thee, skies above thee,  
    Sun and storms,  
    Hues and forms  
Of the clouds with floating shadows  
On thy mountains and thy meadows.

Earth, there's none that can enslave thee,  
Not thy lords it is that have thee ;  
    Not for gold  
    Art thou sold,  
But thy lovers at their pleasure  
Take thy beauty and thy treasure.

While sweet fancies meet me singing,  
While the April blood is springing  
    In my breast,  
    While a jest  
And my youth thou yet must leave me,  
Fortune, 'tis not thou canst grieve me.

When at length the grasses cover  
Me, the world's unwearied lover,  
    If regret  
    Haunt me yet,  
It shall be for joys untasted,  
Nature lent and folly wasted.

Youth and jests and summer weather,  
Goods that kings and clowns together  
    Waste or use  
    As they choose,  
These, the best, we miss pursuing  
Sullen shades that mock our wooing.

Feigning Age will not delay it—  
When the reckoning comes we'll pay it.  
    Our own mirth  
    Has been worth  
All the forfeit light or heavy  
Wintry Time and Fortune levy.

Feigning grief will not escape it,  
What though ne'er so well you ape it—  
    Age and care  
    All must share,  
All alike must pay hereafter,  
Some for sighs and some for laughter.

Know, ye sons of Melancholy,  
To be young and wise is folly.  
    'Tis the weak  
    Fear to wreak  
On this clay of life their fancies,  
Shaping battles, shaping dances.

While ye scorn our names unspoken,  
Roses dead and garlands broken,  
    O ye wise,  
    We arise,  
Out of failures, dreams, disasters,  
We arise to be your masters.

### MARCH THOUGHTS FROM ENGLAND

O that I were lying under the olives,  
Lying alone among the anemones !  
Shell-colour'd blossoms they bloom there and scarlet,  
Far under stretches of silver woodland,  
Flame in the delicate shade of the olives.

O that I were lying under the olives !  
Grey grows the thyme on the shadowless headland,

The long low headland, where white in the sunshine  
The rocks run seaward. It seems suspended  
Lone in an infinite gulf of azure.

There, were I lying under the olives,  
Might I behold come following seaward,  
Clear brown shapes in a world of sunshine,  
A russet shepherd, his sheep too, russet.  
Watch them wander the long grey headland  
Out to the edge of the burning azure.  
O that I were lying under the olives !  
So should I see the far-off cities  
Glittering low by the purple water,  
Gleaming high on the purple mountain ;  
See where the road goes winding southward.  
It passes the valleys of almond blossom,  
Curves round the crag o'er the steep-hanging orchards,  
Where almond and peach are aflush 'mid the olives—  
Hardly the amethyst sea shines through them—  
Over it cypress on solemn cypress  
Lead to the lonely pilgrimage places.

O that I were dreaming under the olives !  
Hearing alone on the sun-steeped headland  
A crystalline wave, almost inaudible,  
Steal round the shore ; and thin, far off,  
The shepherd's music. So did it sound  
In fields Sicilian : Theocritus heard it,  
Moschus and Bion piped it at noontide.

O that I were listening under the olives !  
So should I hear behind in the woodland  
The peasants talking. Either a woman,  
A wrinkled grandame, stands in the sunshine,  
Stirs the brown soil in an acre of violets—  
Large odorous violets—and answers slowly  
A child's swift babble ; or else at noon  
The labourers come. They rest in the shadow,  
Eating their dinner of herbs, and are merry.

Soft speech Provençal under the olives !  
Like a queen's raiment from days long perish'd,  
Breathing aromas of old unremember'd  
Perfumes and shining in dust-cover'd places  
With sudden hints of forgotten splendour—  
So on the lips of the peasant his language,  
His only now, the tongue of the peasant.

Would I were listening under the olives !  
So should I see in an airy pageant  
A proud chivalrous pomp sweep by me ;  
Hear in high courts the joyous ladies  
Devising of Love in a world of lovers ;  
Hear the song of the Lion-hearted,  
A deep-voiced song—and O ! perchance,  
Ghostly and strange and sweet to madness,  
Rudel sing the Lady of Tripoli.

### GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT

Now lies the Lord in a most quiet bed.  
Stillness profound  
Steeps like a balm the wounded body wholly,  
More still than the hushed night brooding around.  
The moon is overhead,  
Sparkling and small, and somewhere a faint sound  
Of water dropping in a cistern slowly.  
Now lies the Lord in a most quiet bed.

Now rests the Lord in perfect loneliness.  
One little grated window has the tomb,  
A patch of gloom  
Impenetrable, where the moonbeams whiten  
And arabesque its wall  
With leafy shadows, light as a caress.  
The palms that brood above the garden brighten,  
But in that quiet room  
Darkness prevails, deep darkness fills it all.  
Now rests the Lord in perfect loneliness.

Now sleeps the Lord secure from human sorrow.  
The sorrowing women sometimes fall asleep  
    Wrapped in their hair,  
Which while they slumber yet warm tears will steep,  
Because their hearts mourn in them ceaselessly.  
    Uprising, half aware,  
They myrrh and spices and rich balms put by  
For their own burials, gather hastily,  
    Dreaming it is that morrow  
When they the precious body may prepare.  
Now sleeps the Lord secure from human sorrow.

Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by Love's betrayal.  
    Peter sleeps not,  
He lies yet on his face and has not stirred  
Since the iron entered in his soul red-hot.  
The disciples trembling mourn their disillusion,  
    That He whose word  
Could raise the dead, on whom God had conferred  
Power, as they trusted, to redeem Israel,  
Had been that bitter day put to confusion,  
    Crucified and interred.  
Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by Love's betrayal.

Now rests the Lord, crowned with ineffable peace.  
Have they not peace to-night who feared Him, hated  
    And hounded to His doom,  
The red thirst of their vengeance being sated ?  
No, they still run about and bite the beard,  
    Confer, nor cease  
To tease the contemptuous Pilate, are affeared  
Still of Him tortured, crushed, humiliated,  
    Cold in a blood-stained tomb.  
Now rests the Lord, crowned with ineffable peace.

Now lies the Lord serene, august, apart,  
That mortal life His mother gave Him ended.  
    No word save one  
Of Mary more, but gently as a cloud

On her perdurable silence has descended.  
Hush ! In her heart  
Which first felt the faint life stir in her son,  
Perchance is apprehended  
Even now new mystery, grief less loud  
Clamours, the Resurrection has begun.  
Now lies the Lord serene, august, apart.

THOMAS WILLIAM ROLLESTON

THE DEAD AT CLONMACNOIS

FROM THE IRISH OF ANGUS O'GILLAN

In a quiet water'd land, a land of roses,  
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair ;  
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations  
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest  
Of the clan of Conn,  
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham  
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,  
There the sons of Cairbra sleep—  
Battle-banners of the Gael that in Kieran's plain of crosses  
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffra,  
And right many a lord of Breagh ;  
Deep the sod above Clan Creide and Clan Conaill,  
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred-Fighter  
In the red earth lies at rest ;  
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,  
Many a swan-white breast.



## OSCAR WILDE

## THE HARLOT'S HOUSE

We caught the tread of dancing feet,  
We loitered down the moonlit street,  
And stopped beneath the harlot's house.

Inside, above the din and fray,  
We heard the loud musicians play  
The "Treues Liebes Herz" of Strauss.

Like strange mechanical grotesques,  
Making fantastic arabesques,  
The shadows raced across the blind.

We watched the ghostly dancers spin  
To sound of horn and violin,  
Like black leaves wheeling in the wind.

Like wire-pulled automatons,  
Slim silhouetted skeletons  
Went sidling through the slow quadrille.

They took each other by the hand,  
And danced a stately saraband ;  
Their laughter echoed thin and shrill.

Sometimes a clockwork puppet pressed  
A phantom lover to her breast,  
Sometimes they seemed to try to sing.

Sometimes a horrible marionette  
Came out, and smoked its cigarette  
Upon the steps like a live thing.

Then, turning to my love, I said,  
The dead are dancing with the dead,  
The dust is whirling with the dust.

But she—she heard the violin,  
She left my side and entered in :  
Love passed into the house of lust.

Then suddenly the tune went false,  
The dancers wearied of the waltz,  
The shadows ceased to wheel and whirl.

And down the long and silent street,  
The dawn, with silver-sandalled feet,  
Crept like a frightened girl.

JOHN DAVIDSON

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A CINQUE PORT

Below the down the stranded town,  
What may betide forlornly waits,  
With memories of smoky skies,  
When Gallic navies crossed the straits ;  
When waves with fire and blood grew bright,  
And cannon thundered through the night.

With swinging stride the rhythmic tide  
Bore to the harbour barque and sloop ;  
Across the bar the ship of war,  
In castled stern and lanterned poop,  
Came up with conquests on her lee,  
The stately mistress of the sea.

Where argosies have wooed the breeze,  
The simple sheep are feeding now ;  
And near and far across the bar  
The ploughman whistles at the plough ;  
Where once the long waves washed the shore,  
Larks from their lowly lodgings soar.

Below the down the stranded town  
Hears far away the rollers beat ;  
About the wall the seabirds call ;  
The salt wind murmurs through the street ;  
Forlorn the sea's forsaken bride  
Awaits the end that shall betide.

## ALL HALLOWS' EVE

BASIL      MENZIES      BRIAN      PERCY

BRIAN. Tearfully sinks the pallid sun.

MENZIES. Bring in the lamps : Autumn is done.

PERCY. Nay, twilight silvers the flashing drops ;  
And a whiter fall is behind.BRIAN. And the wild east mouths the chimney-tops,  
The Pandean pipes of the wind.MENZIES. The dripping ivy drapes the walls ;  
The drenched red creepers flare ;  
And the draggled chestnut plumage falls  
In every park and square.PERCY. Nay, golden garlands strew the way  
For the old triumph of decay.BASIL. And I know, in a living land of spells—  
In an excellent land of rest,  
Where a crimson fount of sunset wells  
Out of the darkling west—That the poplar, the willow, the scented lime,  
Full-leaved in the shining air,  
Tarry as if the enchanter time  
Had fixed them deathless there.In arbours and noble palaces  
A gallant people live,  
With every manner of happiness  
The amplest life can give.

PERCY. Where ? where ? In Elfland ?

MENZIES. No ; oh no !  
In Elfland is no rest,  
But rumour and stir and endless woe

Of the unfulfilled behest—  
The doleful yoke of the Elfin folk  
Since first the sun went west.

The cates they eat and the wine they drink,  
Savourless nothings are ;  
The hopes they cherish, the thoughts they think  
Are neither near nor far ;  
And well they know they cannot go  
Even to a desert star :

One planet is all their poor estate,  
Though a million systems roll ;  
They are dogged and worried, early and late,  
As the demons nag a soul,  
By the moon and the sun, for they never can shun  
Time's tyrannous control.

The haughty delicate style they keep  
Only the blind can see ;  
On holynights in the forest deep,  
When they make high revelry  
Under the moon, the dancing tune  
Is the wind in a cypress tree.

They burn the elfin midnight oil  
Over their tedious lore ;  
They spin the sand ; and still they toil  
Though their inmost hearts are sore—  
The doleful yoke of the restless folk  
For ever and ever more.

But could you capture the elfin queen  
Who once was Cæsar's prize,  
Daunt and gyve her with glances keen  
Of unimpassioned eyes,  
And hear unstirred her magic word,  
And scorn her tears and sighs,

Lean would she seem at once, and old ;  
Her rosy mouth decayed ;  
Her heavy tresses of living gold

All withered in the braid ;  
In your very sight the dew and the light  
Of her eyes would parch and fade ;

And she, the immortal phantom dame,  
Would vanish from your ken ;  
For the fate of the elves is nearly the same  
As the terrible fate of men :  
To love ; to rue : to be and pursue  
A flickering wisp of the fen.

We must play the game with a careless smile,  
Though there's nothing in the hand ;  
We must toil as if it were worth our while  
Spinning our ropes of sand ;  
And laugh and cry, and live and die  
At the waft of an unseen wand.

But the elves, besides the endless woe  
Of the unfulfilled behest,  
Have only a phantom life, and so  
They neither can die nor rest—  
Have no real being at all, and know  
That therefore they never can rest—  
The doleful yoke of the deathless folk  
Since first the sun went west.

PERCY. Then where is the wonderful land of spells,  
Where a crimson fount of sunset wells,  
And the poplar, the willow, the scented lime  
Tarry, full-leaved, till the winter-time,  
Where endless happiness life can give,  
And only heroic people live ?

BASIL. We know, we know, we spinners of sand !  
In the heart of the world is that gracious land ;  
And it never can fade while the sap returns,  
While the sun gives light, and the red blood burns.

## A LOAFER

I hang about the streets all day,  
At night I hang about ;  
I sleep a little when I may,  
But rise betimes the morning's scout ;  
For through the year I always hear  
Afar, aloft, a ghostly shout.

My clothes are worn to threads and loops ;  
My skin shows here and there ;  
About my face like seaweed droops  
My tangled beard, my tangled hair ;  
From cavernous and shaggy brows  
My stony eyes untroubled stare.

I move from eastern wretchedness  
Through Fleet Street and the Strand ;  
And as the pleasant people press  
I touch them softly with my hand,  
Perhaps to know that still I go  
Alive about a living land.

For, far in front the clouds are riven ;  
I hear the ghostly cry,  
As if a still voice fell from heaven  
To where sea-whelmed the drowned folks lie  
In sepulchres no tempest stirs  
And only eyeless things pass by.

In Piccadilly spirits pass :  
Oh, eyes and cheeks that glow !  
Oh, strength and comeliness ! Alas,  
The lustrous health is earth I know  
From shrinking eyes that recognise  
No brother in my rags and woe.

I know no handicraft, no art,  
But I have conquered fate ;  
For I have chosen the better part,

## JOHN DAVIDSON

And neither hope, nor fear, nor hate.  
 With placid breath on pain and death,  
 My certain alms, alone I wait.

And daily, nightly comes the call,  
 The pale, unechoing note,  
 The faint "Aha!" sent from the wall  
 Of heaven, but from no ruddy throat  
 Of human breed or seraph's seed,  
 A phantom voice that cries by rote.

## LONDON

Athwart the sky a lowly sigh  
 From west to east the sweet wind carried;  
 The sun stood still on Primrose Hill;  
 His light in all the city tarried:  
 The clouds on viewless columns bloomed  
 Like smouldering lilies unconsumed.

"Oh, sweetheart, see! how shadowy,  
 Of some occult magician's rearing,  
 Or swung in space of heaven's grace  
 Dissolving, dimly reappearing,  
 Afloat upon ethereal tides  
 St Paul's above the city rides!"

A rumour broke through the thin smoke  
 Enwreathing abbey, tower, and palace,  
 The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,  
 The million-peopled lanes and alleys,  
 An ever-muttering prisoned storm,  
 The heart of London beating warm.

## A BALLAD OF HEAVEN

He wrought at one great work for years;  
 The world passed by with lofty look;  
 Sometimes his eyes were dashed with tears;  
 Sometimes his lips with laughter shook.

His wife and child went clothed in rags,  
And in a windy garret starved :  
He trod his measures on the flags,  
And high on heaven his music carved.

Wistful he grew but never feared ;  
For always on the midnight skies  
His rich orchestral score appeared  
In stars and zones and galaxies.

He thought to copy down his score :  
The moonlight was his lamp : he said,  
“ Listen, my love ; ” but on the floor  
His wife and child were lying dead.

Her hollow eyes were open wide ;  
He deemed she heard with special zest :  
Her death's-head infant coldly eyed  
The desert of her shrunken breast.

“ Listen, my love : my work is done ;  
I tremble as I touch the page  
To sign the sentence of the sun  
And crown the great eternal age.

“ The slow adagio begins ;  
The winding-sheets are ravelled out  
That swathe the minds of men, the sins  
That wrap their rotting souls about.

“ The dead are heralded along ;  
With silver trumps and golden drums,  
And flutes and oboes, keen and strong,  
My brave andante singing comes.

“ Then like a python's sumptuous dress  
The frame of things is cast away,  
And out of Time's obscure distress  
The thundering scherzo crashes Day.



“ For three great orchestras I hope  
My mighty music shall be scored :  
On three high hills they shall have scope  
With heaven’s vault for a sounding-board.

“ Sleep well, love ; let your eyelids fall ;  
Cover the child ; good-night, and if . . .  
What ? Speak . . . the traitorous end of all !  
Both . . . cold and hungry . . . cold and stiff !

“ But no, God means us well, I trust :  
Dear ones, be happy, hope is nigh :  
We are too young to fall to dust,  
And too unsatisfied to die.”

He lifted up against his breast  
The woman’s body stark and wan ;  
And to her withered bosom pressed  
The little skin-clad skeleton.

“ You see you are alive,” he cried.  
He rocked them gently to and fro.  
“ No, no, my love, you have not died ;  
Nor you, my little fellow ; no.”

Long in his arms he strained his dead  
And crooned an antique lullaby ;  
Then laid them on the lowly bed,  
And broke down with a doleful cry.

“ The love, the hope, the blood, the brain,  
Of her and me, the budding life,  
And my great music—all in vain !  
My unscored work, my child, my wife !

“ We drop into oblivion,  
And nourish some suburban sod :  
My work, this woman, this my son,  
Are now no more : there is no God.

“The world’s a dustbin ; we are due,  
And death’s cart waits : be life accurst !”  
He stumbled down beside the two,  
And clasping them, his great heart burst.

Straightway he stood at heaven’s gate,  
Abashed and trembling for his sin :  
I trow he had not long to wait,  
For God came out and led him in.

And then there ran a radiant pair,  
Ruddy with haste and eager-eyed  
To meet him first upon the stair—  
His wife and child beatified.

They clad him in a robe of light,  
And gave him heavenly food to eat ;  
Great seraphs praised him to the height,  
Archangels sat about his feet.

God, smiling, took him by the hand,  
And led him to the brink of heaven :  
He saw where systems whirling stand,  
Where galaxies like snow are driven.

Dead silence reigned ; a shudder ran  
Through space ; Time furl’d his wearied wings ;  
A slow adagio then began  
Sweetly resolving troubled things.

The dead were heralded along :  
As if with drums and trumps of flame,  
And flutes and oboes keen and strong,  
A brave andante singing came.

Then like a python’s sumptuous dress  
The frame of things was cast away,  
And out of Time’s obscure distress  
The conquering scherzo thundered Day.

He doubted ; but God said “ Even so ;  
Nothing is lost that’s wrought with tears :  
The music that you made below  
Is now the music of the spheres.”

### A RUNNABLE STAG

When the pods went pop on the broom, green broom,  
And apples began to be golden-skin’d,  
We harbour’d a stag in the Priory coomb,  
And we feather’d his tail up-wind, up-wind,  
We feather’d his tail up-wind—  
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,  
A runnable stag, a kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
A stag, a runnable stag.

Then the huntsman’s horn rang yap, yap, yap,  
And “ Forwards ” we heard the harbourer shout ;  
But ’twas only a brocket that broke a gap  
In the beechen underwood, driven out,  
From the underwood antler’d out  
By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,  
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind  
Was bent on sleep, though beam’d and tined  
He stood, a runnable stag.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon  
With Tinkerman’s Pup and Bell-of-the-North ;  
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune  
Before we tufted the right stag forth,  
Before we tufted him forth,  
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,  
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman’s Pup  
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.

“Tally ho ! Tally ho !” and the hunt was up,  
The tufters whipp’d, and the pack laid on,  
The resolute pack laid on,  
And the stag of warrant away at last,  
The runnable stag, the same, the same,  
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,  
A stag, a runnable stag.

“Let your gelding be : if you check or chide  
He stumbles at once and you’re out of the hunt ;  
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,  
On hunters accustom’d to bear the brunt,  
Accustom’d to bear the brunt,  
Are after the runnable stag, the stag,  
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
The right, the runnable stag.”

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,  
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,  
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,  
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,  
The quarry went right ahead—  
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far ;  
His antler’d crest, his cloven hoof,  
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,  
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more  
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,  
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore  
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,  
Of harbourer, hounds and all—  
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,  
For twenty miles, and five and five,  
He ran, and never was caught alive,  
This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turn’d at bay in the leafy gloom,  
In the emerald gloom where the brooks ran deep,

He heard in the distance the rollers boom,  
 And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep,  
 In a wonderful vision of sleep,  
   A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,  
   A runnable stag in a jewell'd bed,  
   Under the sheltering ocean dead,  
   A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,  
 And he open'd his nostrils wide again,  
 And he toss'd his branching antlers high  
 As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen,  
 As he raced down the echoing glen—  
   For five miles more, the stag, the stag,  
   For twenty miles, and five and five,  
   Not to be caught now, dead or alive,  
   The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,  
 Three hundred horses as gallant and free,  
 Beheld him escape on the evening tide,  
 Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,  
 Till he sank in the depths of the sea—  
   The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag  
   That slept at last in a jewell'd bed  
   Under the sheltering ocean spread,  
   The stag, the runnable stag.

*AGNES MARY FRANCES DUCLAUX*

(ROBINSON-DARMESTER)

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ETRUSCAN TOMBS

I

To think the face we love shall ever die,  
 And be the indifferent earth, and know us not !  
 To think that one of us shall live to cry  
   On one long buried in a distant spot !

O wise Etruscans, faded in the night  
Yourself, with scarce a rose-leaf on your trace ;  
You kept the ashes of the dead in sight,  
And shaped the vase to seem the vanished face.

But, O my love, my life is such an urn  
That tender memories mould with constant touch,  
Until the dust and earth of it they turn  
To your dear image that I love so much :

A sacred urn, filled with the sacred past,  
That shall recall you while the clay shall last.

II

These cinerary urns with human head  
And human arms that dangle at their sides,  
The earliest potters made them for their dead,  
To keep the mother's ashes or the bride's.

O rude attempt of some long-spent despair—  
With symbol and with emblem discontent—  
To keep the dead alive and as they were,  
The actual features and the glance that went !

The anguish of your art was not in vain,  
For lo, upon these alien shelves removed  
The sad immortal images remain,  
And show that once they lived and once you loved.

But, oh, when I am dead may none for me  
Invoke so drear an immortality !

III

Beneath the branches of the olive yard  
Are roots where cyclamen and violet grow ;  
Beneath the roots the earth is deep and hard,  
And there a king was buried long ago.

The peasants digging deeply in the mould  
Cast up the autumn soil about the place,  
And saw a gleam of unexpected gold,  
And underneath the earth a living face.

With sleeping lids and rosy lips he lay,  
 Among the wreaths and gems that mark the king,  
 One moment ; then a little dust and clay  
 Fell shrivelled over wreath and urn and ring.

A carven slab recalls his name and deeds,  
 Writ in a language no man living reads.

## IV

Here lies the tablet graven in the past,  
 Clear-charactered and firm and fresh of line.  
 See, not a word is gone ; and yet how fast  
 The secret no man living may divine !

What did he choose for witness in the grave ?  
 A record of his glory on the earth ?  
 The wail of friends ? The pæns of the brave ?  
 The sacred promise of the second birth ?

The tombs of ancient Greeks in Sicily  
 Are sown with slender discs of graven gold  
 Filled with the praise of death : thrice happy he  
 Who sleeps the milk-soft sleep of dreams untold.

They sleep their patient sleep in altered lands,  
 The golden promise in their fleshless hands.

*MAY PROBYN*

## CHRISTMAS CAROL

Lacking samite and sable,  
 Lacking silver and gold,  
 The Prince Jesus in the poor stable  
 Slept, and was three hours old.

As doves by the fair water,  
 Mary, not touch'd of sin,  
 Sat by Him,—the King's daughter,  
 All glorious within.

A lily without one stain, a  
Star where no spot hath room.  
*Ave, gratia plena—  
Virgo Virginum !*

Clad not in pearl-sewn vesture,  
Clad not in cramoisie,  
She hath hush'd, she hath cradled to rest, her  
God the first time on her knee.

Where is one to adore Him ?  
The ox hath dumbly confess'd,  
With the ass, meek kneeling before Him,  
*Et homo factus est.*

Not throned on ivory or cedar,  
Not crown'd with a Queen's crown,  
At her breast it is Mary shall feed her  
Maker, from Heaven come down.

The trees in Paradise blossom  
Sudden, and its bells chime—  
She giveth Him, held to her bosom,  
Her immaculate milk the first time.

The night with wings of angels  
Was alight, and its snow-pack'd ways  
Sweet made (say the Evangels)  
With the noise of their virelays.

*Quem vidistis, pastores ?*  
Why go ye feet unshod ?  
Wot ye within yon door is  
Mary, the Mother of God ?

No smoke of spice is ascending  
There—no roses are piled—  
But, choicer than all balms blending,  
There Mary hath kiss'd her child.



## MAY PROBYN

*Dilectus meus mihi**Et ego Illi*—cold

Small cheek against her cheek, He  
Sleepeth, three hours old.

## MICHAEL FIELD

## SONG

I could wish to be dead !  
Too quick with life were the tears I shed,  
Too sweet for tears is the life I led ;  
And, ah, too lonesome my marriage bed !  
I could wish to be dead.

I could wish to be dead,  
For just a word that rings in my head ;  
Too dear, too dear are the words he said,  
They must never be rememberèd.  
I could wish to be dead.

I could wish to be dead,  
The wish to be loved is all mis-read,  
And to love, one learns when one is wed,  
Is to suffer bitter shame ; instead  
I could wish to be dead.

## SHEPHERD APOLLO

Climb with me, Laomedon's white fleeces,  
Up to the hill tops, up to Ida,  
To unshaded dews and earliest dawning.  
Young and lustrous, god and yet a servant,  
As a star past rock and tree I climb.  
Raise your heads erect, ye flocks, and listen  
To the note I strike from off my lyre !  
They have heard, they stand each head erected ;  
Thus they wait the Grazing-Tune that woos  
Slowly to the ridges and the sky.

I have struck it : all submissive listen,  
Till they feed in mystery, advancing,  
Drawn to solemn paces by a spell ;  
Then to sharper strains one way they hurry,  
Fleece by fleece around me, till I strike  
Sweet, soft notes that lay them down to slumber,  
I beside them, where the sun no more  
Falls across us, but the chilling moonlight :  
There we sleep, my flock and I together,  
I, a god, though servant of a king.

*ROBERT OFFLEY ASHBURTON CREWE-MILNES,  
MARQUESS OF CREWE*

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SEVEN YEARS

To join the ages they have gone,  
                  Those seven years,—  
Receding as the months roll on ;  
Yet very oft my fancy hears  
Your voice,—’twas music to my ears  
                  Those seven years.

Scant the shadow and high the sun  
                  Those seven years ;  
Can hearts be one, then ours were one,  
One for laughter and one for tears,  
Knit together in hopes and fears,  
                  Those seven years.

How, perchance, do they seem to you,  
                  Those seven years,  
Spirit-free in the wider blue ?  
When Time in Eternity disappears,  
What if all you have learn’d but the more endears  
                  Those seven years ?

## A HARROW GRAVE IN FLANDERS

1915

Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge,  
 One of a hundred graves untimely sown,  
 Here with his comrades of the hard-won ridge  
 He rests, unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn—  
 School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;  
 Friendships at will ; then love's delightful dawn  
 And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope ; some service to the State ;  
 Benignant age ; then the long tryst to keep  
 Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate  
 His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil  
 From life's alembic, through this holier fate,  
 The man's essential soul, the hero will ?  
 We ask,—and wait.

*WILLIAM WATSON*

## ODE IN MAY

Let me go forth, and share  
 The overflowing Sun  
 With one wise friend, or one  
 Better than wise, being fair,  
 Where the pewit wheels and dips  
 On heights of bracken and ling,  
 And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,  
 Tingles with the Spring.

What is so sweet and dear  
 As a prosperous morn in May,  
 The confident prime of the day,  
 And the dauntless youth of the year,

When nothing that asks for bliss,  
Asking aright, is denied,  
And half of the world a bridegroom is,  
And half of the world a bride ?

The Song of Mingling flows,  
Grave, ceremonial, pure,  
As once, from the lips that endure,  
The cosmic descant rose,  
When the temporal lord of life,  
Going his golden way,  
Had taken a wondrous maid to wife  
That long had said him nay.

For of old the Sun, our sire,  
Came wooing the mother of men,  
Earth, that was virginal then,  
Vestal fire to his fire.  
Silent her bosom and coy,  
But the strong god sued and pressed ;  
And born of their starry nuptial joy  
Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,  
And the travail of her that bore,  
Behold, they are evermore  
As warp and weft in our lot.  
We are children of splendour and flame,  
Of shuddering, also, and tears.  
Magnificent out of the dust we came,  
And abject from the Spheres.

O bright irresistible lord,  
We are the fruit of Earth's womb, each one,  
And fruit of thy loins, O Sun,  
Whence first was the seed outpoured.  
To thee as our Father we bow,  
Forbidden thy Father to see,  
Who is older and greater than thou, as thou  
Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but as a word of his speech,  
 Thou art but as a wave of his hand ;  
 Thou art brief as a glitter of sand  
 'Twixt tide and tide on his beach ;  
 Thou art less than a spark of his fire,  
 Or a moment's mood of his soul :  
 Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir  
 That chant the chant of the Whole.

## LACRIMÆ MUSARUM

(6TH OCTOBER 1892 : THE DEATH OF TENNYSON)

Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head :  
 The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er :  
 Carry the last great bard to his last bed.  
 Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.  
 Land that he loved, that loved him ! nevermore  
 Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,  
 Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,  
 Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,  
 The master's feet shall tread.  
 Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute :  
 The singer of undying songs is dead.

Lo, in this season pensive-hued and grave,  
 While fades and falls the doomed, reluctant leaf  
 From withered Earth's fantastic coronal,  
 With wandering sighs of forest and of wave  
 Mingles the murmur of a people's grief  
 For him whose leaf shall fade not, neither fall.  
 He hath fared forth, beyond these suns and showers.  
 For us, the autumn glow, the autumn flame,  
 And soon the winter silence shall be ours :  
 Him the eternal spring of fadeless fame  
 Crowns with no mortal flowers.

What needs his laurel our ephemeral tears,  
To save from visitation of decay ?  
Not in this temporal light alone, that bay  
Blooms, nor to perishable mundane ears  
Sings he with lips of transitory clay.  
Rapt though he be from us,  
Virgil salutes him, and Theocritus ;  
Catullus, mightiest-brained Lucretius, each  
Greets him, their brother, on the Stygian beach ;  
Proudly a gaunt right hand doth Dante reach ;  
Milton and Wordsworth bid him welcome home ;  
Keats, on his lips the eternal rose of youth,  
Doth in the name of Beauty that is Truth  
A kinsman's love beseech ;  
Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam,  
Calm Spenser, Chaucer suave,  
His equal friendship crave :  
And godlike spirits hail him guest, in speech  
Of Athens, Florence, Weimar, Stratford, Rome.

Nay, he returns to regions whence he came.  
Him doth the spirit divine  
Of universal loveliness reclaim.  
All nature is his shrine.  
Seek him henceforward in the wind and sea,  
In earth's and air's emotion or repose,  
In every star's august serenity,  
And in the rapture of the flaming rose.  
There seek him if ye would not seek in vain,  
There, in the rhythm and music of the Whole ;  
Yea, and for ever in the human soul  
Made stronger and more beauteous by his strain.

For lo ! creation's self is one great choir,  
And what is nature's order but the rhyme  
Where to in holiest unanimity  
All things with all things move unfalteringly,  
Infolded and communal from their prime ?  
Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre ?

In far retreats of elemental mind  
Obscurely comes and goes  
The imperative breath of song, that as the wind  
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.  
Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,  
Extort her crimson secret from the rose,  
But ask not of the Muse that she disclose  
The meaning of the riddle of her might :  
Somewhat of all things sealed and recondite,  
Save the enigma of herself, she knows.  
The master could not tell, with all his lore,  
Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped :  
Ev'n as the linnet sings, so I, he said :  
Ah, rather as the imperial nightingale,  
That held in trance the ancient Attic shore,  
And charms the ages with the notes that o'er  
All woodland chants immortally prevail !  
And now, from our vain plaudits greatly fled,  
He with diviner silence dwells instead,  
And on no earthly sea with transient roar,  
Unto no earthly airs, he sets his sail,  
But far beyond our vision and our hail  
Is heard for ever and is seen no more.

No more, O never now,  
Lord of the lofty and the tranquil brow,  
Shall men behold those wizard locks where Time  
Let fall no wintry rime.  
Once, in his youth obscure,  
The weaver of this verse, that shall endure  
By splendour of its theme which cannot die,  
Beheld thee eye to eye,  
And touched through thee the hand  
Of every hero of thy race divine,  
Ev'n to the sire of all the laurelled line,  
The sightless wanderer on the Ionian strand.  
Yea, I beheld thee, and behold thee yet :  
Thou hast forgotten, but can I forget ?  
Are not thy words all goldenly impressed  
On memory's palimpsest ?

I hear the utterance of thy sovereign tongue,  
I tread the floor thy hallowing feet have trod ;  
I see the hands a nation's lyre that strung,  
The eyes that looked through life and gazed on God.

The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer ;  
The grass of yesteryear  
Is dead ; the birds depart, the groves decay :  
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear :  
Song passes not away.  
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,  
And kings a dubious legend of their reign ;  
The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust :  
The poet doth remain.  
Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive ;  
And thou, the Mantuan of this age and soil,  
With Virgil shalt survive,  
Enriching Time with no less honeyed spoil,  
The yielded sweet of every Muse's hive ;  
Heeding no more the sound of idle praise  
In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,—  
Master who crown'st our immelodious days  
With flower of perfect speech.

## ODE ON THE DAY OF THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII

### I

Sire, we have looked on many and mighty things  
In these eight hundred summers of renown  
Since the Gold Dragon of the Wessex Kings  
On Hastings field went down ;  
And slowly in the ambience of this crown  
Have many crowns been gathered, till, to-day,  
How many peoples crown thee, who shall say ?  
Time, and the ocean, and some fostering star,  
In high cabal have made us what we are,  
Who stretch one hand to Huron's bearded pines,  
And one on Kashmir's snowy shoulder lay,  
And round the streaming of whose raiment shines



The iris of the Australasian spray.  
For waters have connived at our designs,  
And winds have plotted with us—and behold,  
Kingdom in kingdom, sway in oversway,  
Dominion fold in fold :  
Like to that immemorial regal stone  
Thy namesake from the northland reft away,  
Symbol of sovereignty and spoil of fray,  
And closed in England's throne.  
So wide of girth this little cirque of gold,  
So great are we, and old.  
Proud from the ages are we come, O King ;  
Proudly, as fits a nation that hath now  
So many dawns and sunsets on her brow,  
This duteous heart we bring.

## II

The kings thy far forerunners ; he that came  
And smote us into greatness ; he whose fame,  
In dark armipotence and ivied pride,  
Towers above Conway's tide,  
And where Carnarvon ponders on the sea ;  
He, that adventurous name,  
Who left at Agincourt the knightly head  
Of France and all its charging plumes o'erthrown,  
But hath in Shakespeare's conquest merged his own ;  
And she, a queen, yet fashioned king-like, she  
Before whose prows, before whose tempests, fled  
Spain on the ruining night precipitately ;  
And that worn face, in camps and councils bred,  
The guest who brought us law and liberty  
Raised well-nigh from the dead ;  
Yea, she herself, in whose immediate stead  
Thou standest, in the shadow of her soul ;  
All these, O King, from their seclusion dread,  
And guarded palace of eternity,  
Mix in thy pageant with phantasmal tread,  
Hear the long waves of acclamation roll,  
And with yet mightier silence marshal thee  
To the awful throne thou hast inherited.

## III

Lo, at the Earth's high feast, ere Autumn bring  
His afterthoughts on greatness to her ear,  
And with monitions of mortality  
Perturb the revelling year,  
Thou goest forth and art anointed King.  
Nature disdains not braveries : why should we  
The sombre foil to all her splendours be ?  
Let London rustle with rich apparelling,  
And all the ways, with festal faces lined,  
Casement and coign and fluttering balcony,  
Wave welcome on the wind.  
Now the loud land flames with imperial gear,  
And life itself, so late in hues austere  
And the cold reign of iron custom bound,  
Puts off its gray subjection, and is here  
One moment throned and crowned.  
Now the long glories prance and triumph by :  
And now the pomps have passed, and we depart  
Each to the peace or strife of his own heart :  
And now the day whose bosom was so high  
Sinks billowing down : and twilight sorceries change  
Into remote and strange  
What is most known and nigh :  
And changelessly the river sends his sigh  
Down leagues of hope and fear, and pride and shame,  
And life and death ; dim-journeying passionless  
To where broad estuary and beaconing ness  
Look towards the outlands whence our fathers came.  
And high on Druid mountains hath the sun  
Flamed valediction, as the last lights died  
Beyond that fatal wave, that from our side  
Sunders the lovely and the lonely Bride  
Whom we have wedded but have never won.

## IV

And night falls on an isle whose vassal seas  
Remember not her prone regalities,  
So withered from belief, so far and faint,

In such abjection before Time they lie,  
Kingdoms and thrones forgotten of the sky.  
Deira with her sea-face to the morn,  
And Cumbria sunset-gazing ; moist Dyvnaint,  
A realm of coombs and tors ; old greatnesses  
From Dee to Severn, where the bards were born  
Whose songs are in the wind by Idris' chair,  
Whose lips won battles ; and seats of puissance where,  
With long grope of his desultory hand,  
The ocean, prying deep into the land,  
By Morven and the legends of wild Lorn,  
Repents him, lost about Lochiel : all these  
Have been and 'stabilisht on their dust we stand ;  
Thy England ; with the northern sister fair,  
That hath the heath-bells in her blowing hair ;  
And the dark mountain maid  
That dreams for ever in the wizard shade,  
Hymning her heroes there.

## v

O doom of overlordships ! to decay  
First at the heart, the eye scarce dimmed at all ;  
Or perish of much cumber and array,  
The burdening robe of Empire, and its pall ;  
Or, of voluptuous hours the wanton prey,  
Die of the poisons that most sweetly slay ;  
Or, from insensate height,  
With prodigies, with light  
Of trailing angers on the monstrous night,  
Magnificently fall.  
Far off from her that bore us be such fate,  
And vain against her gate  
Its knocking. But by chinks and crannies, Death,  
Forbid the doorways, oft-times entereth.  
Let her drink deep of discontent, and sow  
Abroad the troubling knowledge. Let her show  
Whence glories come, and wherefore glories go,  
And what indeed are glories, unto these  
'Twixt labour and the rest that is not ease

Made blank and darksome ; who have hardly heard  
Sound of her loftiest names, or any word  
Of all that hath in gold been said and sung,  
Since him of April heart and morning tongue,  
Her ageless singing-bird.

For now the day is unto them that know,  
And not henceforth she stumbles on the prize ;  
And yonder march the nations full of eyes.

Already is doom a-spinning, if unstirred  
In leisure of ancient pathways she lose touch  
Of the hour, and overmuch

Recline upon achievement, and be slow  
To take the world arriving, and forget  
How perilous are the stature and port that so  
Invite the arrows, how unslumbering are  
The hates that watch and crawl.

Nor must she, like the others, yield up yet  
The generous dreams ! But rather live to be  
Saluted in the hearts of men as she  
Of high and singular election, set  
Benignant in the sea ;

That greatly loving freedom loved to free,  
And was herself the bridal and embrace  
Of strength and conquering grace.

### ERNEST RHYS

---

#### THE LEAF BURNERS

Under two oak trees  
on top of the fell,  
With an old hawthorn hedge  
to hold off the wind,  
I saw the leaf burners  
brushing the leaves  
With their long brooms  
into the blaze.  
Above them the sky  
scurried along

*ERNEST RHYS*

Pale as a plate,  
    and peered thro' the oaks,  
While the hurrying wind  
    harried the hedge.  
But fast as they swept  
    feeding the leaves  
Into the flame  
    that flickered and fumed,

The wind, the tree-shaker,  
    shaking the boughs,  
Whirled others down  
    withered and wan—  
Summer's small folk,  
    faded and fain  
To give up their life ;  
    earth unto earth,  
Ashes to ashes,  
    life unto death.

Far on the fell  
    where the road ran,  
I heard the men march,  
    in the mouth of the wind :  
And the leaf burners heard  
    and leaned down their heads,  
Brow upon broom  
    and let the leaves lie,  
And counted their kin  
    that crossed over sea,  
And left wife and wean  
    to fight in the war.

Forth over fell  
    I fared on my way ;  
Yet often looked back,  
    when the wind blew,  
To see the flames coil  
    like a curl of bright hair

Round the face of a child—  
a flower of fire,  
Beneath the long boughs  
where lush and alive,  
The leaves flourished long,  
loving the sun.

Much I thought then  
of men that went forth,  
Or dropt like the leaves,  
to die and to live ;  
While the leaf burners  
with their long brooms  
Drew them together  
on the day of their death.  
I wondered at that,  
walking the fell—  
Feeling the wind  
that wafted the leaves  
And set their souls  
free of the smoke,  
Free of the dead,  
speeding the flame  
To spire on the air—  
a spark that should spring  
In me, man of men ;  
last of the leaves.

*ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN*

---

THE WEST

Beyond the moor and mountain crest  
—Comrade, look not on the West—  
The sun is down and drinks away  
From air and land the lees of day.

The long cloud and the single pine  
Sentinel the ending line,

And out beyond it, clear and wan,  
Reach the gulfs of evening on.

The son of woman turns his brow  
West from forty counties now,  
And, as the edge of heaven he eyes,  
Thinks eternal thoughts, and sighs.

Oh wide's the world, to rest or roam,  
With change abroad and cheer at home,  
Fights and furloughs, talk and tale,  
Company and beef and ale.

But if I front the evening sky  
Silent on the West look I,  
And my comrade, stride for stride,  
Paces silent at my side.

Comrade, look not on the West :  
'Twill have the heart out of your breast ;  
'Twill take your thoughts and sink them far,  
Leagues beyond the sunset bar.

Oh lad, I fear that yon's the sea  
Where they fished for you and me,  
And there, from whence we both were ta'en,  
You and I shall drown again.

Send not on your soul before  
To dive from that beguiling shore,  
And let not yet the swimmer leave  
His clothes upon the sands of eve.

Too fast to yonder strand forlorn  
We journey, to the sunken bourn,  
To flush the fading tinges eyed  
By other lads at eventide.

Wide is the world, to rest or roam,  
And early 'tis for turning home :  
Plant your heel on earth and stand,  
And let's forget our native land.

When you and I are spilt on air  
Long we shall be strangers there ;  
Friends of flesh and bone are best :  
Comrade, look not on the West.

### THE FIRST OF MAY

The orchards half the way  
From home to Ludlow fair  
Flowered on the first of May  
In Mays when I was there ;  
And seen from stile or turning  
The plume of smoke would show  
Where fires were burning  
That went out long ago.

The plum broke forth in green,  
The pear stood high and snowed,  
My friends and I between  
Would take the Ludlow road ;  
Dressed to the nines and drinking  
And light in heart and limb,  
And each chap thinking  
The fair was held for him.

Between the trees in flower  
New friends at fairtime tread  
The way where Ludlow tower  
Stands planted on the dead.  
Our thoughts, a little while after,  
They think, our words they say ;  
Theirs now the laughter,  
The fair, the first of May.



Ay, yonder lads are yet  
The fools that we were then ;  
For oh, the sons we get  
Are still the sons of men.  
The sumless tale of sorrow  
Is all unrolled in vain ;  
May comes to-morrow  
And Ludlow fair again.

### THE CULPRIT

The night my father got me  
His mind was not on me ;  
He did not plague his fancy  
To muse if I should be  
The son you see.

The day my mother bore me  
She was a fool and glad,  
For all the pain I cost her,  
That she had borne the lad  
That borne she had.

My mother and my father  
Out of the light they lie ;  
The warrant would not find them,  
And here 'tis only I  
Shall hang so high.

Oh, let not man remember  
The soul that God forgot,  
But fetch the county kerchief  
And noose me in the knot,  
And I will rot.

For so the game is ended  
That should not have begun.  
My father and my mother  
They had a likely son,  
And I have none.

## FANCY'S KNELL

When lads were home from labour  
At Abdon under Clee,  
A man would call his neighbour  
And both would send for me.  
And where the light in lances  
Across the mead was laid,  
There to the dances  
I fetched my flute and played.

Ours were idle pleasures,  
Yet oh, content were we,  
The young to wind the measures,  
The old to heed the air ;  
And I to lift with playing  
From tree and tower and steep  
The light delaying,  
And flute the sun to sleep.

The youth toward his fancy  
Would turn his brow of tan,  
And Tom would pair with Nancy  
And Dick step off with Fan ;  
The girl would lift her glances  
To his, and both be mute :  
Well went the dances  
At evening to the flute.

Wenlock Edge was umbered,  
And bright was Abdon Burf,  
And warm between them slumbered  
The smooth green miles of turf ;

Until from grass and clover  
The upshot beam would fade,  
And England over  
Advanced the lofty shade.

The lofty shade advances,  
I fetch my flute and play :  
Come, lads, and learn the dances  
And praise the tune to-day.  
To-morrow, more's the pity,  
Away we both must hie,  
To air the ditty,  
And to earth I.

*FRANCIS THOMPSON*

---

DAISY

Where the thistle lifts a purple crown  
Six foot out of the turf,  
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—  
O the breath of the distant surf !—

The hills look over on the South,  
And southward dreams the sea ;  
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,  
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry  
Red for the gatherer springs,  
Two children did we stray and talk  
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,  
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine :  
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins  
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,  
Nor knew her own sweet way ;  
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song  
Thronged in whose throat that day !

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington  
On the turf and on the spray ;  
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills  
Was the Daisy-flower that day !

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face !  
She gave me tokens three :—  
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,  
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,  
A still word,—strings of sand !  
And yet they made my wild, wild heart  
Fly down to her little hand.

For, standing artless as the air,  
And candid as the skies,  
She took the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end :  
Their scent survives their close :  
But the rose's scent is bitterness  
To him that loved the rose !

She looked a little wistfully  
Then went her sunshine way :—  
The sea's eye had a mist on it,  
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,  
She went, and left in me  
The pang of all the partings gone,  
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul  
Was sad that she was glad ;  
At all the sadness in the sweet,  
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still  
Look up with soft replies,  
And take the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,  
That is not paid with moan ;  
For we are born in other's pain,  
And perish in our own.

### THE FAIR INCONSTANT

Dost thou still hope thou shalt be fair,  
When no more fair to me ?  
Or those that by thee taken were  
Hold their captivity ?  
Is this thy confidence ? No, no ;  
Trust it not ; it can not be so.

But thou too late, too late shalt find  
'Twas I that made thee fair ;  
Thy beauties never from thy mind  
But from my loving were ;  
And those delights that did thee stole  
Confessed the vicinage of my soul.

The rosy reflex of my heart  
Did thy pale cheek attire ;  
And what I was, not what thou art,  
Did gazers-on admire.  
Go, and too late thou shalt confess  
I looked thee into loveliness.

## THE MISTRESS OF VISION

Secret was the garden ;  
Set i' the pathless awe  
Where no star its breath can draw.  
Life, that is its warden,  
Sits behind the fosse of death. Mine eyes saw not, and  
I saw.

It was a mazeful wonder ;  
Thrice three times it was enwalled  
With an emerald—  
Sealèd so asunder.  
All its birds in middle air hung a-dream, their music  
thrallèd.

The Lady of fair weeping,  
At the garden's core,  
Sang a song of sweet and sore  
And the after-sleeping ;  
In the land of Luthany, and the tracts of Elenore.

With sweet-pangèd singing  
Sang she through a dream-night's day ;  
That the bowers might stay,  
Birds bate their winging,  
Nor the wall of emerald float in wreathèd haze away.

The lily kept its gleaming,  
In her tears (divine conservers !)  
Washèd with sad art ;  
And the flowers of dreaming  
Palèd not their fervours,  
For her blood flowed through their nervures ;  
And the roses were most red, for she dipt them in her heart.

There was never moon,  
Save the white sufficing woman :  
Light most heavenly-human—

Like the unseen form of sound,  
Sensed invisibly in tune,—  
With a sun derivèd stole  
Did inaureole  
All her lovely body round ;  
Lovellily her lucid body with that light was interstrewn.

The sun which lit that garden wholly,  
Low and vibrant visible,  
Temper'd glory woke ;  
And it seemèd solely  
Like a silver thurible  
Solemnly swung, slowly,  
Fuming clouds of golden fire for a cloud of incense-smoke.

But woe's me, and woe's me,  
For the secrets of her eyes !  
In my visions fearfully  
They are ever shown to be  
As fringèd pools, whereof each lies  
Pallid-dark beneath the skies  
Of a night that is  
But one blear necropolis.  
And her eyes a little tremble, in the wind of her own sighs.

Many changes rise on  
Their phantasmal mysteries.  
They grow to an horizon  
Where earth and heaven meet ;  
And like a wing that dies on  
The vague twilight-verges,  
Many a sinking dream doth fleet  
Lessening down their secrecies.  
And, as dusk with day converges,  
Their orbs are troublously  
Over-gloomed and over-glowed with hope and fear of  
things to be.

There is a peak on Himalay,  
And on the peak undeluged snow,

And on the snow not eagles stray ;  
There if your strong feet could go,—  
Looking over tow'rd Cathay  
From the never-deluged snow—  
Farthest ken might not survey  
Where the peoples underground dwell whom antique  
fables know.

East, ah, east of Himalay,  
Dwell the nations underground ;  
Hiding from the shock of Day,  
For the sun's uprising-sound :  
Dare not issue from the ground  
At the tumults of the Day,  
So fearfully the sun doth sound  
Clanging up beyond Cathay ;  
For the great earthquaking sunrise rolling up beyond Cathay.

Lend me, O lend me  
The terrors of that sound,  
That its music may attend me,  
Wrap my chant in thunders round ;  
While I tell the ancient secrets in that Lady's singing found.

On Ararat there grew a vine,  
When Asia from her bathing rose,  
Our first sailor made a twine  
Thereof for his prefiguring brows.  
Canst divine  
Where, upon our dusty earth, of that vine a cluster grows ?

On Golgotha there grew a thorn  
Round the long-figured Brows.  
Mourn, O mourn !  
For the vine have we the spine ? Is this all the Heaven  
allows ?

On Calvary was shook a spear ;  
Press the point into thy heart—  
Joy and fear !  
All the spines upon the thorn into curling tendrils start.



O dismay !  
I, a wingless mortal, sporting  
With the tresses of the sun ?  
I, that dare my hand to lay  
On the thunder in its snorting ?  
Ere begun,  
Falls my singed song down the sky, even the old Icarian  
way.

From the fall precipitant  
These dim snatches of her chant  
Only have remainèd mine ;—  
That from spear and thorn alone  
May be grown  
For the front of saint or singer any divinizing twine.

Her song said that no springing  
Paradise but evermore  
Hangeth on a-singing  
That has chords of weeping,  
And that sings the after-sleeping  
To souls which wake too sore.  
“ But woe the singer, woe ! ” she said ; “ beyond the dead  
his singing-lore,  
All its art of sweet and sore  
He learns, in Elenore ! ”

Where is the land of Luthany,  
Where is the tract of Elenore ?  
I am bound therefor.

“ Pierce thy heart to find the key ;  
With thee take  
Only what none else would keep ;  
Learn to dream when thou dost wake,  
Learn to wake when thou dost sleep.  
Learn to water joy with tears,  
Learn from fears to vanquish fears ;

To hope, for thou dar'st not despair,  
 Exult, for that thou dar'st not grieve ;  
 Plough thou the rock until it bear ;  
 Know, for thou else couldst not believe ;  
 Lose, that the lost thou may'st receive ;  
 Die, for none other way canst live.  
 When earth and heaven lay down their veil,  
 And that apocalypse turns thee pale ;  
 When thy seeing blindeth thee  
 To what thy fellow-mortals see ;  
 When their sight to thee is sightless ;  
 Their living, death ; their light, most lightless ;  
 Search no more—

Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore."

Where is the land of Luthany,  
 And where the region Elenore ?  
 I do faint therefor.

" When to the new eyes of thee  
 All things by immortal power,  
 Near or far,  
 Hiddenly  
 To each other linkèd are,  
 That thou canst not stir a flower  
 Without troubling of a star ;  
 When thy song is shield and mirror  
 To the fair snake-curlèd Pain,  
 Where thou dar'st affront her terror  
 That on her thou may'st attain  
 Perséan conquest ; seek no more,  
 O seek no more !

Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore."

So sang she, so wept she,  
 Through a dream-night's day ;  
 And with her magic singing kept she—  
 Mystical in music—  
 That garden of enchanting

In visionary May ;  
 Swayless for my spirit's haunting,  
 Thrice-threefold walled with emerald from our mortal  
 mornings grey.

And as a necromancer  
 Raises from the rose-ash  
 The ghost of the rose ;  
 My heart so made answer  
 To her voice's silver splash,—  
 Stirred in reddening flash,  
 And from out its mortal ruins the purpureal phantom  
 blows.

Her tears made dulcet fretting,  
 Her voice had no word,  
 More than thunder or the bird.  
 Yet, unforgetting,  
 The ravished soul her meanings knew. Mine ears heard  
 not, and I heard.

When she shall unwind  
 All those wiles she wound about me,  
 Tears shall break from out me,  
 That I cannot find  
 Music in the holy poets to my wistful want, I doubt me !

### THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days ;  
 I fled Him, down the arches of the years ;  
 I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways  
 Of my own mind ; and in the mist of tears  
 I hid from Him, and under running laughter.  
     Up vistaed hopes I sped ;  
     And shot, precipitated,  
 Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,  
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

But with unhurrying chase,  
And unperturbèd pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
They beat—and a Voice beat  
More instant than the Feet—  
“All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,  
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,  
Trellised with intertwining charities ;  
(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,  
Yet was I sore adread  
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside).  
But, if one little casement parted wide,  
The gust of His approach would clash it to.  
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.  
Across the margent of the world I fled,  
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,  
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars ;  
Fretted to dulcet jars  
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.  
I said to Dawn : Be sudden ; to Eve : Be soon ;  
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over  
From this tremendous Lover—  
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see !  
I tempted all His servitors, but to find  
My own betrayal in their constancy,  
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,  
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.  
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue ;  
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.  
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,  
The long savannahs of the blue ;  
Or whether, Thunder-driven,  
They clangèd his chariot 'thwart a heaven,  
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their  
feet :—  
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.  
Still with unhurrying chase,  
And unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
Came on the following Feet,  
And a Voice above their beat—  
“Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.”

I sought no more that after which I strayed  
In face of man or maid ;  
But still within the little children's eyes  
Seems something, something that replies,  
*They* at least are for me, surely for me !  
I turned me to them very wistfully ;  
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair  
With dawning answers there,  
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.  
“Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share  
With me” (said I) “your delicate fellowship ;  
Let me greet you lip to lip,  
Let me twine with you caresses,  
Wantoning  
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,  
Banqueting  
With her in her wind-walled palace,  
Underneath her azured daïs,  
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,  
From a chalice  
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring.”  
So it was done :  
*I* in their delicate fellowship was one—  
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.  
*I* knew all the swift importings  
On the wilful face of skies ;  
*I* knew how the clouds arise  
Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings ;  
All that's born or dies  
Rose and drooped with ; made them shapers  
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine ;  
With them joyed and was bereaven.  
*I* was heavy with the even,  
When she lit her glimmering tapers

Round the day's dead sanctities.  
I laughed in the morning's eyes.  
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,  
Heaven and I wept together,  
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine ;  
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart  
I laid my own to beat,  
And share commingling heat ;  
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.  
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.  
For ah ! we know not what each other says,  
These things and I ; in sound *I* speak—  
*Their* sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.  
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth ;  
Let her, if she would owe me,  
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me  
The breasts o' her tenderness :  
Never did any milk of hers once bless  
My thirsting mouth.  
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,  
With unperturbèd pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy ;  
And past those noisèd Feet  
A voice comes yet more fleet—  
“ Lo ! naught contents thee, who content'st not  
Me.”

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke !  
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,  
And smitten me to my knee ;  
I am defenceless utterly.  
I slept, methinks, and woke,  
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.  
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,  
I shook the pillaring hours  
And pulled my life upon me ; grimed with smears,  
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—  
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.  
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,

Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.

Yea, faileth now even dream

The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist ;

Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist

I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,

Are yielding ; cords of all too weak account

For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.

Ah ! is Thy love indeed

A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,

Suffering no flowers except its own to mount ?

Ah ! must—

Designer infinite !—

Ah ! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn  
with it ?

My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust ;

And now my heart is as a broken fount,

Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever

From the dank thoughts that shiver

Upon the sighful branches of my mind.

Such is ; what is to be ?

The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind ?

I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds ;

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds

From the hid battlements of Eternity ;

Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then

Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again.

But not ere him who summoneth

I first have seen, enwound

With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned ;

His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.

Whether man's heart or life it be which yields

Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields

Be dunged with rotten death ?

Now of that long pursuit

Comes on at hand and bruit ;

That Voice is round me like a bursting sea :

“ And is thy earth so marred,

Shattered in shard on shard ?

Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me ! ”

“ Strange, piteous, futile thing !  
Wherefore should any set thee love apart ?  
Seeing none but I makes much of naught ” (He said),  
“ And human love needs human meriting :  
How hast thou merited—  
Of all man’s clotted clay the dingiest clot ?  
Alack, thou knowest not  
How little worthy of any love thou art !  
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,  
Save Me, save only Me ?  
All which I took from thee I did but take,  
Not for thy harms,  
But just that thou might’st seek it in My arms.  
All which thy child’s mistake  
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home :  
Rise, clasp My hand, and come ! ”

Halts by me that footfall :  
Is my gloom, after all,  
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly ?  
“ Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,  
I am He Whom thou seekest !  
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.”

## IN NO STRANGE LAND

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU

O world invisible, we view thee,  
O world intangible, we touch thee,  
O world unknowable, we know thee,  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee !

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,  
The eagle plunge to find the air—  
That we ask of the stars in motion  
If they have rumour of thee there ?



Not where the wheeling systems darken,  
 And our benumbed conceiving soars !—  
 The drift of pinions, would we hearken,  
 Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places ;—  
 Turn but a stone, and start a wing !  
 'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,  
 That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)  
 Cry ;—and upon thy so sore loss  
 Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
 Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
 Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems ;  
 And lo, Christ walking on the water  
 Not of Gennesareth, but Thames !

#### FROM AN ANTHEM OF EARTH

In nescientness, in nescientness,  
 Mother, we put these fleshly lendings on  
 Thou yield'st to thy poor children ; took thy gift  
 Of life, which must, in all the after days,  
 Be craved again with tears,—  
 With fresh and still petitionary tears.  
 Being once bound thine almsmen for that gift,  
 We are bound to beggary ; nor our own can call  
 The journal dole of customary life,  
 But after suit obsequious for 't to thee.  
 Indeed this flesh, O Mother,  
 A beggar's gown, a client's badging,  
 We find, which from thy hands we simply took,  
 Naught dreaming of the after penury,  
 In nescientness.

In a little thought, in a little thought,  
 We stand and eye thee in a grave dismay,  
 With sad and doubtful questioning, when first

Thou speak'st to us as men : like sons who hear  
Newly their mother's history, unthought  
Before, and say—" She is not as we dreamed :  
Ah me ! we are beguiled ! " What art thou, then,  
That art not our conceiving ? Art thou not  
Too old for thy young children ? Or perchance,  
Keep'st thou a youth perpetual-burnishable  
Beyond thy sons decrepit ? It is long  
Since Time was first a fledgling ;  
Yet thou may'st be but as a pendant bulla  
Against his stripling bosom swung. Alack !  
For that we seem indeed  
To have slipped the world's great leaping-time, and come  
Upon thy pinched and dozing days : these weeds,  
These corporal leavings, thou not cast'st us new,  
Fresh from thy craftship, like the lilies' coats,  
But foist'st us off  
With hasty tarnished piecings negligent,  
Snippets and waste  
From old ancestral wearings,  
That have seen sorrier usage ; remainder-flesh  
After our fathers' surfeits ; nay with chinks,  
Some of us, that if speech may have free leave  
Our souls go out at elbows. We are sad  
With more than our sires' heaviness, and with  
More than their weakness weak ; we shall not be  
Mighty with all their mightiness, nor shall not  
Rejoice with all their joy. Ay, Mother ! Mother !  
What is this Man, thy darling kissed and cuffed,  
Thou lustingly engender'st,  
To sweat, and make his brag, and rot,  
Crowned with all honour and all shamefulness ?  
From nightly towers  
He dogs the secret footsteps of the heavens,  
Sifts in his hands the stars, weighs them as gold-dust,  
And yet is he successive unto nothing  
But patrimony of a little mould,  
And entail of four planks. Thou hast made his mouth  
Avid of all dominion and all mightiness,  
All sorrow, all delight, all topless grandeurs,

All beauty, and all starry majesties,  
And dim transtellar things ;—even that it may,  
Filled in the ending with a puff of dust,  
Confess—“ It is enough.” The world left empty  
What that poor mouthful crams. His heart is builded  
For pride, for potency, infinity,  
All heights, all deeps, and all immensities,  
Arrased with purple like the house of kings,  
To stall the grey-rat, and the carrion-worm  
Statelily lodge. Mother of mysteries !  
Sayer of dark sayings in a thousand tongues,  
Who bringest forth no saying yet so dark  
As we ourselves, thy darkest ! We the young,  
In a little thought, in a little thought,  
At last confront thee, and ourselves in thee,  
And wake disgarmented of glory : as one  
On a mount standing, and against him stands,  
On the mount adverse, crowned with westering rays,  
The golden sun, and they two brotherly  
Gaze each on each ;  
He faring down  
To the dull vale, his Godhead peels from him  
Till he can scarcely spurn the pebble—  
For nothingness of new-found mortality—  
That mutinies against his galled foot.  
Littly he sets him to the daily way,  
With all around the valleys growing grave,  
And known things changed and strange ; but he holds on,  
Though all the land of light be widowed,  
In a little thought.

In a little dust, in a little dust,  
Earth, thou reclaim'st us, who do all our lives  
Find of thee but Egyptian villeinage.  
Thou dost this body, this enhavocked realm,  
Subject to ancient and ancestral shadows ;  
Descended passions sway it ; it is distraught  
With ghostly usurpation, dinned and fretted  
With the still-tyrannous dead ; a haunted tenement,  
Peopled from barrows and outworn ossuaries.

Thou giv'st us life not half so willingly  
As thou undost thy giving ; thou that teem'st  
The stealthy terror of the sinuous pard,  
The lion maned with curlèd puissance,  
The serpent, and all fair strong beasts of ravin,  
Thyself most fair and potent beast of ravin ;  
And thy great eaters thou, the greatest, eat'st.  
Thou hast devoured mammoth and mastodon,  
And many a floating bank of fangs,  
The scaly scourges of thy primal brine,  
And the tower-crested plesiosaure.  
Thou fill'st thy mouth with nations, gorgest slow  
On purple æons of kings ; man's hulking towers  
Are carcase for thee, and to modern sun  
Disglutt'st their splintered bones.  
Rabble of Pharaohs and Arsacidæ  
Keep their cold house within thee ; thou hast sucked down  
How many Ninevehs and Hecatompvyloi  
And perished cities whose great phantasmata  
O'erbrow the silent citizens of Dis :—  
Hast not thy fill ?  
Tarry awhile, lean Earth, for thou shalt drink,  
Even till thy dull throat sicken,  
The draught thou grow'st most fat on ; hear'st thou not  
The world's knives bickering in their sheaths ? O patience!  
Much offal of a foul world comes thy way,  
And man's superfluous cloud shall soon be laid  
In a little blood.

In a little peace, in a little peace,  
Thou dost rebate thy rigid purposes  
Of imposed being, and relenting, mend'st  
Too much, with nought. The westering Phœbus' horse  
Paws i' the lucent dust as when he shocked  
The East with rising ; O how may I trace  
In this decline that morning when we did  
Sport 'twixt the claws of newly-whelped existence,  
Which had not yet learned rending ? we did then  
Divinely stand, not knowing yet against us  
Sentence had passed of life, nor commutation

Petitioning into death. What's he that of  
The Free State argues ? Tellus ! bid him stoop,  
Even where the low *hic jacet* answers him ;  
Thus low, O Man ! there's freedom's seignory,  
Tellus' most reverend sole free commonweal,  
And model deeply-policied : there none  
Stands on precedence, nor ambitiously  
Woos the impartial worm, whose favours kiss  
With liberal largesse all ; there each is free  
To be e'en what he must, which here did strive  
So much to be he could not ; there all do  
Their uses just, with no flown questioning.  
To be took by the hand of equal earth  
They doff her livery, slip to the worm,  
Which lacqueys them, their suits of maintenance,  
And, that soiled workaday apparel cast,  
Put on condition : Death's ungente buffet  
Alone makes ceremonial manumission ;  
So are the heavenly statutes set, and those  
Uranian tables of the primal Law.  
In a little peace, in a little peace,  
Like fierce beasts that a common thirst makes brothers,  
We draw together to one hid dark lake ;  
In a little peace, in a little peace,  
We drain with all our burthens of dishonour  
Into the cleansing sands o' the thirsty grave.  
The fiery poms, brave exhalations,  
And all the glistening shows o' the seeming world,  
Which the sight aches at, we unwinking see  
Through the smoked glass of Death ; Death, wherewith's  
finéd  
The muddy wine of life ; that earth doth purge  
Of her plethora of man ; Death, that doth flush  
The cumbered gutters of humanity ;  
Nothing, of nothing king, with front uncrowned,  
Whose hand holds crownets ; playmate swart o' the strong ;  
Tenebrous moon that flux and reflux draws  
Of the high-tided man ; skull-housed asp  
That stings the heel of kings ; true Fount of Youth,  
Where he that dips is deathless ; being's drone-pipe ;

Whose nostril turns to blight the shrivelled stars,  
 And thicks the lusty breathing of the sun ;  
 Pontifical Death, that doth the crevasse bridge  
 To the steep and trifold God ; one mortal birth  
 That broker is of immortality.  
 Under this dreadful brother uterine,  
 This kinsman feared, Tellus, behold me come,  
 Thy son stern-nursed ; who mortal-motherlike,  
 To turn thy weanlings' mouth averse, embitter'st  
 Thine over-childed breast. Now, mortal-sonlike,  
 I thou hast suckled, Mother, I at last  
 Shall sustenant be to thee. Here I untrammel,  
 Here I pluck loose the body's cerementing,  
 And break the tomb of life ; here I shake off  
 The bur o' the world, man's congregation shun,  
 And to the antique order of the dead  
 I take the tongueless vows : my cell is set  
 Here in thy bosom ; my little trouble is ended  
 In a little peace.

## HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

### THE TREE OF LIFE

#### A RECOGNITION IN FOUR SEASONS

#### ARGUMENT

A prophet, desiring to recover for men the fruit of the Tree of Life, seems to find Paradise by certain traditional signs of beauty in nature. He is further persuaded by observing the beauty and innocence of children. By and by he comes upon the Tree of Knowledge, whose fruit, now old, he discerns to be evil ; but from which, to his desire, new is brought forth, which is good. At each recognition one of the Guardian Angels of the Tree of Life is withdrawn, until there is left only the Angel of Death, in the light of whose sword he perceives it. The Angels' songs are not heard by the prophet.

#### I. SPRING

##### *Prophet*

O Tree of Life, blissful tree,  
 Old as the world, still springing green,

Planted, watered by God ; whose fruit  
 Hath year by year fallen about the root,  
 And century by century ;  
 Grant me that I thy glory unseen  
 At last attain to see !

*Chorus of Angels*

*The flame of our eyes still hideth  
 The fatal tree :  
 Which God in charge confideth  
 That none may see,  
 Till 'gainst our light advances  
 A purer ray,  
 And melts with fervid glances  
 Our swords of day.*

*Prophet*

Considerate  
 lilia agri  
 quomodo  
 crescunt.

This garden I consider : If not the wise  
 Repute it Paradise,  
 The wise may err and ancient fame be lost ;  
 As Ophir on the swart Arabian coast,—  
 Whence she, of Saba queen,  
 In silk raiment and gold,  
 Bearing spices manifold,  
 Not unlike this lily's purer sheen,  
 Came a weary way to salute Solomon,  
 Fainting to see, and fainted having seen  
 Such wisdom dazzled from his throne,—  
 Now Ophir lies unknown ;  
 Yet stumbling haply on gold, a man shall say  
 Who feeds his flocks by the well,  
 " Lo Ophir ! " what if I to-day  
 A like token recover, and tell.

*Chorus of Angels*

*The fire of our heart presages  
 (And gins to dim,)   
 That though through ageless ages  
 We wait for him.*

*He comes ; our glory retires,  
And shrinks from strife,  
Folding in closer fires  
The Tree of Life.*

*Prophet*

Goeth up a mist,  
To water the ground from the four streams at even ;  
Wrapt in a veil of amethyst  
The trees and thickets wait for Spring to appear,  
An angel out of heaven,  
Bringing apparel new for the new year ;  
In the soft light the birds  
Reset to the loved air the eternal words,  
And in the woods primroses peer.

*Angel of the Spring*

*He hath seen me with eyes of wonder  
And named my name,  
My shield is riven in sunder,  
And quencht my frame :  
My task is done, and rewarded,  
If faithfully ;  
By others now is guarded  
The Mystic Tree.*

II. SUMMER

*Prophet*

O Tree of Life, blessed tree,  
When shall I thy beauty attain to see ?  
New fledged ev'n now, new canopied with green,  
(Not darkening ever as these in brooding heat,)  
To beasts of the field a screen,  
A shadowy bower for weary eyes and feet :  
Tree by tree musing, I find not thee.

See, in the rippling water the children at play,  
Flashing hither and thither, diamonded with spray ;

Sinit  
parvulos, &c.



Lithe and fair their limbs, their hearts light and gay—  
 As fair as they of Niobe ;  
 Divinely fair, but too divinely famed ;  
 Not so now let it be.  
 Children of Adam these by birth proclaimed,  
 Claspings a mother's breast, a father's knee,  
 By father's father named.  
 Ay, but see, but see,  
 Their mien how high, how free their spirit !  
 They are naked and not ashamed  
 Of that translucent veil, that symmetry.  
 How they shout for glee !  
 It is the primal joy, and not the curse they inherit.  
 A child of Adam, a child of God can he be ?  
 O look, look and see !

*The Angels of Children*  
*His ear through nature's noises,*  
*Where'er he trod,*  
*Could hear in the children's voices*  
*The praise of God.*  
*Our task is done, and rewarded,*  
*If faithfully ;*  
*By others now is guarded*  
*The Mystic Tree.*

### III. AUTUMN

#### *Prophet*

Say who are ye upon this bank reclining,  
 At random laid,  
 Where loaded boughs a diaper intertwining  
 Of fragrant shade,  
 Stretch down their fruits to cheer the heart's repining.

Dicit enim  
 Vetus  
 melius est.

They hear me not, asleep, or drunken, or (ah !) dead.  
 O Tree of Knowledge, 'tis thou, tree divine

Of good and ill ;—trembling, I view thee.  
To me, as them, thy golden apples incline,  
Able to slake my thirst, or else undo me.  
Which shall I pluck, which dread  
Of all their goodlihead ?  
If roots be twain, from which there flows  
To these elixir, poison to those,  
How can I track their currents through the stem  
Which bears and buries them ?  
Nay, but it cannot be the tree of good ;  
'Tis utter evil ; to nearer view  
The fruit dislustres, dull of hue,  
All its ripe vermilion vanished,  
Dead fruit, not human food ;  
And these mistaking souls from life are banished.  
But see,—a wonder,—lo, on each branch swells  
A new fruit ruddy-rinded, that smells  
Freshly, and from their places in decay  
The old shrivel, and drop away.  
The ripeness allures to taste, O what should stay me ?  
Ill was the old, but the new is goodly and sweet ;  
A blessing is in it, desire to greet,  
Not a curse to slay me ;  
(O divine the taste !)  
Of the blind to open the eyes, |  
Deaf ears to unstop, make wise  
The feeble-hearted, and to-day (O haste !)  
For these poor dead the tree of life display !

*Angel of the Tree of Divine Knowledge*

*The old fruit which evil bringeth  
He hath eschewed ;  
I breathe, and a new fruit springeth ;  
He saw it good.  
My task is done ; and rewarded,  
If faithfully ;  
By others now is guarded  
The Mystic Tree.*

## IV. WINTER

*Prophet*

I had thought ere this to have blest mine eyes  
 With thy vision benign, immortal tree ;  
 For since that fruit, more than with Euphrasy,  
 My spirits are all alert, my sense more keen.  
 Nor is the north that chides with the stript boughs

An enemy, if it shows

All these but mortal, though in Paradise.

But thou, O still unseen,

Come into sight ; not yet I faint, but abide  
 And ever abide, yearning thee to behold.  
 Thee following, this girdling forest wide,  
 My heart by hope made bold,  
 I have laboured through, and now emerge at length  
 Torn by the briers, spent my strength ;  
 But branches wintry-bare deny the sheen  
 Of the amaranthine leaves and fruit of gold.  
 Till now at last the light  
 Fails from my hope as from the heaven,  
 Where marshal the clouds, blown up with boisterous breath  
 The trees strain from the blast of death  
 Shrieking convulsed, so fierce the hail is driven  
 Across the vault of night.

And now the waving brand

Of a cherub lightens down

And rends the air with crashing din ;

Ah, if it be by God's command

To show light in the darkness of nature's frown

That I my purpose win !

It flashes and still flashes, and now I see

Beyond the blaze glooming a tree, a tree,

Stately and large,—(O light deceive not,

O weary eyes not now believe not !)—

Unseen before ; to that I press,

Despite the tempest and limbs' tardiness.

Lighten, O sword divine, to clear my way,

And thou, O happy heart, upstay

Qui  
 perdidit  
 animam  
 suam  
 inveniet.

Steps that falter and swerve, since few  
Remain ; come light again, I shall win through.

*Angel of Death*

*My flame he hath not abhorred,  
Nor nature's strife,  
But lightened through my sword,  
Hath passed to Life.  
My task is done ; and rewarded,  
If faithfully ;  
Henceforth no more is guarded  
The Mystic Tree.*

DOUGLAS HYDE

---

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA

FROM THE IRISH

My grief on the sea,  
How the waves of it roll !  
For they heave between me  
And the love of my soul !

Abandon'd, forsaken,  
To grief and to care,  
Will the sea ever waken  
Relief from despair ?

My grief and my trouble !  
Would he and I were  
In the province of Leinster,  
Or County of Clare !

Were I and my darling—  
O heart-bitter wound !—  
On board of the ship  
For America bound.

*DOUGLAS HYDE*

On a green bed of rushes  
All last night I lay,  
And I flung it abroad  
With the heat of the day.

And my Love came behind me,  
He came from the South ;  
His breast to my bosom,  
His mouth to my mouth.

*KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON*  

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## THE DOVES

The house where I was born,  
Where I was young and gay,  
Grows old amid its corn,  
Amid its scented hay.

Moan of the cushat dove,  
In silence rich and deep ;  
The old head I love  
Nods to its quiet sleep.

Where once were nine and ten  
Now two keep house together ;  
The doves moan and complain  
All day in the still weather.

What wind, bitter and great,  
Has swept the country's face,  
Altered, made desolate  
The heart-remembered place ?

What wind, bitter and wild,  
Has swept the towering trees  
Beneath whose shade a child  
Long since gathered heartease ?

Under the golden eaves  
The house is still and sad,  
As though it grieves and grieves  
For many a lass and lad.

The cushat doves complain  
All day in the still weather ;  
Where once were nine or ten  
But two keep house together.

### SHEEP AND LAMBS

All in the April evening,  
April airs were abroad ;  
The sheep with their little lambs  
Pass'd by me on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs  
Pass'd by me on the road ;  
All in the April evening  
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying  
With a weak, human cry :  
I thought on the Lamb of God  
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains  
Dewy pastures are sweet ;  
Rest for the little bodies,  
Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God  
Up on the hill-top green,  
Only a cross of shame  
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,  
April airs were abroad ;  
I saw the sheep with their lambs,  
And thought on the Lamb of God.

*W. BLISS CARMAN*

## THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these :  
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees ;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,  
In early fall, when the wind walks, too ;

A shadowy highway, cool and brown,  
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,  
From purple glory to scarlet pomp ;

The outward eye, the quiet will,  
And the striding heart from hill to hill ;

The tempter apple over the fence ;  
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince ;

The palish asters along the wood,—  
A lyric touch of the solitude ;

An open hand, an easy shoe,  
And a hope to make the day go through,—

Another to sleep with, and a third  
To wake me up at the voice of a bird ;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry ;  
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Who never defers and never demands,  
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—

Seeing it good as when God first saw  
And gave it the weight of his will for law.

And O the joy that is never won,  
But follows and follows the journeying sun,

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,  
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,

The racy smell of the forest loam,  
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home ;

The broad gold wake of the afternoon ;  
The silent fleck of the cold new moon ;

The sound of the hollow sea's release  
From the stormy tumult to starry peace ;

With only another league to wend ;  
And two brown arms at the journey's end !

These are the joys of the open road—  
For him who travels without a load.

*MARY COLERIDGE*  

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## EGYPT'S MIGHT IS TUMBLED DOWN

Egypt's might is tumbled down,  
Down a-down the deeps of thought ;  
Greece is fallen and Troy Town,  
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,  
Venice' pride is nought.

But the dreams their children dreamed,  
Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain,  
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,  
Airy nothings as they dreamed,  
These remain.



## NIGHT IS FALLEN

Night is fallen, within, without,  
Come, love, soon !  
I am weary of my doubt.  
The golden fire of the Sun is out,  
The silver fire of the moon.

Love shall be  
A child in me  
When they are cinders gray,  
With the earth and with the sea,  
With the star that shines on thee,  
And the night and the day.

## UNITY

The sense of fellowship is grown  
A radiant mystery.  
The dark is shot with light ; the stone  
Is light unto the eyes that see.

No more the wild confused main  
Is tossed about with storms of fear.  
The sea is singing ; and the rain  
Is music to the ears that hear.

## SEPTEMBER

Now every day the bracken browner grows,  
Even the purple stars  
Of clematis, that shorn about the bars,  
Grow browner ; and the little autumn rose  
Dons, for her rosy gown,  
Sad weeds of brown.

Now falls the eve ; and ere the morning sun,  
Many a flower her sweet life will have lost,  
Slain by the bitter frost,  
Who slays the butterflies also, one by one,  
The tiny beasts  
That go about their business and their feasts.

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HENRY CUST

## NON NOBIS

Not unto us, O Lord,  
Not unto us the rapture of the day,  
The peace of night, or love's divine surprise,  
High heart, high speech, high deeds 'mid honouring eyes ;  
For at Thy word  
All these are taken away.

Not unto us, O Lord :  
To us thou givest the scorn, the scourge, the scar,  
The ache of life, the loneliness of death,  
The insufferable sufficiency of breath ;  
And with Thy sword  
Thou piercest very far.

Not unto us, O Lord :  
Nay, Lord, but unto her be all things given—  
May light and life and earth and sky be blasted—  
But let not all that wealth of loss be wasted :  
Let Hell afford  
The pavement of her Heaven !

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MAURICE HEWLETT

## FROM THE SONG OF THE PLOW

*The Outlook*

O what see you from your gray hill ?  
The sun is low, the air all gold,  
Warm lies the slumbrous land and still.

I see the river with deep and shallow,  
 I see the ford, I hear the mill ;  
 I see the cattle upon the fallow ;  
     And there the manor half in trees,  
     And there the church and the acre hallow  
 Where lie your dead in their feretories  
     Of clay and dust and crumble of peat,  
     With a stone or two to their memories :  
 Your dead who with their sweat kept sweet  
     This heritage of gray and green,  
     This England now the richer for it.  
 I see the yews and the thatch between,  
     The smoke that tells of cottage and hearth,  
     And all as it has ever been  
 From the beginning on this old earth.  
     And so it is even as it was  
     From the beginning in Hodge's garth,  
 While kings and statesmen flaunt and pass,  
     Kings and lords and knights of the shire,  
     Bishops in lawn (rare flesh to be grass !),  
 Priest and schoolman, clerk and esquire ;  
     Danes and Normans and Scottishmen,  
     Frenchmen, Brunswickers, son after sire,  
 They come and conquer, they ruffle and reign,  
     They rule, they ride, they spend, they grudge,  
     They bicker their threescore years and ten,  
 They slay, and thief, and go ; but Hodge  
     The Englishman stoops to fork and flail,  
     And serves Saint Use, and will not budge,

### *Saint Use*

But drives the furrow and fills the pail,  
     Raining sweat lest the land go dry :  
     He sees his masters, he gives them hail  
 With hand to forelock as they ride by—  
     They that eat what he doth bake,  
     They that hold what he must buy,  
 They that spend what he doth make,  
     They that are rich by other men's toil ;  
     They of the sword and he of the rake,

The lords of the land, the son of the soil !  
O Christ, the Patron of the Poor,  
Thou who didst suffer harlot's oil  
Anoint Thy feet, O narrow Door !  
Thou Who didst sanctify our dearth  
With bitter pain and anguish sore,  
A barefoot King held nothing worth—  
Here's misery for Thy chrism to mend :  
A thousand years to plow the earth,  
And be worse off at journey's end !

*Question*

Thou mute and patient sojourner  
(So let us ask him, being his friend),  
From what dim nation, by what spur  
Cam'st thou to serve this long duress ?  
Whence came your fathers, hoping here  
To win the land and to possess,  
And gained you for your broad domain  
A hireling's hire and wretchedness  
After ten centuries of pain ?

*Pedigree*

"No man can tell how old my stock.  
My sires were here before the grain ;  
They reared that temple of gray rock  
Which in a hollow of the hills  
Seemeth our constancy to mock,  
So little hurt crude usage skills  
To it, so much to mortal men.  
They shap't the mist-pool where distils  
The blessed dew ; they died and then  
They served their dead with barrow and mound.  
With wattled burghs on dun and pen  
They made this Albion holy ground,  
Naming the mountains, pen and dun,  
Naming the waters. First, they found  
The lovely service of the sun.  
Then bowed their backs to Roman goads

From sea to sea the Wall to run ;  
The furrows of the long white roads  
Are of their driven husbandry :  
We bruise their dust still with our loads.  
Then came the English oversea  
Of onset wilder than was Rome's,  
And slew or made our men unfree,  
But led our women to their homes  
To serve their needs of board and bed,  
And get them theows—and so it comes  
That I am sprung unwarranted  
By priest or book or marriage line ;  
Yet south and north my folk are spread  
From Thames' mouth to the wells of Tyne.  
They moil aland like busy ants  
With pick and pack, and make no sign,  
To sow and garner for the wants  
Of man and beast. This is their hire,  
To cling about their ancient haunts  
Tho' son be poorer than his sire.  
Now therefore you shall understand  
My folk yet people every shire  
From Lizard to Northumberland.  
They till the levels of the east,  
Where blown grass borders the sea-strand,  
And in the dunes for man and beast  
They win their fodder. They make fat  
The lean, themselves they profit least ;  
But this is not to wonder at.  
Where Ouse and Trent and Humber coil  
'Twixt reedy marsh and meadow flat,  
Where Thames grows turbid with the moil  
Of London's pool and London's mart,  
They bank the water into soil,  
And spread the dung and lead the cart.  
Find you them in the stormy west  
Where from long Cleator to the Start  
The land meets ocean, crest with crest,  
Throwing her rocky bastions up :  
There is my kindred's upland nest

Who lead their sheep for bite and sup  
By mountain path and waterfall  
To where the grass grows in a cup  
Of rearing cliff and craggy wall.  
And thence the upland rivers race  
A nobler course ; thence best of all  
Flings Severn down, to earn her grace  
There where she broadens to the main  
And giveth Bristol pride of place.  
Go seek my kith on hill and plain,  
Whether in Cumberland's deep dales,  
In York's dark moors or Lincoln's fen,  
In Westmorland's hill-shadowed vales ;  
From the scarred Peak and splintry Edge,  
By Salop's stony march with Wales,  
To grassy boss and grassy ledge,  
To pastoral Wilts, to Somerset,  
To Dartmoor holding up her ridge  
Against the west wind and the wet ;  
In billowy breadths of open down  
Where the bright rivers ripple and fret,  
And each hill wears a beechen crown,  
And every village hides in trees ;  
And on the heath, by market town,  
By holt and brake, from Axe to Tees—  
Seek there, for there my root is thrown  
Between the Eastern and Western seas.  
And whence my masters, whence their own,  
And wherefore over us they lord it  
Who are of England's marrow and bone,  
The Use is so and doth award it.  
To them the land, to us the plow ;  
They take the fruits when we have scored it ;  
But I eat bread in the sweat of my brow  
And hold my wife against my side,  
And love her when the lights are low,  
And call her mine, and bid her bide  
The better or worse of tricksome years,  
As she promised when she was bride.  
And so I, Hodge, make shift with my peers."

*Quousque Tandem?*

Is it not his yet, this dear soil,  
 Rich with his blood and sweat and tears ?  
 Warm with his love, quick with his toil,  
 Where kings and their stewards come and go,  
 And take his earnings as tribute royal,  
 And suffer him keep a shilling or so ?  
 They come, they pass, their names grow dim ;  
 He bends to plow, or plies his hoe ;  
 And what were they to the land or him ?  
 They shall perish but he endure  
 (Thus saith the Scripture old and grim),  
 He shall shed them like a vesture ;  
 But he is the same, his tale untold ;  
 And to his son's sons shall inure  
 The land whereon he was bought and sold.

*HENRY NEWBOLT*

## DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombrc Dios Bay,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
 Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,  
 Wi' sailor-lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,  
 An' the shore-lights flashin', and the night-tide dashin',  
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
 "Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,  
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;  
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,  
 An' drum them up the channel as we drummed them  
 long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;  
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'  
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him  
long ago !

## SRÁHMANDÁZI

Deep embowered beside the forest river,  
Where the flame of sunset only falls,  
Lapped in silence lies the House of Dying,  
House of them to whom the twilight calls.

There within when day was near to ending,  
By her lord a woman young and strong,  
By his chief a songman old and stricken  
Watched together till the hour of song.

“ O my songman, now the bow is broken,  
Now the arrows one by one are sped,  
Sing to me the Song of Sráhmandázi,  
Sráhmandázi, home of all the dead.”

Then the songman, flinging wide his songnet,  
On the last token laid his master's hand,  
While he sang the song of Sráhmandázi,  
None but dying men can understand.

“ Yonder sun that fierce and fiery-hearted  
Marches down the sky to vanish soon,  
At the self-same hour in Sráhmandázi  
Rises pallid like the rainy moon.

“ There he sees the heroes by their river,  
Where the great fish daily upward swim ;  
Yet they are but shadows hunting shadows,  
Phantom fish in waters drear and dim.



“ There he sees the Kings among their headmen,  
Women weaving, children playing games ;  
Yet they are but shadows ruling shadows,  
Phantom folk with dim forgotten names.

“ Bid farewell to all that most thou lovest,  
Tell thy heart thy living life is done ;  
All the days and deeds of Sráhmándázi  
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun.”

Dreamily the chief from out the songnet  
Drew his hand and touched the woman's head :  
“ Know they not, then, love in Sráhmándázi ?  
Has a King no bride among the dead ? ”

Then the songman answered, “ O my master,  
Love they know, but none may learn it there ;  
Only souls that reach that land together  
Keep their troth and find the twilight fair.

“ Thou art still a King, and at thy passing  
By thy latest word must all abide :  
If thou willest, here am I, thy songman ;  
If thou lovest, here is she, thy bride.”

Hushed and dreamy lay the House of Dying,  
Dreamily the sunlight upward failed,  
Dreamily the chief on eyes that loved him  
Looked with eyes the coming twilight veiled.

Then he cried, “ My songman, I am passing ;  
Let her live, her life is but begun ;  
All the days and nights of Sráhmándázi  
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun.”

Yet, when there within the House of Dying  
The last silence held the sunset air,  
Not alone he came to Sráhmándázi,  
Not alone she found the twilight fair :

While the songman, far beneath the forest  
Sang of *Sráhmandázi* all night through,  
“Lovely be thy name, O Land of Shadows,  
Land of meeting, land of all the true !”

## COMMEMORATION

I sat by the granite pillar, and sunlight fell  
Where the sunlight fell of old,  
And the hour was the hour my heart remember'd well,  
And the sermon roll'd and roll'd  
As it used to roll when the place was still unhaunted,  
And the strangest tale in the world was still untold.

And I knew that of all this rushing of urgent sound  
That I so clearly heard,  
The green young forest of saplings cluster'd round  
Was heeding not one word :  
Their heads were bow'd in a still serried patience  
Such as an angel's breath could never have stirr'd.

For some were already away to the hazardous pitch,  
Or lining the parapet wall,  
And some were in glorious battle, or great and rich,  
Or throned in a college hall :  
And among the rest was one like my own young phantom,  
Dreaming for ever beyond my utmost call.

“O Youth,” the preacher was crying, “deem not thou  
Thy life is thine alone ;  
Thou bearest the will of the ages, seeing how  
They built thee bone by bone,  
And within thy blood the Great Age sleeps sepulchred  
Till thou and thine shall roll away the stone.

“Therefore the days are coming when thou shalt burn  
With passion whitely hot ;  
Rest shall be rest no more ; thy feet shall spurn  
All that thy hand hath got ;  
And One that is stronger shall gird thee, and lead thee swiftly  
Whither, O heart of Youth, thou wouldest not.”

And the School pass'd ; and I saw the living and dead  
Set in their seats again,  
And I long'd to hear them speak of the word that was said,  
But I knew that I long'd in vain.  
And they stretch'd forth their hands, and the wind of the  
spirit took them  
Lightly as drifted leaves on an endless plain.

## THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE

*(August 7th, 1657)*

Laden with spoil of the South, fulfilled with the glory of  
achievement,  
And freshly crowned with never-dying fame,  
Sweeping by shores where the names are the names of the  
victories of England,  
Across the Bay the squadron homeward came.

Proudly they came, but their pride was the pomp of a  
funeral at midnight,  
When dreder yet the lonely morrow looms ;  
Few are the words that are spoken, and faces are gaunt  
beneath the torchlight  
That does but darken more the nodding plumes.

Low on the field of his fame, past hope lay the Admiral  
triumphant,  
And fain to rest him after all his pain ;  
Yet for the love that he bore to his own land, ever  
unforgotten,  
He prayed to see the Western hills again.

Fainter than stars in a sky long gray with the coming of  
the daybreak,  
Or sounds of night that fade when night is done,  
So in the death-dawn faded the splendour and loud renown  
of warfare,  
And life of all its longings kept but one.

“ Oh ! to be there for an hour when the shade draws in  
beside the hedgerows,  
And falling apples wake the drowsy noon :  
Oh ! for the hour when the elms grow sombre and human  
in the twilight,  
And gardens dream beneath the rising moon.

“ Only to look once more on the land of the memories of  
childhood,  
Forgetting weary winds and barren foam :  
Only to bid farewell to the combe and the orchard and the  
moorland,  
And sleep at last among the fields of home ! ”

So he was silently praying, till now, when his strength was  
ebbing faster,  
The Lizard lay before them faintly blue ;  
Now on the gleaming horizon the white cliffs laughed along  
the coast-line,  
And now the forelands took the shapes they knew.

There lay the Sound and the Island with green leaves  
down beside the water,  
The town, the Hoe, the masts with sunset fired—  
Dreams ! ay, dreams of the dead ! for the great heart  
faltered on the threshold,  
And darkness took the land his soul desired.

*ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON*

THE HAWK

The hawk slipt out of the pine, and rose in the sunlit air :  
Steady and still he poised ; his shadow slept on the grass :  
And the bird's song sickened and sank : she cowered with  
furtive stare,  
Dumb, till the quivering dimness should flicker and shift  
and pass.

Suddenly down he dropped. She heard the hiss of his  
 wing,  
 Fled with a scream of terror : oh, would she had dared  
 to rest !  
 For the hawk at eve was full, and there was no bird to sing,  
 And over the heather drifted the down from a bleeding  
 breast.

### IN A COLLEGE GARDEN

Birds, that cry so loud in the old,  
 green bowery garden,  
 Your song is of *Love ! Love ! Love !*  
 Will you weary not nor cease ?  
 For the loveless soul grows sick, the heart  
 that the grey days harden ;  
 I know too well that ye love ! I would ye  
 should hold your peace.  
 I too have seen Love rise, like a star ; I have  
 marked his setting ;  
 I dreamed in my folly and pride that Life  
 without Love were peace.  
 But if Love should await me yet, in the land  
 of sleep and forgetting—  
 Ah, bird, could you sing me this, I would  
 not your song should cease !

### EVENSONG

Thrush, sing clear, for the spring is here :  
 Sing, for the summer is near, is near.

All day long thou hast plied thy song,  
 Hardly hid from the hurrying throng :

Now the shade of the trees is laid  
 Down the meadow and up the glade :

Now when the air grows cool and rare  
 Birds of the cloister fall to prayer :

Here is the bed of the patient dead,  
Shoulder by shoulder, head by head.

Sweet bells swing in the tower, and ring  
Men to worship before their King.

See they come as the grave bells hum,  
Restless voices awhile are dumb :

More and more on the sacred floor,  
Feet that linger about the door :

Sweet sounds swim through the vaulting dim,  
Psalm and canticle, vesper hymn.

That is the way that mortals pray :  
Which is the sweeter ? Brown bird, say !

Which were best for me ? Both are blest ;  
Sing thy sweetest and leave the rest.

### NORMAN GALE

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#### THE COUNTRY FAITH

Here in the country's heart  
Where the grass is green,  
Life is the same sweet life  
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,  
And the bell at morn  
Floats with a thought of God  
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,  
And the crop grows tall—  
This is the country faith,  
And the best of all.

## THE SHADED POOL

A laughing knot of village maids  
Goes gaily tripping to the brook,  
For water-nymphs they mean to be,  
And seek some still, secluded nook.  
Here Laura goes, my own delight,  
And Colin's love, the madcap Jane,  
And half a score of goddesses  
Trip over daisies in the plain :  
Already now they loose their hair  
And peep from out the tangled gold,  
Or speed the flying foot to reach  
The brook that's only summer-cold ;  
The lovely locks stream out behind  
The shepherdesses on the wing,  
And Laura's is the wealth I love,  
And Laura's is the gold I sing.  
A-row upon the bank they pant,  
And all unlace the country shoe ;  
Their fingers tug the garter-knots  
To loose the hose of varied hue.  
The flashing knee at last appears,  
The lower curves of youth and grace,  
Whereat the maidens' eyes do scan  
The mazy thickets of the place.  
But who's to see besides the thrush  
Upon the wild crab-apple tree ?  
Within his branchy haunt he sits—  
A very Peeping Tom is he !  
Now music bubbles in his throat,  
And now he pipes the scene in song—  
The virgins slipping from their robes,  
The cheated stockings lean and long,  
The swift-descending petticoat,  
The breasts that heave because they ran,  
The rounded arms, the brilliant limbs,  
The pretty necklaces of tan.  
Did ever amorous god in Greece,  
In search of some young mouth to kiss,

By any river chance upon  
 A sylvan scene as bright as this ?  
 But though each maid is pure and fair,  
 For one alone my heart I bring,  
 And Laura's is the shape I love,  
 And Laura's is the snow I sing.

And now upon the brook's green brink,  
 A milk-white bevy, lo, they stand,  
 Half shy, half frighten'd, reaching back  
 The beauty of a poisoning hand !  
 How musical their little screams  
 When ripples kiss their shrinking feet !  
 And then the brook embraces all  
 Till gold and white the water meet !  
 Within the streamlet's soft cool arms  
 Delight and love and gracefulness  
 Sport till a horde of tiny waves  
 Swamps all the beds of floating cress :  
 And on his shining face are seen  
 Great yellow lilies drifting down  
 Beyond the ringing apple-tree,  
 Beyond the empty homespun gown.  
 Did ever Orpheus with his lute,  
 When making melody of old,  
 E'er find a stream in Attica  
 So ripely full of pink and gold ?  
 At last they climb the sloping bank  
 And shake upon the thirsty soil  
 A treasury of diamond-drops  
 Not gain'd by aught of grimy toil.  
 Again the garters clasp the hose,  
 Again the polish'd knee is hid,  
 Again the breathless babble tells  
 What Colin said, what Colin did.  
 In grace upon the grass they lie  
 And spread their tresses to the sun,  
 And rival, musical as they,  
 The blackbird's alto shake and run.  
 Did ever Love, on hunting bent,



Come idly humming through the hay,  
 And, to his sudden joyfulness,  
 Find fairer game at close of day ?  
 Though every maid's a lily-rose,  
 And meet to sway a sceptred king,  
 Yet Laura's is the face I love,  
 And Laura's are the lips I sing.

## A SONG

First the fine, faint, dreamy motion  
 Of the tender blood  
 Circling in the veins of children—  
 This is Life, the bud.

Next the fresh, advancing beauty  
 Growing from the gloom,  
 Waking eyes and fuller bosom—  
 This is Life, the bloom.

Then the pain that follows after,  
 Grievous to be borne,  
 Pricking, steeped in subtle poison—  
 This is Love, the thorn.

## TO THE SWEETWILLIAM

I search the poets' honied lines,  
 And not in vain, for columbines ;  
 And not in vain for other flowers  
 That sanctify the many bowers  
 Unsanctified by human souls.  
 See where the larkspur lifts among  
 The thousand blossoms finely sung,  
 Still blossoming in the fragrant scrolls !  
 Charity, eglantine, and rue  
 And love-in-a-mist are all in view,  
 With coloured cousins ; but where are you,  
 Sweetwilliam ?

The lily and the rose have books  
 Devoted to their lovely looks,  
 And wit has fallen in vital showers  
 Through England's most miraculous hours  
 To keep them fresh a thousand years.  
 The immortal library can show  
 The violet's well-thumbed folio  
 Stained tenderly by girls in tears.  
 The shelf where Genius stands in view  
     Has briar and daffodil and rue  
     And love-lies-bleeding ; but not you,  
         Sweetwilliam.

Thus, if I seek the classic line  
 For marybuds, 'tis Shakespeare, thine !  
 And ever is the primrose born  
 'Neath Goldsmith's overhanging thorn.  
 In Herrick's breastknot I can see  
 The apple blossom, fresh and fair  
 As when he plucked and put it there,  
 Heedless of Time's anthology.  
     So flower by flower comes into view,  
     Kept fadeless by the Olympian dew  
     For startled eyes ; and yet not you,  
         Sweetwilliam.

Too seldom named ! And never so  
 As makes the astonished heart to go  
 With deer-like leapings ! Horace found  
 A name unsuited to the bound  
 His gleaming satires had to bear :  
 Even so, methinks, a want of grace  
 In country calling lost a place  
 In poesy for one so fair.  
     How chancily a blossom slips  
     From ballad sunshine to eclipse,  
     Being short of honey for the lips,  
         Sweetwilliam !

Though gods of song have let you be,  
 Bloom in my little book for me.

Unwont to stoop or lean, you show  
 An undefeated heart, and grow  
 As pluckily as cedars. Heat  
 And cold, and winds that make  
 Tumbledown sallies, cannot shake  
 Your resolution to be sweet.

Then take this song, be it born to die  
 Ere yet the unwedded butterfly  
 Has glimpsed a darling in the sky,  
 Sweetwilliam !

### ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

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#### UPON ECKINGTON BRIDGE, RIVER AVON

O Pastoral heart of England ! like a psalm  
 Of green days telling with a quiet beat—  
 O wave into the sunset flowing calm !  
 O tired lark descending on the wheat !  
 Lies it all peace beyond that western fold  
 Where now the lingering shepherd sees his star  
 Rise upon Malvern ? Paints an Age of Gold  
 Yon cloud with prophecies of linkèd ease—  
 Lulling this Land, with hills drawn up like knees,  
 To drowse beside her implements of war ?

Man shall outlast his battles. They have swept  
 Avon from Naseby Field to Severn Ham ;  
 And Evesham's dedicated stones have stepp'd  
 Down to the dust with Montfort's oriflame.  
 Nor the red tear nor the reflected tower  
 Abides ; but yet these eloquent grooves remain,  
 Worn in the sandstone parapet hour by hour  
 By labouring bargemen where they shifted ropes.  
 E'en so shall man turn back from violent hopes  
 To Adam's cheer, and toil with spade again.

Ay, and his mother Nature, to whose lap  
 Like a repentant child at length he hies,  
 Not in the whirlwind or the thunder-clap  
 Proclaims her more tremendous mysteries :

But when in winter's grave, bereft of light,  
With still, small voice divinelier whispering  
—Lifting the green head of the aconite,  
Feeding with sap of hope the hazel-shoot—  
She feels God's finger active at the root,  
Turns in her sleep, and murmurs of the Spring.

*CLOUDESLEY BRERETON*

## BALLAD OF EXTREME OLD AGE

The World sweeps past me now, and other wars  
Set men aflame,  
The fights we fought forgot, the sacred cause  
No more the same !  
The pass-words of our day are dead and gone,  
Or only found  
Graven upon the tombs that mark moss-grown  
Our burial ground,  
Where those we fought and those who fought for us  
Together lie  
Neglected, vanquished and victorious—  
And none come nigh !  
I judge not, nor condemn. How can I judge  
This alien age  
With other thoughts and hopes ? Why should I grudge  
Their lot or rage ?  
One prayer alone I make—a humble one—  
Ye powers ! dispense  
That I may sit a little in the sun  
Ere I go hence.

*GEORGE SANTAYANA*

## ODE

Gathering the echoes of forgotten wisdom,  
And mastered by a proud, adventurous purpose,  
Columbus sought the golden shores of India  
Opposite Europe.

He gave the world another world, and ruin  
Brought upon blameless, river-loving nations,  
Cursed Spain with barren gold, and made the Andes  
Fiefs of St Peter ;

While in the cheerless North the thrifty Saxon  
Planted his corn, and, narrowing his bosom,  
Made Covenant with God, and by keen virtue  
Trebled his riches.

What virtue hast thou left us, bold Columbus ?  
What honour left thy brothers, brave Magellan ?  
Daily the children of the rich for pastime  
Circle the planet.

And what good comes to us of all your dangers ?  
A smaller earth and smaller hope of heaven.  
Ye have but cheapened gold, and, measuring ocean,  
Counted the islands.

No Ponce de Leon shall drink in fountains,  
On any flowering Easter, youth eternal ;  
No Cortes look upon another ocean ;  
No Alexander

Found in the Orient dim a boundless kingdom,  
And, clothing his great strength in barbarous splendour  
Build by the sea his throne, while sacred Egypt  
Honours his godhead.

The earth, the mother once of godlike Theseus  
And mighty Heracles, at length is weary,  
And now brings forth a spawn of antlike creatures,  
Blackening her valleys.

Inglorious in their birth and in their living,  
Curious and querulous, afraid of battle,  
Rummaging earth for cones, in camps of hovels  
Crouching from winter,

As if grim fate, amid our boastful prating,  
Made us the image of our brutish fathers,  
When from their caves they issued, crazed with terror,  
Howling and hungry.

For all things come about in sacred cycles,  
And life brings death, and light eternal darkness,  
And now the world grows old apace ; its glory  
Passes for ever.

Perchance the earth will yet for many ages  
Bear her dead child, her moon, around her orbit ;  
Strange craft may tempt the ocean streams, new forests  
Cover the mountains.

If in those latter days men still remember  
Our wisdom and our travail and our sorrow,  
They never can be happy, with that burden  
Heavy upon them.

Knowing the hideous past, the blood, the famine,  
The ancestral hate, the eager faith's disaster,  
All ending in their little lives, and vulgar  
Circle of troubles.

But if they have forgot us, and the shifting  
Of sands has buried deep our thousand cities,  
Fell superstition then will seize upon them ;  
Protean error

Will fill their panting hearts with sickly phantoms  
Of sudden blinding good and monstrous evil ;  
There will be miracles again, and torment,  
Dungeon, and fagot,—

Until the patient earth, made dry and barren,  
Sheds all her herbage in a final winter,  
And the gods turn their eyes to some far distant  
Bright constellation.

*WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS*

## THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made ;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes drop-  
ping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket  
sings ;  
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore ;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

## WHEN YOU ARE OLD

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep ;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true ;  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars  
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead,  
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

## THE MAN WHO DREAMED OF FAERYLAND

He stood among a crowd at Drumahair ;  
His heart hung all upon a silken dress,  
And he had known at last some tenderness,  
Before earth made of him her sleepy care ;  
But when a man poured fish into a pile,  
It seemed they raised their little silver heads  
And sang how day a Druid twilight sheds  
Upon a dim, green, well-beloved isle,  
Where people love beside star-laden seas ;  
How Time may never mar their faery vows  
Under the woven roofs of quicken boughs :  
The singing shook him out of his new ease.

He wandered by the sands of Lisadill ;  
His mind ran all on money, cares and fears,  
And he had known at last some prudent years  
Before they heaped his grave under the hill ;  
But while he passed before a plashy place,  
A lug-worm with its gray and muddy mouth  
Sang how somewhere to north or west or south  
There dwelt a gay, exulting, gentle race ;  
And how beneath those three times blessed skies  
A Danaan fruitage makes a shower of moons,  
And as it falls awakens leafy tunes :  
And at that singing he was no more wise.

He mused beside the well of Scanavin,  
He mused upon his mockers ; without fail  
His sudden vengeance were a country tale,  
Now that deep earth has drunk his body in ;  
But one small knot-grass growing by the pool  
Told where, ah, little, all-unneeded voice !  
Old Silence bids a lonely folk rejoice,  
And chaplet their calm brows with leafage cool ;  
And how, when fades the sea-strewn rose of day,  
A gentle feeling wraps them like a fleece,  
And all their trouble dies into its peace :  
The tale drove his fine angry mood away.



He slept under the hill of Lugnagall ;  
And might have known at last unhaunted sleep  
Under that cold and vapour-turbaned steep,  
Now that old earth had taken man and all :  
Were not the worms that spired about his bones  
A-telling with their low and reedy cry,  
Of how God learns His hands out of the sky,  
To bless that isle with honey in His tones ;  
That none may feel the power of squall and wave,  
And no one any leaf-crowned dancer miss  
Until He burn up Nature with a kiss :  
The man has found no comfort in the grave.

### DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet ;  
She pass'd the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the  
tree ;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white  
hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs ;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

### AEDH WISHES FOR THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN

Had I the heavens' embroider'd cloths,  
Enwrought with golden and silver light,  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths  
Of night and light and the half-light,  
I would spread the cloths under your feet :  
But I, being poor, have only my dreams ;  
I have spread my dreams under your feet ;  
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

## THE HOST OF THE AIR

O'Driscoll drove with a song  
The wild duck and the drake,  
From the tall and the tufted reeds  
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark  
At the coming of night tide,  
And dreamed of the long dim hair  
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed  
A piper piping away,  
And never was piping so sad,  
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls  
Who danced on a level place,  
And Bridget his bride among them,  
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him,  
And many a sweet thing said,  
And a young man brought him red wine,  
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve,  
Away from the merry bands,  
To old men playing at cards  
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,  
For these were the host of the air ;  
He sat and played in a dream  
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men  
And thought not of evil chance,

Until one bore Bridget his bride  
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,  
The handsomest young man there,  
And his neck and his breast and his arms  
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards  
And out of his dream awoke :  
Old men and young men and young girls;  
Were gone like a drifting smoke ;

But he heard high up in the air  
A piper piping away,  
And never was piping so sad,  
And never was piping so gay.

### THE OLD MEN ADMIRING THEMSELVES IN THE WATER

I heard the old, old men say,  
    " Everything alters,  
And one by one we drop away."  
They had hands like claws, and their knees  
Were twisted like the old thorn trees  
    By the waters.  
I heard the old, old men say,  
    " All that's beautiful drifts away  
Like the waters."

### DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

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#### THE COMFORTERS

When I crept over the hill, broken with tears,  
When I crouched down on the grass, dumb in despair,  
I heard the soft croon of the wind bend to my ears,  
I felt the light kiss of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone on the height my sorrow did speak,  
As I went down the hill, I cried and I cried,  
The soft little hands of the rain stroking my cheek,  
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

When I went to thy grave, broken with tears,  
When I crouched down in the grass, dumb in despair,  
I heard the sweet croon of the wind soft in my ears,  
I felt the kind lips of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone by thy cross, sorrow did speak.  
When I went down the long hill, I cried and I cried.  
The soft little hands of the rain stroked my pale cheek,  
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

### RUDYARD KIPLING

#### A DEDICATION

My new-cut ashlar takes the light  
Where crimson-blank the windows flare ;  
By my own work, before the night,  
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought,  
Thy hand compell'd it, Master, Thine ;  
Where I have fail'd to meet Thy thought  
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied  
Stands all Eternity's offence ;  
Of that I did with Thee to guide  
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,  
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,  
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade  
And manlike stand with God again,

The depth and dream of my desire,  
The bitter paths wherein I stray,  
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,  
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

One stone the more swings to her place  
In that dread Temple of Thy worth—  
It is enough that through Thy grace  
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken ;  
O, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,  
Help me to need no help from men,  
That I may help such men as need !

### SUSSEX

God gave all men all earth to love,  
But since our hearts are small,  
Ordained for each one spot should prove  
Beloved over all ;  
That as He watched Creation's birth,  
So we, in godlike mood,  
May of our love create our earth  
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,  
As one some Surrey glade,  
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament  
Before Levuka's trade.  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea !

No tender-hearted garden crowns,  
No bosomed woods adorn  
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,  
But gnarled and writhen thorn—

Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,  
And through the gaps revealed,  
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim  
Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,  
Half-wild and wholly tame,  
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge  
As when the Romans came.  
What sign of those that fought and died  
At shift of sword and sword ?  
The barrow and the camp abide,  
The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west  
All heavy-winged with brine,  
Here lies above the folded crest  
The Channel's leaden line ;  
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,  
And here, each warning each,  
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring  
Along the hidden beach.

We have no waters to delight  
Our broad and brookless vales—  
Only the dewpond on the height  
Unfed, that never fails,  
Whereby no tattered herbage tells  
Which way the season flies—  
Only our close-bit thyme that smells  
Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong unhampered days  
The tinkling silence thrills ;  
Or little, lost, Down churches praise  
The Lord who made the hills :  
But here the Old Gods guard their round,  
And, in her secret heart,  
The heathen kingdom Wilfred found  
Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

Though all the rest were all my share,  
With equal soul I'd see  
Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,  
Yet none more fair than she.  
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,  
And I will choose instead  
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye  
Black Down and Beachy Head.

I will go out against the sun  
Where the rolled scarp retires,  
And the Long Man of Wilmington  
Looks naked toward the shires ;  
And east till doubting Rother crawls  
To find the fickle tide,  
By dry and sea-forgotten walls,  
Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws  
And the deep ghylls that breed  
Huge oaks and old, the which we hold  
No more than "Sussex weed" ;  
Or south where windy Piddinghoe's  
Begilded dolphin veers,  
And black beside wide-banked Ouse  
Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give  
Till the sure magic strike,  
And Memory, Use, and Love make live  
Us and our fields alike—  
That deeper than our speech and thought,  
Beyond our reason's sway,  
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought  
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

*God gives all men all earth to love,  
But since man's heart is small,  
Ordains for each one spot shall prove  
Beloved over all.*

*Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea !*

## THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

The God of Fair Beginnings  
Hath prospered here my hand—  
The cargoes of my lading,  
And the keels of my command.  
For out of many ventures  
That sailed with hope as high,  
My own have made the better trade,  
And Admiral am I,

To me my King's much honour,  
To me my people's love—  
To me the pride of Princes  
And power all pride above ;  
To me the shouting cities,  
To me the mob's refrain :—  
“ Who knows not noble Valdez,  
Hath never heard of Spain.”

But I remember comrades,  
Old playmates on new seas,  
When as we traded orpiment  
Among the savages—  
A thousand leagues to south'ard  
And thirty years removed—  
They knew not noble Valdez,  
But me they knew and loved.

Then they that found good liquor,  
They drank it not alone,  
And they that found fair plunder,  
They told us every one,



About our chosen islands  
Or secret shoals between,  
When, walty from far voyage,  
We gathered to careen.

There burned our breaming-fagots  
All pale along the shore :  
There rose our worn pavilions—  
A sail above an oar :  
As flashed each yearning anchor  
Through mellow seas afire,  
So swift our careless captains  
Rowed each to his desire.

Where lay our loosened harness ?  
Where turned our naked feet ?  
Whose tavern 'mid the palm-trees ?  
What quenchings of what heat ?  
Oh fountain in the desert !  
Oh cistern in the waste !  
Oh bread we ate in secret !  
Oh cup we spilled in haste !

The youth new-taught of longing,  
The widow curbed and wan—  
The goodwife proud at season,  
And the maid aware of man ;  
All souls uns'aked, consuming,  
Defrauded in delays,  
Desire not more their quittance  
Than I those forfeit days !

I dreamed to wait my pleasure  
Unchanged my spring would bide :  
Wherefore, to wait my pleasure,  
I put my spring aside  
Till, first in face of Fortune,  
And last in mazed disdain,  
I made Diego Valdez  
High Admiral of Spain.

Then walked no wind 'neath Heaven  
 Nor surge that did not aid—  
 I dared extreme occasion,  
 Nor ever one betrayed.  
 They wrought a deeper treason—  
 (Led seas that served my needs !)  
 They sold Diego Valdez  
 To bondage of great deeds.

The tempest flung me seaward,  
 And pinned and bade me hold  
 The course I might not alter—  
 And men esteemed me bold !  
 The calms embayed my quarry,  
 The fog-wreathed sealed his eyes ;  
 The dawn-wind brought my topsails—  
 And men esteemed me wise !

Yet 'spite my tyrant triumphs  
 Bewildered, dispossessed—  
 My dream held I before me—  
 My vision of my rest ;  
 But, crowned by Fleet and People,  
 And bound by King and Pope—  
 Stands here Diego Valdez  
 To rob me of my hope.

No prayer of mine shall move him,  
 No word of his set free  
 The Lord of Sixty Pennants  
 And the Steward of the Sea.  
 His will can loose ten thousand  
 To seek their loves again—  
 But not Diego Valdez,  
 High Admiral of Spain.

There walks no wind 'neath Heaven  
 Nor wave that shall restore  
 The old careening riot  
 And the clamorous, crowded shore—

The fountain in the desert,  
 The cistern in the waste,  
 The bread we ate in secret,  
 The cup we spilled in haste !

Now call I to my Captains—  
 For council fly the sign,  
 Now leap their zealous galleys  
 Twelve-oared across the brine.  
 To me the straiter prison,  
 To me the heavier chain—  
 To me Diego Valdez,  
 High Admiral of Spain !

## THE FLOWERS

*Buy my English posies !  
 Kent and Surrey may—  
 Violets of the Undercliff  
 Wet with Channel spray ;  
 Cowslips from a Devon combe—  
 Midland furze afire—  
 Buy my English posies,  
 And I'll sell your heart's desire !*

Buy my English posies !  
 You that scorn the may,  
 Won't you greet a friend from home  
 Half the world away ?  
 Green against the draggled drift,  
 Faint and frail and first—  
 Buy my Northern blood-root  
 And I'll know where you were nursed :  
 Robin down the logging-road whistles, " Come to me ! "  
 Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is running free ;  
 All the winds of Canada call the ploughing-rain.  
 Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love  
 again !

Buy my English posies !  
 Here's to match your need—  
 Buy a tuft of royal heath,  
 Buy a bunch of weed  
 White as sand of Muisenberg  
 Spun before the gale—  
 Buy my heath and lilies  
 And I'll tell you whence you hail !  
 Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—  
 Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless  
 sky—  
 Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—  
 Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again !

Buy my English posies !  
 You that will not turn—  
 Buy my hot-wood clematis,  
 Buy a frond o' fern  
 Gather'd where the Erskine leaps  
 Down the road to Lorne—  
 Buy my Christmas creeper  
 And I'll say where you were born !  
 West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—  
 They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—  
 Through the great South Otway gums sings the great South  
 Main—  
 Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies !  
 Here's your choice unsold !  
 Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,  
 Buy the kowhai's gold  
 Flung for gift on Taupo's face,  
 Sign that spring is come—  
 Buy my clinging myrtle  
 And I'll give you back your home !  
 Broom behind the windy town ; pollen o' the pine—  
 Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the *ratas* twine—  
 Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—  
 Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again !

Buy my English posies !  
 Ye that have your own  
 Buy them for a brother's sake  
 Overseas, alone :  
 Weed ye trample underfoot  
 Floods his heart abrim—  
 Bird ye never heeded,  
 O, she calls his dead to him.

Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas ;  
 Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these !  
 Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—  
 Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand !

### CITIES AND THRONES AND POWERS

Cities and Thrones and Powers  
 Stand in Time's eye,  
 Almost as long as flowers,  
 Which daily die :  
 But as new buds put forth,  
 To glad new men,  
 Out of the spent and unconsidered earth  
 The cities rise again.

The season's Daffodil,  
 She never hears  
 What change, what chance, what chill,  
 Cut down last year's :  
 But with bold countenance,  
 And knowledge small,  
 Esteems her seven days' continuance  
 To be perpetual.

So time that is o'er kind,  
 To all that be,  
 Ordains us e'en as blind,  
 As bold as she :  
 That in our very death  
 And burial sure,  
 Shadow to shadow, well persuaded, saith,  
 " See how our works endure."

*ARTHUR SYMONS*

## LAUS VIRGINITATIS

The mirror of men's eyes delights me less,  
O mirror, than the friend I find in thee ;  
Thou lovest, as I love, my loveliness,  
Thou givest my beauty back to me.

I to myself suffice ; why should I tire  
The heart with roaming that would rest at home ?  
Myself the limit to my own desire,  
I have no desire to roam.

I hear the maidens crying in the hills :  
" Come up among the bleak and perilous ways,  
Come up and follow after Love, who fills  
The hollows of our nights and days ;

" Love the deliverer, who is desolate,  
And saves from desolation ; the divine  
Out of great suffering ; Love, compassionate,  
Who is thy bread and wine,

" O soul, that faints in following after him."  
I hear ; but what is Love that I should tread  
Hard ways among the perilous passes dim,  
Who need no succouring wine and bread ?

Enough it is to dream, enough to abide  
Here where the loud world's echoes fall remote,  
Untroubled, unawakened, satisfied ;  
As water-lilies float

Lonely upon a shadow-sheltered pool,  
Dreaming of their own whiteness ; even so,  
I dwell within a nest of shadows cool,  
And watch the vague hours come and go.

They come and go, but I my own delight  
Remain, and I desire no change in aught :  
Might I escape indifferent Time's despite,  
That ruins all he wrought !

This dainty body formed so curiously,  
So delicately and wonderfully made,  
My own, that none hath ever shared with me,  
My own, and for myself arrayed ;

All this that I have loved and not another,  
My one desire's delight, this, shall Time bring  
Where Beauty hath the abhorred worm for brother,  
The dust for covering ?

At least I bear it virgin to the grave,  
Pure, and apart, and rare, and casketed ;  
What, living, was my own and no man's slave,  
Shall be my own when I am dead.

But thou, my friend, my mirror, dost possess  
The shadow of myself that smiles in thee,  
And thou dost give, with thy own loveliness,  
My beauty back to me.

### CREDO

Each, in himself, his hour to be and cease  
Endures alone, but who of men shall dare,  
Sole with himself, his single burden bear,  
All the long day until the night's release ?  
Yet ere night falls, and the last shadows close,  
This labour of himself is each man's lot ;  
All he has gained of earth shall be forgot,  
Himself he leaves behind him when he goes.  
If he has any valiancy within,  
If he has made his life his very own,  
If he has loved or laboured, and has known  
A strenuous virtue, or a strenuous sin ;

Then, being dead, his life was not all vain,  
For he has saved what most desire to lose,  
And he has chosen what the few must choose,  
Since life, once lived, shall not return again.  
For of our time we lose so large a part  
In serious trifles, and so oft let slip  
The wine of every moment, at the lip  
Its moment, and the moment of the heart.  
We are awake so little on the earth,  
And we shall sleep so long, and rise so late,  
If there is any knocking at that gate  
Which is the gate of death, the gate of birth.

### THE OLD WOMEN

They pass upon their old, tremulous feet,  
Creeping with little satchels down the street,  
And they remember, many years ago,  
Passing that way in silks. They wander, slow  
And solitary, through the city ways,  
And they alone remember those old days  
Men have forgotten. In their shaking heads  
A dancer of old carnivals yet treads  
The measure of past waltzes, and they see  
The candles lit again, the patchouli  
Sweeten the air, and the warm cloud of musk  
Enchant the passing of the passionate dusk.  
Then you will see a light begin to creep  
Under the earthen eyelids, dimmed with sleep,  
And a new tremor, happy and uncouth,  
Jerking about the corners of the mouth.  
Then the old head drops down again, and shakes,  
Muttering.

Sometimes, when the swift gaslight wakes  
The dreams and fever of the sleepless town,  
A shaking huddled thing in a black gown  
Will steal at midnight, carrying with her



Violet little bags of lavender,  
Into the tap-room full of noisy light ;  
Or, at the crowded earlier hour of night,  
Sidle, with matches, up to some who stand  
About a stage-door, and, with furtive hand,  
Appealing : " I too was a dancer, when  
Your fathers would have been young gentlemen ! "

And sometimes, out of some lean, ancient throat,  
A broken voice, with here and there a note  
Of unspoilt crystal, suddenly will arise  
Into the night, while a cracked fiddle cries  
Pantingly after ; and you know she sings  
The passing of light, famous, passing things.  
And sometimes, in the hours past midnight, reels  
Out of an alley upon staggering heels,  
Or into the dark keeping of the stones  
About a doorway, a vague thing of bones  
And draggled hair.

And all these have been loved,  
And not one ruinous body has not moved  
The heart of man's desire, nor has not seemed  
Immortal in the eyes of one who dreamed  
The dream that men call love. This is the end  
Of much fair flesh ; it is for this you tend  
Your delicate bodies many careful years,  
To be this thing of laughter and of tears,  
To be this living judgment of the dead,  
An old grey woman with a shaking head.

## THE DANCE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF HERODIAS

Is it the petals falling from the rose ?  
For in the silence I can hear a sound  
Nearer than my own heart-beat, such a word  
As roses murmur, blown by a great wind.

I see a pale and windy multitude  
Beaten about the air, as if the smoke  
Of incense kindled into visible life  
Shadowy and invisible presences ;  
And, in the cloudy darkness, I can see  
The thin white feet of many women dancing,  
And in their hands. . . . I see it is the dance  
Of the daughters of Herodias ; each of them  
Carries a beautiful platter in her hand,  
Smiling, because she holds against her heart  
The secret lips and the unresting brow  
Some John the Baptist's head makes lamentable ;  
Smiling as innocently as if she carried  
A wet red quartered melon on a dish.  
For they are stupid, and they do not know  
That they are slaying the messenger of God.  
Here is Salome. She is a young tree  
Swaying in the wind ; her arms are slender branches,  
And the heavy summer leafage of her hair  
Stirs as if rustling in a silent wind ;  
Her narrow feet are rooted in the ground,  
But, when the dim wind passes over her,  
Rustlingly she awakens, as if life  
Thrilled in her body to its finger-tips.  
Her little breasts arise as if a thought  
Beckoned, her body quivers ; and she leans  
Forward, as if she followed, her wide eyes  
Swim open, her lips seek ; and now she leans  
Backward, and her half-parted lips are moist,  
And her eyelashes mingle. The gold coins  
Tinkle like little bells about her waist,  
Her golden anklets clash once, and are mute.  
The eyes of the blue-lidded turquoises,  
The astonished rubies, waked from dreams of fire,  
The emeralds coloured like the under-sea,  
Pale chrysoprase and flaming chrysolite,  
The topaz twofold, twofold sardonyx,  
Open, from sleeping long between her breasts ;  
And those two carbuncles, which are the eyes  
Of the gold serpent nesting in her hair,

Shoot starry fire ; the bracelets of wrought gold  
Mingle with bracelets of carved ivory  
Upon her drooping wrists. Herodias smiles,  
But the grey face of Herod withers up,  
As if it dropped to ashes ; the parched tongue  
Labours to moisten his still-thirsting lips ;  
The rings upon his wrinkled fingers strike,  
Ring against ring, between his knees. And she,  
Salome, has forgotten everything,  
But that the wind of dancing in her blood  
Exults, crying a strange, awakening song ;  
And Herod has forgotten everything,  
He has forgotten he is old and wise.  
He does not hear the double-handed sword  
Scrape on the pavement, as Herodias beckons  
The headsman, from behind him, to come forth.

They dance, the daughters of Herodias,  
With their eternal, white, unfaltering feet,  
And always, when they dance, for their delight,  
Always a man's head falls because of them.  
Yet they desire not death, they would not slay  
Body or soul, no, not to do them pleasure :  
They desire love, and the desire of men ;  
And they are the eternal enemy.  
They know that they are weak and beautiful,  
And that their weakness makes them beautiful,  
For pity, and because man's heart is weak.  
To pity woman is an evil thing ;  
She will avenge upon you all your tears,  
She would not that a man should pity her.  
But to be loved by one of these beloved  
Is poison sweeter than the cup of sleep  
At midnight : death, or sorrow worse than death,  
Or that forgetfulness, drowning the soul,  
Shall heal you of it, but no other thing :  
For they are the eternal enemy.  
They do not understand that in the world  
There grows between the sunlight and the grass  
Anything save themselves desirable.

It seems to them that the swift eyes of men  
Are made but to be mirrors, not to see  
Far-off, disastrous, unattainable things.  
“For are not we,” they say, “the end of all?  
Why should you look beyond us? If you look  
Into the night, you will find nothing there:  
We also have gazed often at the stars.  
We, we alone among all beautiful things,  
We only are real: for the rest are dreams.  
Why will you follow after wandering dreams  
When we await you? And you can but dream  
Of us, and in our image fashion them!”  
They do not know that they but speak in sleep,  
Speaking vain words as sleepers do; that dreams  
Are fairer and more real than they are;  
That all this tossing of our freighted lives  
Is but the restless shadow of a dream;  
That the whole world, and we that walk in it,  
Sun, moon, and stars, and the unageing sea,  
And all the happy humble life of plants,  
And the unthoughtful eager life of beasts,  
And all our loves, and birth, and death, are all  
Shadows, and a rejoicing spectacle  
D dreamed out of utter darkness and the void  
By that first, last, eternal soul of things,  
The shadow of whose brightness fashions us,  
That, for the day of our eternity,  
It may behold itself as in a mirror.  
Shapes on a mirror, perishable shapes,  
Fleeting, and without substance, or abode  
In a fixed place, or knowledge of ourselves,  
Poor, fleeting, fretful, little arrogant shapes;  
Let us dream on, forgetting that we dream!

They dance, the daughters of Herodias,  
Everywhere in the world, and I behold  
Their rosy-petalled feet upon the air  
Falling and falling in a cadence soft  
As thoughts of beauty sleeping. Where they pass,  
The wisdom which is wiser than things known,

The beauty which is fairer than things seen,  
 Dreams which are nearer to eternity  
 Than that most mortal tumult of the blood  
 Which wars on itself in loving, droop and die.  
 But they smile innocently, and dance on,  
 Having no thought but this unslumbering thought :  
 " Am I not beautiful ? Shall I not be loved ? "  
 Be patient, for they will not understand,  
 Not till the end of time will they put by  
 The weaving of slow steps about men's hearts.  
 They shall be beautiful, they shall be loved.  
 And though a man's head falls because of them  
 Whenever they have danced his soul asleep,  
 It is not well that they should suffer wrong ;  
 For beauty is still beauty, though it slay,  
 And love is love, although it love to death.  
 Pale, windy, and ecstatic multitude  
 Beaten about this mortal air with winds  
 Of an all but immortal passion, borne  
 Upon the flight of thoughts that drooped their wings  
 Into the cloud and twilight for your sake,  
 Yours is the beauty of your own desire,  
 And it shall wither only with that love  
 Which gave it being. Dance in the desolate air,  
 Dance always, daughters of Herodias,  
 With your eternal, white, unfaltering feet.  
 But dance, I pray you, so that I from far  
 May hear your dancing fainter than the drift  
 Of the last petals falling from the rose.

### RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

#### THE SECOND CRUCIFIXION

Loud mockers in the roaring street  
 Say Christ is crucified again :  
 Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,  
 Twice broken His great heart in vain.

I hear, and to myself I smile,  
For Christ talks with me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone  
From off His unawaking sleep,  
In vain shall Mary watch alone,  
In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead  
My eyes are on His shining head.

Ah ! never more shall Mary hear  
That voice exceeding sweet and low  
Within the garden calling clear :  
Her Lord is gone, and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet  
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,  
And Bartimæus still go blind ;  
The healing hem shall ne'er again  
Be touch'd by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,  
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart  
With gentle knocking shall He plead,  
No more the mystic pity start,  
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say :  
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

## HERBERT TRENCH

## SHE COMES NOT WHEN NOON IS ON THE ROSES

She comes not when Noon is on the roses—  
 Too bright is Day.  
 She comes not to the soul till it reposes  
 From work and play.

But when Night is on the hills, and the great Voices  
 Roll in from sea,  
 By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight  
 She comes to me.

## A SONG TO AROLILIA

## DWELLER BY THE FOUNTAIN

When you were born, the Earth obeyed,  
*(Call her, Echo !)*  
 Fragrances from the distance blew,  
 Beanfields and violets were made  
 And jasmine by the cypress grew—  
 Jasmine by the cloudy yew—  
*(Call her, Echo !)*  
*Call Arolilia by her name !)*

When you were born, despairs must die,  
*(Call her, Echo !)*  
 Sweet tongues were loosened from a spell—  
 Snow mountains glistened from on high  
 And torrents to the valleys fell—  
 A song into Man's bosom fell—  
*(Call her, Echo !)*  
*Call Arolilia by her name !)*

When you were born, hid lightning's shape  
*(Call her, Echo !)*  
 Took up the poor man's altar coal,  
 His green vine throbbled into the grape

And in the dastard sprang a soul—  
Even in the dastard sprang a soul—

*(Call her, Echo !*

*Call Arolilia by her name !)*

When you were born, all golden shot

*(Call her, Echo !)*

Fountains of daybreak from the sea,

And still, if near I find you not—

If steps I hear, but you come not—

Darkness lies on the world for me !

*(Call her, Echo !*

*Call Arolilia by her name !)*

### COME, LET US MAKE LOVE DEATHLESS

Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I,

Seeing that our footing on the Earth is brief—

Seeing that her multitudes sweep out to die

Mocking at all that passes their belief ;

For standard of our love not theirs we take :

If we go hence to-day

Fill the high cup that is so soon to break

With richer wine than they !

Ay, since beyond these walls no heavens there be

Joy to revive or wasted youth repair,

I'll not bedim the lovely flame in thee

Nor sully the sad splendour that we wear.

Great be the love, if with the lover dies

Our greatness past recall,

And nobler for the fading of those eyes

The world seen once for all.

### BITTER SERENADE

VENICE, 15—

*(He speaks, touching the chords)*

Lanterns of silk down the lagoons are vanished,

Brilliance, uproar and sweep of masquerade ;

Their eddies swell—the firefly world is banish'd,

All your canal is shade.



Magnolia-bloom is here my only candle,  
White petals wash, and break, along the wall ;  
The clumsy lute, the lute with the scorched handle,  
Is here to tell you all.

Do you remember—yes, you will remember—  
That ballad of a lute of curious tone  
Wrought—a charr'd log—out of a great hearth's ember ?  
The great hearth was your own.

Firelight was all our light. Your endless gazes—  
Contemptuous of all living—forth would float,  
Half-terrible in beauty, down those mazes  
As in a flame-winged boat.

Urania's locks, with horror in their starkness,  
Enlapt you, pale as an Ægean gem,  
Enwound your ears with silence, and of darkness  
Made you a diadem.

What eyes were yours, that made the witless falter—  
The beating of the heart forget to beat—  
Some Arab prisoner's on a Libyan altar  
And sleepless with defeat.

Yet with that smile that seemed no smile of woman  
Frowningly once—floating on light—you cried  
As in a vision : "*Friend, not like your Roman  
Cynthia, by the roadside*"

*Would I be tomb'd—close to the dust and rumbling—  
But childless, by some playground ; that at hours  
Oft I may hear the wicked children tumbling  
Forth, like a tide of flowers ! . . ."*

By God ! to the chords wherewith you then endowed us  
(Something in you gave frame and strings a voice)  
Now you must listen, in the hours allowed us,  
Listen, you have no choice ! . . .

(*He sings*)

*The Song*

O heart thrice-noble, to the quick bereaved,  
In beauty wasted, and in weakness dire  
Maintaining 'gainst the Gods that have deceived  
Such cold unwavering ire !

The very stars grow dread with tense fore-feeling  
Of dawn ; the bell-towers darken in the sky  
As they would groan before they strike, revealing  
New day to such as I !

There comes a day too merciless in clearness,  
Worn to the bone the stubborn must give o'er ;  
There comes a day when to endure in nearness  
Can be endured no more.

A man can take the buffets of the tourney,  
But there's a hurt, lady, beyond belief ;  
A grief the Sun finds not upon his journey  
Marked on the map of grief.

Fate smote you young. Death young would now frustrate  
you.

I have but lived—as alchemists for gold—  
In my mad pity's flame to re-create you,  
Heavenly one, waning, cold !

Planet dark ! Strange and hostile desolation  
Whereto no ray serene hath ever gone  
Nor touched with the one kiss of evocation—  
You might have loved and shone !

Was I not bred of the same clay and vapour  
And lightning of the universe as you ?  
Had I the self-same God to be my shaper,  
Or cracks the world in two ?

It cannot be, though I have nought of merit,  
That man may hold so dear, and with such pain  
Enfold with all the tendrils of the spirit  
Yet not be loved again ;

It cannot be that such intensest yearning,  
Such fierce and incommunicable care  
Starr'd on your face, as through a crystal burning,  
Is wasted on the air ;

It cannot be I gave my soul, unfolding  
To you its very inmost, like a child  
Utterly giving faith—no jot withholding—  
By you to be beguiled ;

It cannot be to look on us, despising,  
That yonder great-puls'd Sun englobes the wave  
With crocus fire—releasing and arising—  
To break upon the slave ;

No. In rich Venice, riotous and human,  
That shrinks for me to sandbanks and a sky,  
You hold the love I bear you a thing common.  
Enough. So let it die ;

Die from your waves away—O, pale, pale wonder !  
The gaunt ships out—toss'd petals—to the main  
Be suck'd—the iron bands be snapt asunder !  
But Night, Death, you—remain.

*(He ceases to sing, and speaks, touching the chords)*

In the outer flood, and plunging at his tether,  
One sullen hulk complains against the quays ;  
Rusty, and timbered ill for such fine weather,  
He thinks on the high seas.

My hand forgets the strings. May be for travel  
It trembles to be gone, to steer the fleet !  
There's the secret of the Indies to unravel,  
And then the Turks to beat !

## SONG OF THE VINE, IN ENGLAND

*Man*

O Vine along my garden wall  
Could I thine English slumber break,  
And thee from wintry exile disenfrail  
Where would thy spirit wake ?

*Vine*

I would wake at the hour of dawning in May in Italy,  
When rose mists rise from the Magra's valley plains  
In the fields of maize and olives around Pontrémoli,  
When peaks grow golden and clear and the starlight wanes :  
I would wake to the dance of the sacred mountains,  
boundlessly  
Kindling their marble snows in the rite of fire,  
To them my newborn tendrils softly and soundlessly  
Would uncurl and aspire.

I would hang no more on thy wall a rusted slumberer,  
Listless and fruitless, strewing the pathways cold,  
I would seem no more in thine eyes an idle cumberer,  
Profitless alien, bitter and sere and old.  
In some warm terraced dell where the Roman rioted  
And still in tiers his stony theatre heaves,  
Would I festoon with leaf-light his glory quieted,  
And flake his thrones with leaves.

Doves from the mountain belfries would seek and cling  
to me  
To drink from the altar, winnowing the fragrant airs ;  
Women from olived hillsides by turns would sing to me  
Beating the olives, or stooping afield in pairs ;  
On gala evenings the gay little carts of labourers  
Swinging from axles their horns against evil eye  
And crowded with children, revellers, pipers and taborers  
Chanting would pass me by. . . .

There go the pale blue shadows, so light and showery,  
Over sharp Apuan peaks—rathe mists unwreath—  
Almond trees wake, and the paven yards grow flowery—  
Crocuses cry from the earth at the joy to breathe ;  
There through the deep-eaved gateways of haughty-  
turreted  
Arno—house-laden bridges of strutted stalls—  
Mighty white oxen drag in the jars rich-spirited,  
Grazing the narrow walls !

Wine-jars I too have filled, and the heart was thrilled with  
me !

Brown-limbed on shady turf the families lay,  
Shouting they bowled the bowls, and old men filled with me  
Roused the September twilight with songs that day.  
Lanterns of sun and moon the young children flaunted me,  
Plaiters of straw from doorway to window cried—  
Borne through the city gates the great oxen vaunted me,  
Swaying from side to side.

Wine-jars out of my leafage that once so vitally  
Throbbled into purple, of me thou shalt never take :  
Thy heart would remember the towns on the branch of Italy,  
And teaching to throb I should teach it, perchance, to  
break.

It would beat for those little cities, rock-hewn and  
mellowing,

Festooned from summit to summit, where still sublime  
Murmur her temples, lovelier in their yellowing  
Than in the morn of time.

I from the scorn of frost and the wind's iniquity  
Barren, aloft in that golden air would thrive :  
My passionate rootlets draw from that hearth's antiquity  
Whirls of profounder fire in us to survive—  
Serried realms of our fathers would swell and foam with us—  
Juice of the Latin sunrise ; your own sea-flung  
Rude and far-wandered race might again find home with us,  
Leaguings with old Rome, young.

STANZAS TO TOLSTOI IN HIS OLD AGE <sup>1</sup>

## I

Is this some glowering Titan, inly bright,  
Angered that summer grasses bloom and seethe  
Only to taunt him—strange to the upper light—  
Born at the mouth of Tartarus to breathe,  
And lodged where vapour-dripping chasms ensheathe  
The groping ire of his tremendous hands ?  
Are these the thews that kept in swaddling-bands  
The wingèd Reason, and would now compel  
Beauty, that Spirit clear,  
And every art wherein the few excel  
Under a peasant's smock to serve as drudges.  
Is it one forgetful of a long career  
Through many wars and loves, who now begrudges  
To youth its fair love-season—one who quarrels  
With all not abject—one whose mood would bind  
Under one law the wearers of the laurels  
With feet upon the uplands, in the wind ?

## II

Or may this peasant demiurge not mask  
Mimir himself—the friend of right in hell,  
Him that gave Odin on his awful task  
Water of insight from the world-deep well,  
And stayed as the god's hostage, and so fell ?  
Perhaps this soul, half-savage, half-divine,  
Is some freed ghost—the slave from Palestine,  
Grim Christopher, who strove as he had sworn  
To bear through the mid-flood  
That little Child—so hardly to be borne ? . . .  
No, no, *this is the prophet of the poor !*  
That face is theirs—that heart hath understood  
Their piteous certainty in things unsure.

<sup>1</sup> This Ode was printed in an English Review, and received by L. Tolstoi, many years before his attempted pilgrimage and death.

And stay !—those shaggy brows, and haunting them  
 Unrest, unrest—O in the Dolorous Street  
 Have I not seen thee in Jerusalem,  
 With sheepskin coat and hat and dusty feet,

## III

Like a poor herdsman, pilgrim from the snows  
 Far north of Volga, where his little hut  
 Lay warm, who on some glittering night arose  
 And blessed his old wife in the dark, and shut  
 On her the door, and took his newly-cut  
 Staff from the eaves—a sapling iron-shod—  
 And set forth for the sepulchre of God ?  
 Yes, thence by great plains, Taurus passes bleak,  
 And fire-lit caravanseri  
 On, on—though fever sapped his bony cheek  
 Month after month, intent and still unbalked,  
 Counting the dawns that met his wind-clear eye—  
 Thousands of miles to find it had he walked !  
 But now—since thou hast kissed the very stone,  
 Why restless still, gaunt shepherd come so far ?  
 Why mourn because the ray that led thee on  
 Shines from a long-annihilated star ?

## IV

The Man upraised on the Judæan crag  
 Captains for us the war with death no more.  
 His kingdom hangs as hangs the tattered flag  
 Over the tomb of some great knight of yore ;  
 Nor shall one law to unity restore  
 Races or souls—no staff of thine can urge  
 Nor knotted club compel them to converge,  
 Nor any backward summit lead them up :  
 The world-spring wherein hides  
 Formless the God that forms us, bursts its cup—  
 Is seen a Fountain—breaking like a flower  
 High into light—that at its height divides ;  
 Changelessly scattering forth,—in blaze and shower—

In drops of a trembling diaphaneity—  
 Dreams the God-breathings momentarily up-buoy  
 To melt a myriad ways. Those dreams are we,  
 Chanted from some unfathomable joy.

## V

What ! Wouldst to *one* conception mould mankind ?  
 Hast thou not felt—on thy lone mountain track  
 Seeing, from some ridge of forest-rushing wind  
 Where the oak-bows overhead wrestle and crack,  
 Night-plains be-starred with cities mirror back  
 The naked deeps of stars—hast thou not felt  
 The whole high-scheme wherein we move and melt  
 With the swift world—that its last secret is  
     Not Good, nor Immortality,  
 But Beauty,—once to behold the immensities  
 Filled with one soul, then to make room and die ?  
 Hence the true faith :—to the uttermost to be  
 Thyself—to follow up that ecstasy  
 Compelling—to let being take its course,  
 Rise like a song, and like a dream be free,  
 Poised on the breath of its own soul and source :  
 Enough—the Fountain will re-gather thee !

## VI

Rejoice then, Master, at the multitude  
 Of wills in the many-coloured nations—yea  
 At the clouds of destinies distinct—the flood  
 Of exploring visions—all the radiant spray  
 Of hostile forces on their upward way,  
 Spirals of the interweaving elements  
 And species, these are but the long ascents  
 Of the self-poised waters of the Universe  
     Opening like a rose,  
 Ingathering all it loses—to disperse  
 Its soul in fragrance on the night's abyss,  
 Yet to build for aye the rainbow as it flows ;  
 Rejoice that we have spectacle of this—



Of the Fountain opening, opening like a rose  
And Eternal Wisdom rising from its core ;  
For the light increases, and the rapture grows,  
And the love, in them that perish, waxes more.

## REQUIEM OF ARCHANGELS FOR THE WORLD

Hearts, beat no more ! Earth's Sleep has come,  
All iron stands her wrinkled tree,  
The streams that sang are stricken dumb,  
The snowflake fades into the sea.  
Hearts, throb no more ! your time is past ;  
Thousands of years for this pent field  
Ye have done battle. Now at last  
The flags may sink, the captains yield.  
Sleep, ye great Wars, just and unjust !  
Sleep takes the gate and none defends.  
Soft on your craters' fire and lust,  
Civilisations, Sleep descends.  
Time it is, time to cease carouse.  
Let the nations and their noise grow dim !  
Let the lights wane within the house  
And darkness cover, limb by limb !  
Across your passes, Alps and plains  
A planetary vapour flows,  
A last invader, and enchains  
The vine, the woman, and the rose.  
Sleep, Forests old ! Sleep in your beds  
Wild-muttering Oceans and dark Wells !  
Sleep be upon your shrunken heads,  
Blind, everlasting Pinnacles !  
Sleep now, most dread high-shining Kings,  
Your torrent glories snap in death.  
Sleep, simple men—sunk water-springs,  
And all the ground Man laboureth.  
Sleep, Heroes, in your mountain walls—  
The trumpet shall not wake again ;  
And ranged on sea-worn pedestals,  
Sleep now, O sleepless Gods of men,

Nor keep wide your unchallenged orbs.  
These troubled clans that make and mourn  
Some heavy-lidded Cloud absorbs,  
And the lulling snows of the Unborn.  
Make ready thou, tremendous Night,  
Stoop to the Earth, and shroud her scars,  
And bid with chanting to the rite  
The torches of thy train of stars !

Gloriously hath she offered up  
From the thousand heaving plains of Time  
Her sons, like incense from a cup,  
Souls, that were made out of the slime.  
She darkens, and yet all her dusk  
Is but the sigh of him that breathes ;  
The thing unborn bursts from its husk,  
The flash of the sublime unsheathes.  
They strove, the Many and the One,  
And all their strivings interwolved  
Enlarged Thy Self-dominion ;  
Absolute, let them be absolved !  
Fount of the time-embranching fire,  
O waneless One, that art the core  
Of every heart's unknown desire,  
Take back the hearts that beat no more !

*A. E.*

(*GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL*)

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BY THE MARGIN OF THE GREAT DEEP

When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,  
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam  
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes ;  
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,  
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast :  
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,  
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love  
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,  
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above  
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw  
From the olden fountain more than light or peace or dream,  
Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,  
Growing one with its silent stream.

### BABYLON

The blue dusk ran between the streets: my love was  
winged within my mind,  
It left to-day and yesterday and thrice a thousand years  
behind.  
To-day was past and dead for me, for from to-day my  
feet had run  
Through thrice a thousand years to walk the ways of  
ancient Babylon.  
On temple top and palace roof the burnished gold flung  
back the rays  
Of a red sunset that was dead and lost beyond a million  
days.  
The tower of heaven turns darker blue, a starry sparkle  
now begins;  
The mystery and magnificence, the myriad beauty and the  
sins  
Come back to me. I walk beneath the shadowy multitude  
of towers;  
Within the gloom the fountain jets its pallid mist in lily  
flowers.  
The waters lull me and the scent of many gardens, and I  
hear  
Familiar voices, and the voice I love is whispering in my  
ear.  
Oh real as in dream all this; and then a hand on mine is  
laid:  
The wave of phantom time withdraws; and that young  
Babylonian maid,

One drop of beauty left behind from all the flowing of that  
tide,  
Is looking with the self-same eyes, and here in Ireland by my  
side.  
Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has taken  
wings,  
While we are in the calm and proud procession of eternal  
things.

### THE MAN TO THE ANGEL

I have wept a million tears :  
Pure and proud one, where are thine,  
What the gain though all thy years  
In unbroken beauty shine ?

All your beauty cannot win  
Truth we learn in pain and sighs :  
You can never enter in  
To the circle of the wise.

They are but the slaves of light  
Who have never known the gloom,  
And between the dark and bright  
Willed in freedom their own doom.

Think not in your pureness there,  
That our pain but follows sin :  
There are fires for those who dare  
Seek the throne of might to win.

Pure one, from your pride refrain :  
Dark and lost amid the strife  
I am myriad years of pain  
Nearer to the fount of life.

When defiance fierce is thrown  
At the god to whom you bow,  
Rest the lips of the Unknown  
Tenderest upon my brow.

## THE EARTH BREATH

From the cool and dark-lipped furrows  
Breathes a dim delight  
Through the woodland's purple plumage  
To the diamond night.  
Aureoles of joy encircle  
Every blade of grass  
Where the dew-fed creatures silent  
And enraptured pass.  
And the restless ploughman pauses,  
Turns and, wondering,  
Deep beneath his rustic habit  
Finds himself a king ;  
For a fiery moment looking  
With the eyes of God  
Over fields a slave at morning  
Bowed him to the sod.  
Blind and dense with revelation  
Every moment flies,  
And unto the Mighty Mother,  
Gay, eternal, rise  
All the hopes we hold, the gladness,  
Dreams of things to be.  
One of all thy generations,  
Mother, hails to thee.  
Hail, and hail, and hail for ever,  
Though I turn again  
From thy joy unto the human  
Vestiture of pain.  
I, thy child who went forth radiant  
In the golden prime,  
Find thee still the mother-hearted  
Through my night in time ;  
Find in thee the old enchantment  
There behind the veil  
Where the gods, my brothers, linger.  
Hail, forever, hail !

*LAURENCE HOUSMAN*

## DEUS NOSTER IGNIS CONSUMENS

To Him be praise who made  
 Desire more fair than rest :  
 Better the prayer while prayed,  
 Than the attained request !  
 Man goes from strength to strength  
 Fresh with each draught of pain,  
 Only to fail at length  
 Of heights he could not gain.

The soul of live desire,  
 How shall it mate with dust ?  
 To whom was given fire,—  
 For ashes shall be lust ?  
 Man's tenure is but breath,  
 His flesh, a vesture worn :  
 Let him that fears not death  
 Fear not to rest unborn.

The crown entails the curse ;  
 Here all the fame that's won,  
 A harvest for the hearse,  
 Falls withered to the sun.  
 There, weary of reward,  
 The victor strips his wreath ;  
 There, sick with deaths, the sword  
 Sighs back into the sheath.

*ERNEST DOWSON*NON SUM QUALIS ERAM BONAE SUB REGNO  
CYNARAE

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine  
 There fell thy shadow, Cynara ! thy breath was shed  
 Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine ;  
 And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head :  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,  
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay ;  
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet ;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

When I awoke and found the dawn was gray :  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara ! gone with the wind,  
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,  
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind .  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, all the time, because the dance was long :  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,  
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,  
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara ! the night is thine ;  
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire :  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my fashion.

#### VITAE SUMMA BREVIS SPEM NOS VETAT INCHOARE LONGAM

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,  
Love and desire and hate :  
I think they have no portion in us after  
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses :  
Out of a misty dream  
Our path emerges for a while, then closes  
Within a dream.

## NUNS OF THE PERPETUAL ADORATION

Calm, sad, secure ; behind high convent walls,  
These watch the sacred lamp, these watch and pray :  
And it is one with them when evening falls,  
And one with them the cold return of day.

These heed not time ; their nights and days they make  
Into a long, returning rosary,  
Whereon their lives are threaded for Christ's sake :  
Meekness and vigilance and chastity.

A vowed patrol, in silent companies,  
Life-long they keep before the living Christ :  
In the dim church, their prayers and penances  
Are fragrant incense to the Sacrificed.

Outside, the world is wild and passionate ;  
Man's weary laughter and his sick despair  
Entreat at their impenetrable gate :  
They heed no voices in their dream of prayer.

They saw the glory of the world displayed ;  
They saw the bitter of it, and the sweet ;  
They knew the roses of the world should fade,  
And be trod under by the hurrying feet.

Therefore they rather put away desire,  
And crossed their hands and came to sanctuary ;  
And veiled their heads and put on coarse attire :  
Because their comeliness was vanity.

And there they rest ; they have serene insight  
Of the illuminating dawn to be :  
Mary's sweet Star dispels for them the night,  
The proper darkness of humanity.

Calm, sad, secure ; with faces worn and mild :  
Surely their choice of vigil is the best ?  
Yea ! for our roses fade, the world is wild ;  
But there, beside the altar, here, is rest.



## EXTREME UNCTION

Upon the eyes, the lips, the feet,  
 On all the passages of sense,  
 The atoning oil is spread with sweet  
 Renewal of lost innocence.

The feet, that lately ran so fast  
 To meet desire, are soothly sealed ;  
 The eyes, that were so often cast  
 On vanity, are touched and healed.

From troublous sights and sounds set free ;  
 In such a twilight hour of breath,  
 Shall one retrace his life, or see,  
 Through shadows, the true face of death ?

Vials of mercy ! Sacring oils !  
 I know not where nor when I come,  
 Nor through what wanderings and toils,  
 To crave of you Viaticum.

Yet, when the walls of flesh grow weak,  
 In such an hour, it well may be,  
 Through mist and darkness, light will break,  
 And each anointed sense will see.

## ARTHUR SHEARLY CRIPPS

## ALL SAINTS' DAY.

*Magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.*—(KEATS).

Ah me !

It was God's choice ere mine that I should be  
 The one dim casement by whose panes they see—  
 These maiden knights of mine—their elders' chivalry.

Alas !

How cobweb-hung the frame ! How dim the glass  
Whereat their bright eyes watch the pageant pass—  
Pageant with raiment white and palms of Hallow-Mass !

Make clean,

O glimmering showers of Grace and Dews unseen,  
My panes that do deface their rainbow sheen—  
Those venturous Sails that furl in haven-pools serene !

Behold !

At my poor breath-dimmed panes what pomps unfold !  
See the Host rise a Harvest Moon of gold !  
Lo, the Vine's Branches bend with clusters yet untold !

Ah me !

Flawed priest, that God should choose to make of thee  
A nursery window, whence His babes may see  
Rapture of Saints that are, wonder of Saints to be !

*LIONEL JOHNSON*

THE DARK ANGEL

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust,  
To rid the world of penitence :  
Malicious Angel, who still dost  
My soul such subtle violence !

Because of thee, no thought, no thing,  
Abides for me undesecrate :  
Dark Angel, ever on the wing,  
Who never reachest me too late !

When music sounds, then changest thou  
Its silvery to a sultry fire :  
Nor will thine envious heart allow  
Delight untortured by desire.

*LIONEL JOHNSON*

Through thee, the gracious Muses turn  
To Furies, O mine Enemy !  
And all the things of beauty burn  
With flames of evil ecstasy.

Because of thee, the land of dreams  
Becomes a gathering place of fears :  
Until tormented slumber seems  
One vehemence of useless tears.

When sunlight glows upon the flowers,  
Or ripples down the dancing sea :  
Thou, with thy troop of passionate powers,  
Beleaguerest, bewilderest me.

Within the breath of autumn woods,  
Within the winter silences :  
Thy venomous spirit stirs and broods,  
O Master of impieties !

The ardour of red flame is thine,  
And thine the steely soul of ice :  
Thou poisonest the fair design  
Of nature, with unfair device.

Apples of ashes, golden bright ;  
Waters of bitterness, how sweet !  
O banquet of a foul delight,  
Prepared by thee, dark Paraclete !

Thou art the whisper in the gloom,  
The hinting tone, the haunting laugh :  
Thou art the adorer of my tomb,  
The minstrel of mine epitaph.

I fight thee, in the Holy Name !  
Yet, what thou dost, is what God saith :  
Tempter ! should I escape thy flame,  
Thou wilt have helped my soul from Death :

The second Death, that never dies,  
That cannot die, when time is dead :  
Live Death, wherein the lost soul cries,  
Eternally uncomforted.

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust !  
Of two defeats, of two despairs :  
Less dread, a change to shifting dust,  
Than thine eternity of cares.

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,  
Dark Angel ! triumph over me :  
*Lonely, unto the Lone I go ;*  
*Divine, to the Divinity.*

BY THE STATUE  
OF KING CHARLES AT CHARING CROSS

Sombre and rich, the skies,  
Great glooms, and starry plains ;  
Gently the night wind sighs ;  
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings  
Around me : and around  
The saddest of all Kings,  
Crown'd, and again discrown'd.

Comely and calm, he rides  
Hard by his own Whitehall.  
Only the night wind glides :  
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court : and yet,  
The stars his courtiers are :  
Stars in their stations set ;  
And every wandering star.

## LIONEL JOHNSON

Alone he rides, alone,  
The fair and fatal King :  
Dark night is all his own,  
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate :  
The stars ; or those sad eyes ?  
Which are more still and great :  
Those brows, or the dark skies ?

Although his whole heart yearn  
In passionate tragedy,  
Never was face so stern  
With sweet austerity.

Vanquish'd in life, his death  
By beauty made amends :  
The passing of his breath  
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless ? Nay :  
Through death, life grew sublime.  
*Speak after sentence ?* Yea :  
And to the end of time.

Armour'd he rides, his head  
Bare to the stars of doom ;  
He triumphs now, the dead,  
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,  
Vex'd in the world's employ :  
His soul was of the saints ;  
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe !  
Men hunger for thy grace :  
And through the night I go,  
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps,  
When all the cries are still,  
The stars and heavenly deeps  
Work out a perfect will.

## OXFORD

Over, the four long years ! And now there rings  
One voice of freedom and regret : *Farewell !*  
Now old remembrance sorrows, and now sings :  
But song from sorrow, now, I cannot tell.

City of weather'd cloister and worn court ;  
Grey city of strong towers and clustering spires :  
Where art's fresh loveliness would first resort ;  
Where lingering art kindled her latest fires !

Where on all hands, wondrous with ancient grace,  
Grace touch'd with age, rise works of goodliest men :  
Next Wykeham's art obtain their splendid place  
The zeal of Inigo, the strength of Wren.

Where at each coign of every antique street,  
A memory hath taken root in stone :  
There, Raleigh shone ; there, toil'd Franciscan feet ;  
There, Johnson flinched not, but endured alone.

There, Shelley dream'd his white Platonic dreams ;  
There, classic Landor throve on Roman thought ;  
There, Addison pursued his quiet themes ;  
There, smiled Erasmus, and there, Colet taught.

And there, O memory more sweet than all !  
Lived he, whose eyes keep yet our passing light ;  
Whose crystal lips Athenian speech recall ;  
Who wears Rome's purple with least pride, most right.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cardinal Newman.

That is the Oxford strong to charm us yet :  
Eternal in her beauty and her past.  
What, though her soul be vex'd ? She can forget  
Cares of an hour : only the great things last.

Only the gracious air, only the charm,  
And ancient might of true humanities,  
These nor assault of man, nor time, can harm :  
Not these, nor Oxford with her memories.

Together have we walk'd with willing feet  
Gardens of plenteous trees, bowering soft lawn ;  
Hills whither Arnold wander'd ; and all sweet  
June meadows, from the troubling world withdrawn ;

Chapels of cedarn fragrance, and rich gloom  
Pour'd from empurpled panes on either hand ;  
Cool pavements, carved with legends of the tomb ;  
Grave haunts, where we might dream, and understand.

Over, the four long years ! And unknown powers  
Call to us, going forth upon our way :  
Ah ! Turn we, and look back upon the towers  
That rose above our lives, and cheer'd the day.

Proud and serene, against the sky they gleam :  
Proud and secure, upon the earth they stand.  
Our city hath the air of a pure dream,  
And hers indeed is a Hesperian land.

Think of her so ! The wonderful, the fair,  
The immemorial, and the ever young :  
The city sweet with our forefathers' care :  
The city where the Muses all have sung.

Ill times may be ; she hath no thought of time :  
She reigns beside the waters yet in pride.  
Rude voices cry : but in her ears the chime  
Of full sad bells brings back her old springtide.

Like to a queen in pride of place, she wears  
The splendour of a crown in Radcliffe's dome.  
Well fare she—well ! As perfect beauty fares,  
And those high places that are beauty's home.

## STEPHEN PHILLIPS

FROM *MARPESSA*

I love thee then  
Not only for thy body packed with sweet  
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,  
That jar of violet wine set in the air,  
That palest rose sweet in the night of life ;  
Not for that stirring bosom all besieged  
By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair ;  
Not for that face that might indeed provoke  
Invasion of old cities ; no, nor all  
Thy freshness stealing on me like strange sleep.  
Not for this only do I love thee, but  
Because Infinity upon thee broods,  
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.  
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say  
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell ;  
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,  
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.  
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,  
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea ;  
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,  
It has been died for, though I know not when,  
It has been sung of, though I know not where.  
It has the strangeness of the luring West,  
And of sad sea-horizons ; beside thee  
I am aware of other times and lands,  
Of births far back, of lives in many stars.  
O beauty lone and like a candle clear  
In this dark country of the world ! Thou art  
My woe, my early light, my music dying.

*Idas to  
Marpessa.*



*Marpesa  
to Apollo.*

But if I live with Idas, then we two  
On the low earth shall prosper hand in hand  
In odours of the open field, and live  
In peaceful noises of the farm, and watch  
The pastoral fields burned by the setting sun.  
And he shall give me passionate children, not  
Some radiant god that will despise me quite,  
But clambering limbs and little hearts that err.  
And I shall sleep beside him in the night,  
And fearful from some dream shall touch his hand  
Secure ; or at some festival we two  
Will wander through the lighted city streets ;  
And in the crowd I'll take his arm and feel  
Him closer for the press. So shall we live.  
And though the first sweet sting of love be past,  
The sweet that almost venom is ; though youth,  
With tender and extravagant delight,  
The first and secret kiss by twilight hedge,  
The insane farewell repeated o'er and o'er,  
Pass off ; there shall succeed a faithful peace ;  
Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,  
Durable from the daily dust of life.  
And though with sadder, still with kinder eyes,  
We shall behold all frailties, we shall haste  
To pardon, and with mellowing minds to bless.  
Then though we must grow old, we shall grow old  
Together, and he shall not greatly miss  
My bloom faded, and waning light of eyes,  
Too deeply gazed in ever to seem dim ;  
Nor shall we murmur at, nor much regret  
The years that gently bend us to the ground,  
And gradually incline our face ; that we  
Leisurely stooping, and with each slow step,  
May curiously inspect our lasting home.  
But we shall sit with luminous holy smiles,  
Endeared by many griefs, by many a jest,  
And custom sweet of living side by side ;  
And full of memories not unkindly glance  
Upon each other. Last, we shall descend  
Into the natural ground—not without tears—

One must go first, ah god ! one must go first ;  
After so long one blow for both were good ;  
Still, like old friends, glad to have met, and leave  
Behind a wholesome memory on the earth.

LAURENCE BINTON

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THE LITTLE DANCERS : A LONDON VISION

Lonely, save for a few faint stars, the sky  
Dreams ; and lonely, below, the little street  
Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.  
Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat ;  
And all is dark, save where come flooding rays  
From a tavern window : there, to the brisk measure  
Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,  
Two children, all alone and no one by,  
Holding their tatter'd frocks, through an airy maze  
Of motion, lightly threaded with nimble feet,  
Dance sedately : face to face they gaze,  
Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.

THE BACCHANAL OF ALEXANDER

I

A wondrous rumour fills and stirs  
The wide Carmanian Vale ;  
On leafy hills the sunburnt vintagers  
Stand listening ; silent is the echoing flail  
Upon the threshing floors :  
Girls in the orchards one another hail  
Over their golden stores.  
“ Leave the dewy apples hanging flushed,  
Ripe to drop  
In our baskets ! Leave the heavy grapes uncrushed,  
Leave the darkened figs, a half-pulled crop,  
Olive-boughs by staves unbeaten, come,  
All our hills be hushed !

For a Conqueror, nay a God,  
Comes into our land this day,  
From the Eastern desert dumb,  
That no mortal ever trod :  
Come we down to meet him on his way ! ”

From reddening vineyards steeped in sun,  
Trees that with riches droop,  
Down the green upland men and maidens run  
Or under the low leaves with laughter stoop.  
But now they pause, they hear  
Far trampling sounds ; and many a soft-eyed troop  
Murmurs a wondering fear.  
“ Wherefore hast thou summoned us afar,  
Voice so proud ?  
Who are ye that so imperious are ?  
Is it he to whom all India bowed,  
Bacchus, and the great host that pursue  
Triumphing, his car ;  
Whom our fathers long foretold ?  
O if it be he, the God indeed,  
May his power our vines endue  
With prosperity fourfold.  
Bring we all ripe offerings for his need ! ”

Slowly along the vine-robed vale move on,  
Like those that walk in dream,  
The ranks of Macedon.  
O much-proved men, why doubt ye truth so sweet ?  
This is that fair Carmania, that did seem  
So far to gain, yet now is at your feet.  
’Tis no Circean magic greenly crowds  
This vale of elms, the laden vines uprearing,  
The small flowers in the grass, the illumined clouds,  
Trembling streams with rushes lined,  
All in strangeness reappearing  
Like a blue morn to the blind !  
Worn feet go happy, and parched throats may laugh,  
Or blissful cold drops from dipt helmets quaff ;

Dear comrades, flinging spears down, stand embraced  
And heap this rich oblivion on the waste  
Of torment whence they came ;  
That land of salt sand vaulted o'er with flame,  
That furnace, which for sixty days they pierced,  
Wrapt in a hot slow cloud of pricking grains,  
On ever crumbling mounds, through endless plains,  
And ravening hands scooped fire, not water, for their thirst.  
Streams of Carmania, never have ye seen  
Such mirrored rapture of strong limbs unclad,  
Lips pressing, lover-like, delicious green  
Of leaves, or breaking into laughter mad ;  
Out-wearied ranks, that couched in gloom serene,  
Let idle memory toy  
With torment past whose pangs enrich the gust of joy.

## II

O peerless Alexander ! still  
From his kindling words they glow.  
Like a straight shaft to a bow  
Is their strength unto his will.  
He hath done what no man ever dared :  
That fierce desert, where great Cyrus lost  
All save seven of his unnumbered host,  
Where the proud Semiramis despaired,  
He hath brought his thousands through.  
Vainly, vainly Wind and Fire  
Stormed against the way of his desire :  
They at last their tamer knew.  
O'er mile-broad rivers, like young brooks, he stept,  
Walls of unconquered cities overleapt.  
And now Earth yields, for storm and strife and heat,  
Her greenest valley to his feet.

But lo ! the soft Carmanian folk,  
Round these warriors gathering nigh,  
Down the slopes with murmur shy  
The benignant God invoke.

While they stand in wonder and in doubt,  
Comes a throng in leaves their heads arraying,  
Some on pipes and some on tabors playing,  
"Bacchus, Bacchus is our King," they shout,  
"Magic mirth into our blood he pours ;  
Join us, strangers, in our feast !  
All our parching toil hath ceased.  
Give us of your fruitful valley's stores ! "  
Apples they heap on shields in golden domes,  
And spear points bear the dripping honeycombs.  
"Our Bacchus bids you to his joy," they sing ;  
"Lo, where he comes, the King ! "

Two massy ivory cars, together bound,  
Roll through the parting throng ;  
A whole uprooted vine enwreathes them round ;  
Long tendrils over the gold axles trail,  
While jubilant pipe and chanted song  
The cars' oncoming hail.  
By the dark bunches idle helms and greaves  
Are hung, and swords that on Hydaspes shone ;  
Heroic shoulders gleam betwixt the leaves !  
There sits reclined on rugs of Susa spread,  
Throned amid his Seven of Macedon,  
Alexander ! his victorious head  
Bound with ivy and pale autumn flowers.  
Ah, what a sunny redolence of showers  
The wind wafts round him from this promised land !  
Over Hephæstion's neck is laid one hand,  
Lightly the other holds a spear ; but now  
No passion fires his eye, nor deep thought knots his brow.  
Like his own Pella breathes this upland air ;  
A joy born beauty flushes up his face,  
O'ersmoothing old fell rages, to replace  
Youth in lost lines most indolently fair.  
Remembrance is at peace, desire foregone,  
And those winged brows their watchful menace ease  
In languor proud as a storm-sailing swan  
New lighted on a mere from the wild seas.  
Beat, thrilling drums, beat low, and pipes sound on,

While his full soul doth gaze  
From this the topmost hour of all his glorious days.

## III

The shy Carmanians awed  
Gaze on that sun-like head.  
"Is it he," they murmur, "who led  
The mirth of the vineyard abroad?  
Surely none else may bear  
So regal a beauty; yet why  
On us turns not his eye?  
We have heard that he loves not care,  
But the dance and idle glee  
Of the laughing Satyr tribe.  
Could toil those brows inscribe?  
Is it he? is it surely he?  
Are these the revellers of his train?  
Yet surely these have passed through fire, through pain!  
Can the Gods also suffer throes,  
Nor crave to conquer, but repose?"

The King uplifts his bowl.  
Peucestas stoops, pours in  
From a brown fawn's swelling skin  
The ripe grape's rosy soul.  
"Pledge us," he cries, and smiles,  
"Lord of Nysa, to-day!  
Have we not toiled our way  
To a valley of the Blessed Isles?  
Drink of a richer boon  
Than the water we brought thee to taste  
In the fiery Gedrosian waste  
When we halted our host at noon,  
And thou in the sight of all didst spill  
Those longed-for drops on the darkened sand,—O fill,  
Remembering how our hearts drank wine  
From thy refusing deed divine."

What hath the King so stirred?  
What grief of a great desire

Stung by that spoken word ?  
Sudden as storm his thoughts tumultuous run  
Back into peril, Indus, Issus, Tyre,  
And the famed gates of Babylon yet unwon.  
Far, far those mighty days in glory tower !  
A valley keeps him, while the great peaks call.  
O for that supreme exultant hour,  
When alone, Achilles-like, he sprang  
'Mid the astonished Indians o'er the wall,  
And a hundred arrows round him rang !  
O Alexander, all these thousands own  
Thy pleasure, but thy woes were thine alone.  
Dulled is the joy that hath no need to dare ;  
Match thy great self, and breed another heir  
To those high deeds, from which thy kindled fame  
Runs, as the world's hope runs from youth to youth aflame.  
Climb, climb again to those lone eagle skies,  
Where ocean's unadventured circle bends  
And dragon ignorance girdles the world's ends !—  
As fire leaps up a tower, that thought leaps to his eyes.  
“ Off, Mænad mummary,” he cries ; his brow  
Strips off its garland with indignant hands,  
Starts up, and plants his ringing spear ; and now,  
Soul-flushed through radiant limbs, a man transfigured stands.  
With joy the marvelling Carmanians bow,  
From their long doubting freed :  
“ It is the God,” they cry, “ the enraptured God indeed ! ”

## FOR THE FALLEN

1914

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
England mourns for her dead across the sea.  
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill : Death august and royal  
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.  
There is music in the midst of desolation  
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,  
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old :  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;  
They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;  
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time ;  
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,  
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,  
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known  
As the stars are known to the Night ;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,  
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,  
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,  
To the end, to the end, they remain.

### HILAIRE BELLOC

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#### THE SOUTH COUNTRY

When I am living in the Midlands  
That are sodden and unkind,  
I light my lamp in the evening :  
My work is left behind ;  
And the great hills of the South Country  
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country  
They stand along the sea ;  
And it's there walking in the high woods  
That I could wish to be,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Walking along with me.



The men that live in North England  
I saw them for a day :  
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,  
Their skies are fast and grey ;  
From their castle-walls a man may see  
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England  
They see the Severn strong,  
A-rolling on rough water brown  
Light aspen leaves along.  
They have the secret of the Rocks,  
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country  
Are the kindest and most wise,  
They get their laughter from the loud surf,  
And the faith in their happy eyes  
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring  
When over the sea she flies ;  
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,  
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines  
But I smell the Sussex air ;  
Nor I never come on a belt of sand  
But my home is there.  
And along the sky the line of the Downs  
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,  
Nor a broken thing mend :  
And I fear I shall be all alone  
When I get towards the end.  
Who will there be to comfort me  
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends  
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,  
They watch the stars from silent folds,  
They stiffly plough the field.  
By them and the God of the South Country  
My poor soul shall be heal'd.

If I ever become a rich man,  
Or if ever I grow to be old,  
I will build a house with deep thatch  
To shelter me from the cold,  
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung  
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood  
Within a walk of the sea,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Shall sit and drink with me.

### ALFRED DOUGLAS

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#### THE CITY OF THE SOUL

##### I

In the salt terror of the stormy sea  
There are high altitudes the mind forgets ;  
And undesired days are hunting nets  
To snare the souls that fly Eternity.  
But we being gods will never bend the knee,  
Though sad moons shadow every sun that sets,  
And tears of sorrow be like rivulets  
To feed the shadows of Humility.

Within my soul are some mean gardens found  
Where drooped flowers are, and unsung melodies,  
And all companioning of piteous things.  
But in the midst is one high terraced ground,  
Where level lawns sweep through the stately trees  
And the great peacocks walk like painted kings.

## II

What shall we do, my soul, to please the King ?  
Seeing he hath no pleasure in the dance,  
And hath condemned the honeyed utterance  
Of silver flutes and mouths made round to sing.  
Along the wall red roses climb and cling,  
And Oh ! my prince, lift up thy countenance,  
For there be thoughts like roses that entrance  
More than the langours of soft lute-playing.

Think how the hidden things that poets see  
In amber eves or mornings crystalline,  
Hide in the soul their constant quenchless light,  
Till, called by some celestial alchemy,  
Out of forgotten depths, they rise and shine  
Like buried treasure on Midsummer night.

## III

The fields of Phantasy are all too wide,  
My soul runs through them like an untamed thing.  
It leaps the brooks like threads, and skirts the ring  
Where fairies danced, and tender flowers hide.  
The voice of music has become the bride  
Of an imprisoned bird with broken wing.  
What shall we do, my soul, to please the King,  
We that are free, with ample wings untied ?

We cannot wander through the empty fields  
Till beauty like a hunter hurl the lance.  
There are no silver snares and springes set,  
Nor any meadow where the plain ground yields.  
O let us then with ordered utterance,  
Forge the gold chain and twine the silken net.

## IV

Each new hour's passage is the acolyte  
Of inarticulate song and syllable,  
And every passing moment is a bell,  
To mourn the death of undiscerned delight.

Where is the sun that made the noon-day bright,  
And where the midnight moon ? O let us tell,  
In long carved line and painted parable,  
How the white road curves down into the night.

Only to build one crystal barrier  
Against this sea which beats upon our days ;  
To ransom one lost moment with a rhyme,  
Or, if fate cries and grudging gods demur,  
To clutch Life's hair, and thrust one naked phrase  
Like a lean knife between the ribs of Time.

### THE GREEN RIVER

I know a green grass path that leaves the field,  
And, like a running river, winds along  
Into a leafy wood where is no throng  
Of birds at noon-day, and no soft throats yield  
Their music to the moon. The place is seal'd,  
An unclaimed sovereignty of voiceless song,  
And all the unravish'd silences belong  
To some sweet singer lost or unreveal'd.

So is my soul become a silent place.  
Oh may I wake from this uneasy night  
To find a voice of music manifold.  
Let it be shape of sorrow with wan face,  
Or Love that swoons on sleep, or else delight  
That is as wide-eyed as a marigold.

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

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### TRULY GREAT

My walls outside must have some flowers,  
My walls within must have some books ;  
A house that's small ; a garden large,  
And in it leafy nooks :

A little gold that's sure each week ;  
That comes not from my living kind,  
But from a dead man in his grave,  
Who cannot change his mind :

A lovely wife, and gentle too ;  
Contented that no eyes but mine  
Can see her many charms, nor voice  
To call her beauty fine :

Where she would in that stone cage live,  
A self-made prisoner with me ;  
While many a wild bird sang around,  
On gate, on bush, on tree :

And she sometimes to answer them,  
In her far sweeter voice than all ;  
Till birds, that loved to look on leaves,  
Will dote on a stone wall.

—With this small house, this garden large,  
This little gold, this lovely mate,  
With health in body, peace at heart—  
Show me a man more great.

### THE KINGFISHER

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,  
And left thee all her lovely hues ;  
And, as her mother's name was Tears,  
So runs it in thy blood to choose  
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep  
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such glorious hues,  
Live with proud Peacocks in green parks ;  
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,  
Let every feather show its mark ;  
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings  
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain ;  
 Thou hast no proud ambitious mind ;  
 I also love a quiet place  
 That's green, away from all mankind ;  
 A lonely pool, and let a tree  
 Sigh with her bosom over me.

### THE MOON

Thy beauty haunts me, heart and soul,  
 Oh thou fair Moon, so close and bright ;  
 Thy beauty makes me like the child,  
 That cries aloud to own thy light :  
 The little child that lifts each arm,  
 To press thee to her bosom warm.

Though there are birds that sing this night  
 With thy white beams across their throats,  
 Let my deep silence speak for me  
 More than for them their sweetest notes :  
 Who worships thee till music fails  
 Is greater than thy nightingales.

### LOVELY DAMES

Few are my books, but my small few have told  
 Of many a lovely dame that lived of old ;  
 And they have made me see those fatal charms  
 Of Helen, which brought Troy so many harms ;  
 And lovely Venus, when she stood so white  
 Close to her husband's forge in its red light.  
 I have seen Dian's beauty in my dreams,  
 When she had trained her looks in all the streams  
 She crossed to Latmos and Endymion ;  
 And Cleopatra's eyes, that hour they shone  
 The brighter for a pearl she drank to prove  
 How poor it was compared to her rich love :  
 But when I look on thee, love, thou dost give  
 Substance to those fine ghosts, and make them live.

## LEISURE

What is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs  
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,  
Streams full of stars, like stars at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

*SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT*

## FIRST PATHWAYS

Where were the pathways that your childhood knew ?—  
In mountain glens ? or by the ocean strands ?  
Or where, beyond the ripening harvest lands,  
The distant hills were blue ?

Where evening sunlight threw a golden haze  
Over a mellow city's walls and towers ?  
Or where the fields and lanes were bright with flowers,  
In quiet woodland ways ?

And whether here or there, or east or west,  
That place you dwelt in first was holy ground  
Its shelter was the kindest you have found,  
Its pathways were the best.

And even in the city's smoke and mire  
I doubt not that a golden light was shed  
On those first paths, and that they also led  
To lands of heart's desire.

And where the children in dark alleys penn'd,  
Heard the caged lark sing of the April hills,  
Or where they damm'd the muddy gutter rills,  
Or made a dog their friend ;

Or where they gather'd, dancing hand in hand,  
About the organ man, for them, too, lay  
Beyond the dismal alley's entrance way,  
The gates of wonderland.

For 'tis my faith that Earth's first words are sweet  
To all her children,—never a rebuff ;  
And that we only saw, where ways were rough,  
The flowers about our feet.

*T. STURGE MOORE*

THE PANTHER

I

Consider now the Panther : such the beast  
On which the naked feet of Circe rest—  
Her footstool wherein anger is increased  
For ever, yet for ever is suppressed.

Sleek, powerful, and treacherous, and cowed,  
With amber eyes like tears that watch a lamp—  
A Queen's tears, thwarted by remembrance proud,  
Clear cut as gold coins that her mint doth stamp.

How politic is grace in moods morose !  
This smooth composure waits but our caress ;  
'Tis pride put on to beggar love ; there glows  
Knit with this strength some utter tenderness.



That blunt round paw, and padded glove-like palm !  
How strange, if, there, like dulled assassin steel,  
Sheathed claws wait ready ! Thus in forest calm  
That cruel face the ferns' arched fronds conceal.

Then all is glowing, like deep-treasured glee :  
E'en butterflies might settle on this coat ;  
The shy gazelles may snuff full gingerly,—  
Rich blossoms drown the odours they should note.

The holy baobab, with grey-blue stems  
And aisled vistas solemn as a church,  
Denies this presence, and this life condemns ;  
Its meek-eyed throngs would wrong it should they search.

A bound ! a scamper ! cry ! the sob of death !  
And these claws open up the heart that pang  
Had filled to bursting with a last gasped breath ;  
Warm blood is lapped, and fleshed is every fang.

Hereto conspired the beauty of the place,  
Whose whole consent seemed given to life's ease.  
Thus, by a garden walk, some poppy's grace  
Brings down a child sultana to her knees ;

Whose tall indifference next prompts her fond hand  
To stoop its cup, where drowsy drops of dew  
Roll and unite like quick-silver, or stand  
In lustrous clots, then self-divide anew :

All, with a kiss, her human heart soon must  
Attempt to possess ; or quaff, with amorous sip,  
Those wilful gems freighted with purple dust,  
Where lurks a bee-sting venom'd for her lip ;

For while large petals closed at shut of eve,  
The bee ceased not to gorge—could not burst free—  
Fumed through the night, and stingless took his leave.  
Thus rage in this beast pent left perfidy.

## II

But, lo ! they yawn, those wide-hinged python jaws,  
Unroof the rose-pink ivory-studded bed,  
Where, like a languid flame, the lithe tongue draws  
Its moist caress round gums and hollows red.

Dost, cloyed by rich meats spicy as the south,  
Expose thy fevered palate to the cool,  
Which, like snow melting in an emperor's mouth,  
Helps make excess of life's ironic rule ?

Soft-coated, each curved ear seems some weird flower,  
Whose gulf with silken lashes gleams replete ;  
Such yield to let the fond fly, feasting, lower,  
But close and stiffen to forbid retreat.

Thus dost thou draw our thought, by subtler hints,  
Still further down the vortex of thy spell ;  
Lace-winged on delicate feet it onward glints —  
A trickling tear—a soul hung over hell.

Those cushion brows, with sullen show of thought,  
Deceive the eye ; so emery, cloaked in state  
Of some mock scarlet berry needle-wrought,  
Maketh a young child marvel at its weight.

Can they be vacant ? Can thy strong neck raise,  
Without the aid of magic, thy full brain ?  
Of thee our child-thought in the mind delays,  
Whence to dislodge it reason toils in vain.

The mystery of evil and its charm  
Prevail, like beauty, radiant from thy form ;  
Thou art an enemy that can disarm  
Man's arrogance, which like a swollen storm

Sweeps all creation with the tyrant force  
Of his long hunger for congenial dreams ;  
Though he condemn thee, yet as in remorse  
He thy soft pelt a couch for beauty deems—

Spreadeth it for the bride his ecstasy  
Crowns Rose of Sharon, Lily of the Valleys,—  
Voweth it doth become her, likening thee,  
Soul of the woods, to her, soul of his palace.

### THE GAZELLES

When the sheen on tall summer grass is pale,  
Across blue skies white clouds float on  
In shoals, or disperse and singly sail,  
Till, the sun being set, they all are gone :

Yet, as long as they may shine bright in the sun,  
They flock or stray through the daylight bland,  
While their stealthy shadows like foxes run  
Beneath where the grass is dry and tanned :

And the waste, in hills that swell and fall,  
Goes heaving into yet dreamier haze ;  
And a wonder of silence is over all  
Where the eye feeds long like a lover's gaze :

Then, cleaving the grass, gazelles appear  
(The gentler dolphins of kindlier waves)  
With sensitive heads alert of ear ;  
Frail crowds that a delicate hearing saves,

That rely on the nostril's keenest power,  
And are governed from trance-like distances  
By hopes and fears, and, hour by hour,  
Sagacious of safety, snuff the breeze.

They keep together, the timid hearts ;  
And each one's fear with a panic thrill  
Is passed to an hundred ; and if one starts  
In three seconds all are over the hill.

A Nimrod might watch, in his hall's wan space,  
After the feast, on the moonlit floor,  
The timorous mice that troop and race,  
As tranced o'er those herds the sun doth pour ;

Like a wearied tyrant sated with food  
Who envies each tiniest thief that steals  
Its hour from his abstracted mood,  
For it living zest and beauty reveals.

He alone, save the quite dispassionate moon,  
Sees them ; she stares at the prowling pard  
Who surprises their sleep, and, ah ! how soon  
Is riding the weakest or sleepest hard !

Let an agony's nightmare course begin,  
Four feet with five spurs apiece control,  
Like a horse thief reduced to save his skin  
Or a devil that rides a human soul !

The race is as long as recorded time,  
Yet brief as the flash of assassin's knife ;  
For 'tis crammed as history is with crime  
'Twixt the throbs at taking and losing life ;

Then the warm wet clutch on the nape of the neck,  
Through which the keen incisors drive ;  
Then the fleet knees give, down drops the wreck  
Of yesterday's pet that was so alive.

Yet the moon is naught concerned, ah no !  
She shines as on a drifting plank  
Far in some northern sea-stream's flow  
From which two numbed hands loosened and sank.

Such thinning their number must suffer ; and worse  
When hither at times the Shah's children roam,  
Their infant listlessness to immerse  
In energy's ancient upland home :

For here the shepherd in years of old  
Was taught by the stars, and bred a race  
That welling forth from these highlands rolled  
In tides of conquest o'er earth's face :

On piebald ponies or else milk-white,  
Here, with green bridles in silver bound,  
A crescent moon on the violet night  
Of their saddle cloths, or a sun rayed round,—

With tiny bells on their harness ringing,  
And voices that laugh and are shrill by starts,  
Prancing, curveting, and with them bringing  
Swift chetahs cooped up in light-wheeled carts,

They come, and their dainty pavilions pitch  
In some valley, beside a sinuous pool,  
Where a grove of cedars towers in which  
Hérons have built, where the shade is cool ;

Where they tether their ponies to low-hung boughs,  
Where long through the night their red fires gleam,  
Where the morning's stir doth them arouse  
To their bath in the lake, as from dreams to a dream.

And thence in an hour their hunt rides forth,  
And the chetahs course the shy gazelle  
To the east or west or south or north,  
And every eve in a distant vale

A hecatomb of the slaughtered beasts  
Is piled ; tongues loll from breathless throats ;  
Round large jet eyes the horsefly feasts—  
Jet eyes, which now a blue film coats :

Dead there they bleed, and each prince there  
Is met by his sister, wife, or bride—  
Delicious ladies with long dark hair,  
And soft dark eyes, and brows arched wide,

In quilted jacket, embroidered sash,  
And tent-like skirts of pleated lawn ;  
While their silk-lined jewelled slippers flash  
Round bare feet bedded like pools at dawn :

So choicefully prepared to please,  
Young, female, royal of race and mood,  
In indolent compassion these  
O'er those dead beauteous creatures brood :

They lean some minutes against their friend,  
A lad not slow to praise himself,  
Who tells how this one met his end  
Out-raced, or trapped by leopard stealth,

And boasts his chetahs fleetest are ;  
Through his advice the chance occurred,  
That leeward vale by which the car  
Was well brought round to head the herd.

Seeing him bronzed by sun and wind,  
She feels his power and owns him lord,  
Then, that his courage may please her mind  
With a soft coy hand half draws his sword,

Just shudders to see the cold steel gleam,  
And drops it back in the long curved sheath ;  
She will make his evening meal a dream  
And surround his sleep like some rich wreath

Of heavy-lidded flowers bewitched  
To speak soft words of ecstasy  
To wizard king, old, wise, and enriched  
With all save youth's and love's sweet glee.

But, while they sleep, the orphaned herd  
And wounded stragglers, through the night  
Wander in pain, and wail unheard  
To the moon and the stars so cruelly bright :

Why are they born ? ah ! why beget  
They in the long November gloom  
Heirs of their beauty, their fleetness,—yet  
Heirs of their panics, their pangs, their doom ?

That to princely spouses children are born  
To be daintily bred and taught to please,  
Has a fitness like the return of morn :  
But why perpetuate lives like these ?

Why, with horns that jar and with fiery eyes,  
Should the male stags fight for the shuddering does  
Through the drear, dark nights, with frequent cries  
From tyrant lust or outlawed woes ?

Doth the meaningless beauty of their lives  
Rave in the spring, when they course afar  
Like the shadows of birds, and the young fawn strives  
Till its parents no longer the fleetest are ?

Like the shadows of flames which the sun's rays throw  
On a kiln's blank wall, where glaziers dwell,  
Pale shadows as those from glasses they blow,  
Yet that lap at the blank wall and rebel,—

Even so to my curious trance-like thought  
Those herds move over those pallid hills,  
With fever as of a frail life caught  
In circumstance o'ercharged with ills ;

More like the shadow of lives than life,  
Or most like the life that is never born  
From baffled purpose and foredoomed strife,  
That in each man's heart must be hidden from scorn.

Yet with something of beauty very rare  
Unseizable, fugitive, half-discerned ;  
The trace of intentions that might have been fair  
In action, left on a face that yearned

But long has ceased to yearn, alas !  
So faint a trace do they leave on the slopes  
Of hills as sleek as their coats with grass ;  
So faint may the trace be of noblest hopes.

Yet why are they born to roam and die ?  
Can their beauty answer thy query, O soul ?  
Nay, nor that of hopes which were born to fly,  
But whose pinions the common and coarse day stole.

Like that region of grassy hills outspread,  
A realm of our thoughts knows days and nights  
And summers and winters, and has fed  
Ineffectual herds of vanished delights.

### CHARLOTTE MEW

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#### THE FARMER'S BRIDE

Three summers since I chose a maid,  
Too young maybe—but more's to do  
At harvest-time than bide and woo.  
When us was wed she turned afraid  
Of love and me and all things human ;  
Like the shut of a winter's day.  
Her smile went out and 'twasn't a woman—  
More like a little frightened fay.

One night, in the Fall, she runned away.

" Out 'mong the sheep, her be," they said,  
'Should properly have been abed ;  
But sure enough she wasn't there  
Lying awake with her wide brown stare.  
So over seven-acre field and up-along across the down  
We chased her, flying like a hare  
Before our lanterns. To Church-Town  
All in a shiver and a scare  
We caught her, fetched her home at last  
And turned the key upon her, fast.

She does the work about the house  
As well as most, but like a mouse :  
Happy enough to chat and play  
With birds and rabbits and such as they,  
So long as men-folk keep away.



"Not near, not near," her eyes beseech  
When one of us comes within reach.

The women say that beasts in stall  
Look round like children at her call.  
*I've* hardly heard her speak at all.

Shy as a leveret, swift as he,  
Straight and slight as a young larch tree,  
Sweet as the first wild violets, she,  
To her wild self. But what to me ?

The short days shorten and the oaks are brown,  
The blue smoke rises to the low grey sky,  
One leaf in the still air falls slowly down,  
A magpie's spotted feathers lie  
On the black earth spread white with rime,  
The berries redden up to Christmas-time.  
What's Christmas time without there be  
Some other in the house than we !

She sleeps up in the attic there  
Alone, poor maid. 'Tis but a stair  
Betwixt us. Oh ! my God ! the down,  
The soft young down of her, the brown,  
The brown of her—her eyes, her hair, her hair !

JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE

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IN A MEADOW

This is the place  
Where far from the unholy populace  
The daughter of Philosophy and Sleep  
Her court doth keep,  
Sweet Contemplation. To her service bound  
Hover around  
The little amiable summer airs,  
Her courtiers.

The deep black soil  
 Makes mute her palace-floors with thick trefoil ;  
 The grasses sagely nodding overhead  
 Curtain her bed ;  
 And lest the feet of strangers overpass  
 Her walls of grass,  
 Gravely a little river goes his rounds  
 To beat the bounds.

—No bustling flood  
 To make a tumult in her neighbourhood,  
 But such a stream as knows to go and come  
 Discreetly dumb.  
 Therein are chambers tapestried with weeds  
 And screen'd with reeds ;  
 For roof the waterlily-leaves serene  
 Spread tiles of green.

The sun's large eye  
 Falls soberly upon me where I lie ;  
 For delicate webs of immaterial haze  
 Refine his rays.  
 The air is full of music none knows what,  
 Or half-forgot ;  
 The living echo of dead voices fills  
 The unseen hills.

I hear the song  
 Of cuckoo answering cuckoo all day long ;  
 And know not if it be my inward sprite  
 For my delight  
 Making remember'd poetry appear  
 As sound in the ear :  
 Like a salt savour poignant in the breeze  
 From distant seas.

Dreams without sleep,  
 And sleep too clear for dreaming and too deep ;  
 And Quiet very large and manifold  
 About me roll'd ;

Satiety, that momentary flower,  
    Stretch'd to an hour :  
These are her gifts which all mankind may use,  
    And all refuse.

*FORD MADOX HUEFFER*

---

TO CHRISTINA AT NIGHTFALL

Little thing, ah ! little mouse  
Creeping through the twilight house,  
To watch within the shadow of my chair  
With large blue eyes ; the firelight on your hair  
    Doth glimmer gold and faint,  
    And on your woollen gown  
    That folds a-down  
From steadfast little face to square-set feet.

Ah, sweet ! ah, little one ! so like a carven saint,  
With your unflinching eyes, unflinching face,  
Like a small angel, carved in a high place,  
Watching unmoved across a gabled town ;  
When I am weak and old,  
And lose my grip, and crave my small reward  
Of tolerance and tenderness and ruth,  
The children of your dawning day shall hold  
The reins we drop and wield the judge's sword,  
And your swift feet shall tread upon my heels,  
And I be Ancient Error, you New Truth,  
And I be crushed by your advancing wheels. . . .

    Good-night ! The fire is burning low,  
    Put out the lamp ;  
    Lay down the weary little head  
    Upon the small white bed.  
Up from the sea the night winds blow  
    Across the hill, across the marsh ;  
    Chill and harsh, harsh and damp,  
    The night winds blow.  
But, while the slow hours go,

I, who must fall before you, late shall wait and keep  
    Watch and ward,  
    Vigil and guard,  
    Where you sleep.  
Ah, sweet ! do you the like where I lie dead.

## THE PORTRAIT

She sits upon a tombstone in the shade ;  
One flake of sunlight, falling thro' the veils  
Of quivering poplars, lights upon her hair,  
Shot golden, and across her candid brow.  
Thus in the pleasant gloom she holds the eye,  
Being life amid piled-up remembrances  
Of the tranquil dead.

    One hand, dropped lightly down,  
Rests on the words of a forgotten name :  
Therefore the past makes glad to stay her up.  
Closed in, walled off : here's an oblivious place,  
Deep, planted in with trees, unvisited :  
A still backwater in the tide of life.  
Life flows all round ; sounds from surrounding streets,  
Laughter of unseen children, roll of wheels,  
Cries of all vendors.—So she sits and waits.  
And she rejoices us who pass her by,  
And she rejoices those who here lie still,  
And she makes glad the little wandering airs,  
And doth make glad the shaken beams of light  
That fall upon her forehead : all the world  
Moves round her, sitting on forgotten tombs  
And lighting in to-morrow. She is Life :  
That makes us keep on moving, taking roads,  
Hauling great burdens up the unending hills,  
Pondering senseless problems, setting sail  
For undiscovered anchorages. Here  
She waits, she waits, sequestered among tombs,  
The sunlight on her hair. She waits, she waits :  
The secret music, the resolving note  
That sets in tune all this discordant world  
And solves the riddles of the Universe.

WALTER DE LA MARE

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AN EPITAPH

Here lies a most beautiful lady,  
 Light of step and heart was she ;  
 I think she was the most beautiful lady  
 That ever was in the West Country.  
 But beauty vanishes ; beauty passes ;  
 However rare—rare it be ;  
 And when I crumble, who will remember  
 This lady of the West Country ?

ARABIA

Far are the shades of Arabia,  
 Where the Princes ride at noon,  
 'Mid the verdurous vales and thickets,  
 Under the ghost of the moon ;  
 And so dark is that vaulted purple  
 Flowers in the forest rise  
 And toss into blossom 'gainst the phantom stars  
 Pale in the noonday skies.

Sweet is the music of Arabia  
 In my heart, when out of dreams  
 I still in the thin clear mirk of dawn  
 Descry her gliding streams ;  
 Hear her strange lutes on the green banks  
 Ring loud with the grief and delight  
 Of the dim-silked, dark-haired Musicians  
 In the brooding silence of night. •

They haunt me—her lutes and her forests ;  
 No beauty on earth I see  
 But shadowed with that dream recalls  
 Her loveliness to me :

Still eyes look coldly upon me,  
Cold voices whisper and say—  
“He is crazed with the spell of far Arabia,  
They have stolen his wits away.”

## THE LISTENERS

“Is there anybody there?” said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champ’d the grasses  
Of the forest’s ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller’s head:  
And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
“Is there anybody there?” he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Lean’d over and look’d into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplex’d and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirr’d and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller’s call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
’Neath the starr’d and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
“Tell them I came, and no one answer’d,  
That I kept my word,” he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

## FARE WELL

When I lie where shades of darkness  
Shall no more assail mine eyes,  
Nor the rain make lamentation  
When the wind sighs ;  
How will fare the world whose wonder  
Was the very proof of me ?  
Memory fades, must the remembered  
Perishing be ?

Oh, when this my dust surrenders  
Hand, foot, lip, to dust again,  
May these loved and loving faces  
Please other men !  
May the rusting harvest hedgerow  
Still the Traveller's Joy entwine,  
And as happy children gather  
Posies once mine.

Look thy last on all things lovely,  
Every hour. Let no night  
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber  
Till to delight  
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing ;  
Since that all things thou wouldst praise  
Beauty took from those who loved them  
In other days.

*GORDON BOTTOMLEY*

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TO IRONFOUNDERS AND OTHERS

When you destroy a blade of grass  
 You poison England at her roots :  
 Remember no man's foot can pass  
 Where evermore no green life shoots.

You force the birds to wing too high  
 Where your unnatural vapours creep :  
 Surely the living rocks shall die  
 When birds no rightful distance keep.

You have brought down the firmament  
 And yet no heaven is more near ;  
 You shape huge deeds without event,  
 And half-made men believe and fear.

\* Your worship is your furnaces,  
 Which, like old idols, lost obscenes,  
 Have molten bowels ; your vision is  
 Machines for making more machines.

O, you are busied in the night,  
 Preparing destinies of rust ;  
 Iron misused must turn to blight  
 And dwindle to a tetter'd crust.

The grass, forerunner of life, has gone,  
 But plants that spring in ruins and shards  
 Attend until your dream is done :  
 I have seen hemlock in your yards.

The generations of the worm  
 Know not your loads piled on their soil ;  
 Their knotted ganglions shall wax firm  
 Till your strong flagstones heave and toil.

When the old hollow'd earth is crack'd  
 And when, to grasp more power and feasts,



Its ores are emptied, wasted, lack'd,  
The middens of your burning beasts

Shall be raked over till they yield  
Last priceless slags for fashionings high,  
Ploughs to wake grass in every field,  
Chisels men's hands to magnify.

### ATLANTIS

What poets sang in Atlantis ? Who can tell  
The epics of Atlantis or their names ?  
The sea hath its own murmurs, and sounds not  
The secrets of its silences beneath,  
And knows not any cadences enfolded  
When the last bubbles of Atlantis broke  
Among the quieting of its heaving floor.

O, years and tides and leagues and all their billows  
Can alter not man's knowledge of men's hearts—  
While trees and rocks and clouds include our being  
We know the epics of Atlantis still :  
A hero gave himself to lesser men,  
Who first misunderstood and murdered him,  
And then misunderstood and worshipped him ;  
A woman was lovely and men fought for her,  
Towns burnt for her, and men put men in bondage,  
But she put lengthier bondage on them all ;  
A wanderer toiled among all the isles  
That fleck this turning star of shifting sea,  
Or lonely purgatories of the mind,  
In longing for his home or his lost love.

Poetry is founded on the hearts of men :  
Though in Nirvana or the Heavenly courts  
The principle of beauty shall persist,  
Its body of poetry, as the body of man,  
Is but a terrene form, a terrene use,  
That swifter being will not loiter with ;  
And, when mankind is dead and the world cold,  
Poetry's immortality will pass.

## G. K. CHESTERTON

## THE DONKEY

When fishes flew and forests walked  
And figs grew upon thorn,  
Some moment when the moon was blood  
Then surely I was born ;

With monstrous head and sickening cry  
And ears like errant wings,  
The devil's walking parody  
Of all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will ;  
Starve, scourge, deride me : I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.

Fools ! For I also had my hour ;  
One far fierce hour and sweet :  
There was a shout about my ears,  
And palms before my feet.

## THE PRAISE OF DUST

“ What of vile dust ? ” the preacher said.  
Methought the whole world woke,  
The dead stone lived beneath my foot,  
And my whole body spoke.

“ You, that play tyrant to the dust,  
And stamp its wrinkled face,  
This patient star that flings you not  
Far into homeless space,

“ Come down out of your dusty shrine  
The living dust to see,  
The flowers that at your sermon's end  
Stand blazing silently.

“ Rich white and blood-red blossom ; stones,  
Lichens like fire encrust ;  
A gleam of blue, a glare of gold,  
The vision of the dust.

“ Pass them all by ; till, as you come  
Where, at a city’s edge,  
Under a tree—I know it well—  
Under a lattice ledge,

“ The sunshine falls on one brown head.  
You, too, O cold of clay,  
Eater of stones, may haply hear  
The trumpets of that day,

“ When God to all His paladins  
By His own splendour swore  
To make a fairer face than heaven,  
Of dust and nothing more.”

### LEPANTO

White founts falling in the Courts of the sun,  
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run ;  
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men  
feared,  
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,  
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,  
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.  
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,  
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,  
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,  
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the  
Cross.  
The cold Queen of England is looking in the glass ;  
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass ;  
From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun,  
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the  
sun.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,  
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has  
stirred,

Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half attained stall,  
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,  
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has  
sung,

That once went singing southward when all the world was  
young.

In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,  
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.  
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,  
Don John of Austria is going to the war,  
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold,  
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,  
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,  
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon,  
and he comes.

Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,  
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,  
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.

Love-light of Spain—hurrah !

Death-light of Africa !

Don John of Austria

Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,  
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war*).

He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,  
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.

He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,  
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the  
trees,

And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to  
bring

Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.

Giants and the Genii,

Multiplex of wing and eye,

Whose strong obedience broke the sky

When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the  
morn,  
From temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in  
scorn ;  
They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the  
sea  
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be ;  
On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-forests  
curl,  
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the  
pearl ;  
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the  
ground,—  
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound.  
And he saith, “ Break up the mountains where the hermit-  
folk can hide,  
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,  
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving  
rest,  
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the  
west.

We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,  
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done,  
But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I  
know  
The voice that shook our palaces—four hundred years ago :  
It is he that saith not ‘ Kismet ’ ; it is he that knows not  
Fate ;  
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the gate !  
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager  
worth,  
Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the  
earth.”  
For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,  
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war*).  
Sudden and still—hurrah !  
Bolt from Iberia !  
Don John of Austria  
Is gone by Alcalar.

St Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north,  
(*Don John of Austria is girt and going forth*).

Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift  
And the sea-folk labour and the red sails lift.

He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone ;  
The noise is gone through Normandy ; the noise is gone  
alone ;

The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching  
eyes

And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,  
And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,  
And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of  
doom,

And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,  
But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.

Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse,  
Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,  
Trumpet that sayeth ha !

*Domino Gloria !*

Don John of Austria  
Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck,  
(*Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck*).

The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as  
sin,

And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in.  
He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the moon,  
He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon,  
And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and grey  
Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the  
day,

And death is in the phial and the end of noble work,  
But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.

Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed—  
Booms away past Italy the rumour of his raid.

Gun upon gun, ha ! ha !

Gun upon gun, hurrah !

Don John of Austria

Has loosed the cannonade.

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,  
*(Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.)*

The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the  
 year,

The secret window whence the world looks small and very  
 dear.

He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea

The crescent of the cruel ships whose name is mystery ;

They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and  
 Castle dark,

They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of St Mark ;

And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded  
 chiefs,

And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous  
 griefs,

Christian captives sick and sunless, all labouring race repines  
 Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.

They are lost like slaves that swat, and in the skies of morning  
 hung

The stairways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young.

They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or  
 fleeing on

Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.

And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell

Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his  
 cell,

And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a  
 sign—

*(But Don John of Austria has burst the battle-line !)*

Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,

Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,

Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,

Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,

Thronging of the thousands up that labour under sea,

White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.

*Vivat Hispania !*

*Domino Gloria !*

Don John of Austria

Has set his people free !

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath,  
(*Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath*).  
And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,  
Up which a lean and foolish knight for ever rides in vain,  
And he smiles, but now as Sultans smile, and settles back  
the blade. . . .  
(*But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.*)

## THE SECRET PEOPLE

Smile at us, pay us, pass us ; but do not quite forget,  
For we are the people of England, that never has spoken yet.  
There is many a fat farmer that drinks less cheerfully,  
There is many a free French peasant who is richer and sadder  
than we.

There are no folk in the whole world so helpless or so wise.  
There is hunger in our bellies, there is laughter in our eyes;  
You laugh at us and love us, both mugs and eyes are wet :  
Only you do not know us. For we have not spoken yet.

The fine French kings came over in a flutter of flags and dames.  
We liked their smiles and battles, but we never could say  
their names.

The blood ran red to Bosworth and the high French lords  
went down ;

There was naught but a naked people under a naked crown.  
And the eyes of the King's Servants turned terribly every way,  
And the gold of the King's Servants rose higher every day.  
They burnt the homes of the shaven men, that had been  
quaint and kind,

Till there was no bed in a monk's house, nor food that man  
could find.

The inns of God where no man paid, that were the wall  
of the weak,

The King's Servants ate them all. And still we did not speak.

And the face of the King's Servants grew greater than the  
King :

He tricked them, and they trapped him, and stood round  
him in a ring.



The new grave lords closed round him, that had eaten the  
abbey's fruits,  
And the men of the new religion, with their Bibles in their  
boots,  
We saw their shoulders moving, to menace or discuss,  
And some were pure and some were vile ; but none took  
heed of us.  
We saw the King as they killed him, and his face was proud  
and pale ;  
And a few men talked of freedom, while England talked of  
ale.

A war that we understood not came over the world and  
woke  
Americans, Frenchmen, Irish ; but we knew not the things  
they spoke.  
They talked about rights and nature and peace and the  
people's reign :  
And the squires, our masters, bade us fight ; and never  
scorned us again.  
Weak if we be for ever, could none condemn us then ;  
Men called us serfs and drudges ; men knew that we were  
men.  
In foam and flame at Trafalgar, on Albuera plains,  
We did and died like lions, to keep ourselves in chains,  
We lay in living ruins ; firing and fearing not  
The strange fierce face of the Frenchmen who knew for  
what they fought,  
And the man who seemed to be more than man we strained  
against and broke ;  
And we broke our own rights with him. And still we never  
spoke.

Our patch of glory ended ; we never heard guns again.  
But the squire seemed struck in the saddle ; he was foolish,  
as if in pain  
He leaned on a staggering lawyer, he clutched a cringing  
Jew,  
He was stricken ; it may be, after all, he was stricken at  
Waterloo.

Or perhaps the shades of the shaven men, whose spoil is in  
his house,  
Come back in shining shapes at last to spoil his last  
carouse :  
We only know the last sad squires ride slowly towards the  
sea,  
And a new people takes the land : and still it is not we.  
They have given us into the hands of the new unhappy  
lords,  
Lords without anger and honour, who dare not carry their  
swords.  
They fight by shuffling papers ; they have bright dead  
alien eyes ;  
They look at our labour and laughter as a tired man looks  
at flies.  
And the load of their loveless pity is worse than the ancient  
wrongs,  
Their doors are shut in the evening ; and they know no  
songs.

We hear men speaking for us of new laws strong and sweet,  
Yet is there no man speaketh as we speak in the street.  
It may be we shall rise the last as Frenchmen rose the first,  
Our wrath come after Russia's wrath and our wrath be the  
worst.  
It may be we are meant to mark with our riot and our rest  
God's scorn for all men governing. It may be beer is best.  
But we are the people of England ; and we have not spoken  
yet.  
Smile at us, pay us, pass us. But do not quite forget.

CHARLES DALMON

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THE SONG OF FAVONIUS

The flagon topped with foaming ale  
Invokes the song and faery tale,  
And he who sings the sweetest song  
To him the flagon shall belong,

The silver flagon richly chased  
With hops and barley interlaced ;  
But he who tells the fairest tale  
More than the singer shall prevail,  
For he shall win the prize divine,  
The fragrant kiss of Proserpine.

The sweetest singer we will lead  
In triumph down the river mead,  
There lightly trushing with our knees  
Through gold and purple irises  
Until we reach the spearmint mound,  
Where he with bay-leaves shall be crowned.  
But he who tells the fairest tale  
More than the singer shall prevail,  
For he shall win the prize divine,  
The fragrant kiss of Proserpine.

A song of love is sweet to hear,  
And sweet the song of merry cheer ;  
So may the muses ever find  
True votaries among mankind  
In taverns and in maidens' bowers,  
In Winter and in Summer hours.  
But he who tells the fairest tale  
More than the singer shall prevail,  
For he shall win the prize divine,  
The fragrant kiss of Proserpine.

And he shall be the king, and wear  
The muses' circle on his hair,  
The magic coronal of old,  
The coronal of faery gold ;  
And triumph over Pluto gain  
Where Chaucer, Keats and Morris reign.  
The flagon topped with foaming ale  
Invokes the song and faery tale.  
Now who will win the prize divine,  
The fragrant kiss of Proserpine ?

## MOIRA O'NEILL

## CUTTIN' RUSHES

Oh, maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago !  
 Meself was risin' early on a day for cuttin' rushes,  
 Walkin' up the Brabla' burn, still the sun was low,  
 Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear the thrushes.

*Young, still young !*—an' drenchin' wet the grass,  
 Wet the golden honeysuckle hangin' sweetly down ;  
 “ *Here, lad, here !* will ye follow where I pass,  
 An' find me cuttin' rushes on the mountain.”

Then was it only yesterday, or fifty years or so ?  
*Rippin'* round the bog pools high among the heather,  
 The hook it made her hand sore, she had to leave it go.  
 'Twas me that cut the rushes then for her to bind together.

*Come, dear, come !*—an' back along the burn,  
 See the darlin' honeysuckle hanging' like a crown.  
*Quick, one kiss*,—sure, there's someone at the turn,  
 “ Oh, we're afther cuttin' rushes on the mountain.”

Yesterday, yesterday, or fifty years ago . . .  
 I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer thrushes.  
 Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing and flow,  
 For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o' green rushes.

*Run, burn, run !* can ye mind when we were young ?  
 The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an' brown :  
*Sing, burn, sing !* can ye mind the song ye sung  
 The day we cut the rushes on the mountain ?

## CORRYMEELA

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,  
 An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day ;  
 Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat !  
*Och ! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.*

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,  
 This living' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees ;  
 I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the  
 heat

*Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.*

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,  
 There not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his  
 shoes !

I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,  
*Och ! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.*

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,  
 By the luck o' love ! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.  
 "God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said : the girl she thought  
 me wild.

*Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.*

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to  
 raise,

The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase ;  
 When onest I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back  
 again—

*Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.*

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English  
 town !

For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,  
 For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,

*Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.*

### EVA GORE-BOOTH

#### THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,  
 And there is traffic in it, and many a horse and cart ;  
 But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,  
 And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through  
 my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,  
And there is glory in it and terror on the wind ;  
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,  
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their  
way,  
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal ;  
But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched my heart  
in spray,  
And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling through  
my soul.

## RE-INCARNATION

The darkness draws me, kindly angels weep  
Forlorn beyond receding rings of light,  
The torrents of the earth's desires sweep  
My soul through twilight downward into night.

Once more the light grows dim, the vision fades,  
Myself seems to myself a distant goal,  
I grope among the Body's drowsy shades,  
Once more the Old Illusion rocks my soul.

Once more the Manifold in shadowy streams  
Of falling waters murmurs in my ears,  
The One Voice drowns amid the roar of dreams  
That crowd the narrow pathway of the years.

I go to seek the starshine on the waves,  
To count the dewdrops on the grassy hill,  
I go to gather flowers that grow on graves,  
The world's wall closes round my prisoned will.

Yea, for the sake of the wild western wind  
The sphered spirit scorns her flame-built throne,  
Because of primroses, time out of mind,  
The Lonely turns away from the Alone.

Who once has loved the cornfields' rustling sheaves,  
Who once has heard the gentle Irish rain  
Murmur low music in the growing leaves,  
Though he were god, comes back to earth again.

Oh Earth ! green wind-swept Eirinn, I would break  
The tower of my soul's initiate pride  
For a grey field and a star-haunted lake,  
And those wet winds that roam the country side.

I who have seen am glad to close my eyes,  
I who have soared am weary of my wings,  
I seek no more the secret of the wise,  
Safe among shadowy, unreal human things.

Blind to the gleam of those wild violet rays  
That burn beyond the rainbow's circle dim,  
Bound by dark nights and driven by pale days,  
The sightless slave of Time's imperious whim ;

Deaf to the flowing tide of dreams divine  
That surge outside the closed gates of birth,  
The rhythms of eternity, too fine  
To touch with music the dull ears of earth—

I go to seek with humble care and toil  
The dreams I left undreamed, the deeds undone,  
To sow the seed and break the stubborn soil,  
Knowing no brightness whiter than the sun.

Content in winter if the fire burns clear  
And cottage walls keep out the creeping damp,  
Hugging the Old Illusion warm and dear,  
The Silence and the Wise Book and the Lamp.

## JOHN McCRAE

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

1915

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
 Between the crosses, row on row,  
     That mark our place ; and in the sky  
     The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
 Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
     Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
     In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe :  
 To you from failing hands we throw  
     The torch ; be yours to hold it high.  
     If ye break faith with us who die  
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
     In Flanders fields.

## MAURICE BARING

## IN MEMORIAM, A. H.

(AUBERON HERBERT, CAPTAIN LORD LUCAS, R.F.C.,  
 KILLED NOVEMBER 3, 1916)

Νεμάρται δ' ἐν ἀτρυγέτω χάει

The wind had blown away the rain  
 That all day long had soaked the level plain.  
 Against the horizon's fiery wrack,  
 The sheds loomed black.  
 And higher, in their tumultuous concourse met,  
 The streaming clouds, shot-riddled banners, wet  
 With the flickering storm,  
 Drifted and smouldered, warm



With flashes sent  
From the lower firmament.  
And they concealed—  
They only here and there through rifts revealed  
A hidden sanctuary of fire and light,  
A city of chrysolite.

We looked and laughed and wondered, and I said :  
That orange sea, those oriflammes outspread  
Were like the fanciful imaginings  
That the young painter flings  
Upon the canvas bold,  
Such as the sage and the old  
Make mock at, saying it could never be ;  
And you assented also, laughingly.  
I wondered what they meant,  
That flaming firmament,  
Those clouds so grey so gold, so wet so warm,  
So much of glory and so much of storm,  
The end of the world, or the end  
Of the war—remoter still to me and you, my  
friend.

Alas ! it meant not this, it meant not that :  
It meant that now the last time you and I  
Should look at the golden sky,  
And the dark fields large and flat,  
And smell the evening weather,  
And laugh and talk and wonder both together.

The last, last time. We nevermore should meet  
In France, or London street,  
Or fields of home. The desolated space  
Of life shall nevermore  
Be what it was before.  
No one shall take your place.  
No other face  
Can fill that empty frame.  
There is no answer when we call your name.

We cannot hear your step upon the stair.  
We turn to speak and find a vacant chair.  
Something is broken which we cannot mend.  
God has done more than take away a friend  
In taking you ; for all that we have left  
Is bruised and irremediably bereft.  
There is none like you. Yet not that alone  
Do we bemoan ;  
But this ; that you were greater than the rest,  
And better than the best.

O liberal heart fast-rooted to the soil,  
O lover of ancient freedom and proud toil,  
Friend of the gipsies and all wandering song,  
The forest's nursling and the favoured child  
Of woodlands wild—  
O brother to the birds and all things free,  
Captain of liberty !  
Deep in your heart the restless seed was sown ;  
The vagrant spirit fretted in your feet ;  
We wondered could you tarry long,  
And brook for long the cramping street,  
Or would you one day sail for shores unknown,  
And shake from you the dust of towns, and spurn  
The crowded market-place—and not return ?  
You found a sterner guide ;  
You heard the guns. Then, to their distant fire,  
Your dreams were laid aside ;  
And on that day, you cast your heart's desire  
Upon a burning pyre ;  
You gave your service to the exalted need,  
Until at last from bondage freed,  
At liberty to serve as you loved best,  
You chose the noblest way. God did the rest.

So when the spring of the world shall shrive our stain,  
After the winter of war,  
When the poor world awakes to peace once more,  
After such night of ravage and of rain,  
You shall not come again.

You shall not come to taste the old spring weather,  
To gallop through the soft untrampled heather,  
To bathe and bake your body on the grass.

We shall be there, alas !

But not with you. When Spring shall wake the earth,  
And quicken the scarred fields to the new birth,  
Our grief shall grow. For what can Spring renew  
More fiercely for us than the need of you ?

That night I dreamt they sent for me and said  
That you were missing, "missing, missing—dead "

I cried when in the morning I awoke,

And all the world seemed shrouded in a cloak ;

But when I saw the sun,

And knew another day had just begun,

I brushed the dream away, and quite forgot

The nightmare's ugly blot.

So was the dream forgot. The dream came true.

Before the night I knew

That you had flown away into the air

For ever. Then I cheated my despair.

I said

That you were safe—or wounded—but not dead.

Alas ! I knew

Which was the false and true.

And after days of watching, days of lead,

There came the certain news that you were dead.

You had died fighting, fighting against odds,

Such as in war the gods

Æthereal dared when all the world was young ;

Such fighting as blind Homer never sung,

Nor Hector nor Achilles never knew,

High in the empty blue.

High, high, above the clouds, against the setting sun,

The fight was fought, and your great task was done.

Of all your brave adventures this the last

The bravest was and best ;

Meet ending to a long embattled past,

This swift, triumphant, fatal quest,

Crowned with the wreath that never perisheth,  
And diadem of honourable death ;  
Swift Death aflame with offering supreme  
And mighty sacrifice,  
More than all mortal dream ;  
A soaring death, and near to Heaven's gate ;  
Beneath the very walls of Paradise.  
Surely with soul elate,  
You heard the destined bullet as you flew,  
And surely your prophetic spirit knew  
That you had well deserved that shining fate.

Here is no waste,  
No burning Might-have-been,  
No bitter after-taste,  
None to censure, none to screen,  
Nothing awry, nor anything misspent ;  
Only content, content beyond content,  
Which hath not any room for betterment.

God, Who had made you valiant, strong and swift,  
And maimed you with a bullet long ago,  
And cleft your riotous ardour with a rift,  
And checked your youth's tumultuous overflow,  
Gave back your youth to you,  
And packed in moments rare and few  
Achievements manifold  
And happiness untold,  
And bade you spring to Death as to a bride,  
In manhood's ripeness, power and pride,  
And on your sandals the strong wings of youth.  
He let you leave a name  
To shine on the entablatures of truth,  
Forever :  
To sound forever in answering halls of fame.

For you soared onwards to that world which rags  
Of clouds, like tattered flags,  
Concealed ; you reached the walls of chrysolite,  
The mansions white ;

And losing all, you gained the civic crown  
Of that eternal town,  
Wherein you passed a rightful citizen  
Of the bright commonwealth ablaze beyond our  
ken.

Surely you found companions meet for you  
In that high place ;  
You met there face to face  
Those you had never known, but whom you knew :  
Knights of the Table Round,  
And all the very brave, the very true,  
With chivalry crowned ;  
The captains rare,  
Courteous and brave beyond our human air ;  
Those who had loved and suffered overmuch,  
Now free from the world's touch.  
And with them were the friends of yesterday,  
Who went before and pointed you the way ;  
And in that place of freshness, light and rest,  
Where Lancelot and Tristram vigil keep  
Over their King's long sleep ;  
Surely they made a place for you,  
Their long-expected guest,  
Among the chosen few,  
And welcomed you, their brother and their friend,  
To that companionship which hath no end.

And in the portals of the sacred hall  
You hear the trumpet's call,  
At dawn upon the silvery battlement,  
Re-echo through the deep  
And bid the sons of God to rise from sleep,  
And with a shout to hail  
The sunrise on the city of the Grail :  
The music that proud Lucifer in Hell  
Missed more than all the joys that he forwent.  
You hear the solemn bell  
At vespers, when the oriflammes are furled ;  
And then you know that somewhere in the world,

That shines far-off beneath you like a gem,  
They think of you, and when you think of them  
You know that they will wipe away their tears,  
And cast aside their fears ;  
That they will have it so,  
And in no otherwise ;  
That it is well with them because they know,  
With faithful eyes,  
Fixed forward and turned upwards to the skies,  
That it is well with you,  
Among the chosen few,  
Among the very brave, the very true.

*EVELYN UNDERHILL*

## IMMANENCE

I come in the little things,  
Saith the Lord :  
Not borne on morning wings  
Of majesty, but I have set My Feet  
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat  
That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.  
There do I dwell, in weakness and in power ;  
Not broken or divided, saith our God !  
In your strait garden plot I come to flower :  
About your porch My Vine  
Meek, fruitful, doth entwine ;  
Waits, at the threshold, Love's appointed hour.

I come in the little things,  
Saith the Lord :  
Yea ! on the glancing wings  
Of eager birds, the softly pattering feet  
Of furred and gentle beasts, I come to meet  
Your hard and wayward heart. In brown bright eyes  
That peep from out the brake, I stand confest.  
On every nest

Where feathery Patience is content to brood  
 And leaves her pleasure for the high emprise  
 Of motherhood—  
 There doth My Godhead rest.

I come in the little things,  
 Saith the Lord :  
 My starry wings  
 I do forsake,  
 Love's highway of humility to take :  
 Meekly I fit my stature to your need.  
 In beggar's part  
 About your gates I shall not cease to plead—  
 As man, to speak with man—  
 Till by such art  
 I shall achieve My Immemorial Plan,  
 Pass the low lintel of the human heart.

*RALPH HODGSON*

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STUPIDITY STREET

I saw with open eyes  
 Singing birds sweet  
 Sold in the shops  
 For the people to eat,  
 Sold in the shops of  
 Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision  
 The worm in the wheat,  
 And in the shops nothing  
 For people to eat ;  
 Nothing for sale in  
 Stupidity Street.

## THE BULL

See an old unhappy bull,  
Sick in soul and body both,  
Slouching in the undergrowth  
Of the forest beautiful,  
Banished from the herd he led,  
Bulls and cows a thousand head.

Cranes and gaudy parrots go  
Up and down the burning sky ;  
Tree-top cats purr drowsily  
In the dim-day green below ;  
And troops of monkeys, nutting, some,  
All disputing, go and come ;

And things abominable sit  
Picking offal buck or swine,  
On the mess and over it  
Burnished flies and beetles shine,  
And spiders big as bladders lie  
Under hemlocks ten foot high ;

And a dotted serpent curled  
Round and round and round a tree,  
Yellowing its greenery,  
Keeps a watch on all the world,  
All the world and this old bull  
In the forest beautiful.

Bravely by his fall he came :  
One he led, a bull of blood  
Newly come to lustihood,  
Fought and put his prince to shame,  
Snuffed and pawed the prostrate head  
Tameless even while it bled.

There they left him, every one,  
Left him there without a lick,  
Left him for the birds to pick,  
Left him there for carrion,



Vilely from their bosom cast  
Wisdom, worth, and love at last.

When the lion left his lair  
And roared his beauty through the hills,  
And the vultures pecked their quills  
And flew into the middle air,  
Then this prince no more to reign  
Came to life and lived again.

He snuffed the herd in far retreat,  
He saw the blood upon the ground,  
And snuffed the burning airs around  
Still with beevish odours sweet,  
While the blood ran down his head  
And his mouth ran slaver red.

Pity him, this fallen chief,  
All his splendour, all his strength,  
All his body's breadth and length  
Dwindled down with shame and grief,  
Half the bull he was before,  
Bones and leather, nothing more.

See him standing dewlap-deep  
In the rushes at the lake,  
Surly, stupid, half asleep,  
Waiting for his heart to break  
And the birds to join the flies  
Feasting at his bloodshot eyes,—

Standing with his head hung down  
In a stupor, dreaming things :  
Green savannas, jungles brown,  
Battlefields and bellowings,  
Bulls undone and lions dead  
And vultures flapping overhead.

Dreaming things : of days he spent  
With his mother gaunt and lean  
In the valley warm and green,  
Full of baby wonderment,

Blinking out of silly eyes  
At a hundred mysteries ;

Dreaming over once again  
How he wandered with a throng  
Of bulls and cows a thousand strong,  
Wandered on from plain to plain,  
Up the hill and down the dale,  
Always at his mother's tail ;

How he lagged behind the herd,  
Lagged and tottered, weak of limb,  
And she turned and ran to him  
Blaring at the loathly bird  
Stationed always in the skies,  
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming maybe of a day  
When her drained and drying paps  
Turned him to the sweets and saps,  
Richer fountains by the way,  
And she left the bull she bore  
And he looked to her no more ;

And his little frame grew stout,  
And his little legs grew strong,  
And the way was not so long ;  
And his little horns came out,  
And he played at butting trees  
And boulder-stones and tortoises,

Joined a game of knobby skulls  
With the youngsters of his year,  
All the other little bulls,  
Learning both to bruise and bear,  
Learning how to stand a shock  
Like a little bull of rock.

Dreaming of a day less dim,  
Dreaming of a time less far,  
When the faint but certain star  
Of destiny burned clear for him,

And a fierce and wild unrest  
Broke the quiet of his breast,

And the gristles of his youth  
Hardened in his comely pow,  
And he came to fighting growth,  
Beat his bull and won his cow,  
And flew his tail and trampled off  
Past the tallest, vain enough,

And curved about in splendour full  
And curved again and snuffed the airs  
As who should say, Come out who dares  
And all beheld a bull, a Bull,  
And knew that here was surely one  
That backed for no bull, fearing none.

And the leader of the herd  
Looked and saw, and beat the ground,  
And shook the forest with his sound,  
Bellowed at the loathly bird  
Stationed always in the skies,  
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming, this old bull forlorn,  
Surely dreaming of the hour  
When he came to sultan power,  
And they owned him master-horn,  
Chieftest bull of all among  
Bulls and cows a thousand strong.

And in all the tramping herd  
Not a bull that barred his way,  
Not a cow that said him nay,  
Not a bull or cow that erred  
In the furnace of his look  
Dared a second, worse rebuke ;

Not in all the forest wide,  
Jungle, thicket, pasture, fen,  
Not another dared him then,  
Dared him and again defied ;

Not a sovereign buck or boar  
Came a second time for more.

Not a serpent that survived  
Once the terrors of his hoof  
Risked a second time reproof,  
Came a second time and lived,  
Not a serpent in its skin  
Came again for discipline ;

Not a leopard bright as flame,  
Flashing fingerhooks of steel,  
That a wooden tree might feel,  
Met his fury once and came  
For a second reprimand,  
Not a leopard in the land.

Not a lion of them all,  
Not a lion of the hills,  
Hero of a thousand kills,  
Dared a second fight and fall,  
Dared that ram terrific twice,  
Paid a second time the price. . . .

Pity him, this dupe of dream,  
Leader of the herd again  
Only in his daft old brain,  
Once again the bull supreme  
And bull enough the bear the part  
Only in his tameless heart.

Pity him that he must wake ;  
Even now the swarm of flies  
Blackening his bloodshot eyes  
Bursts and blusters round the lake,  
Scattered from the feast half-fed,  
By great shadows overhead.

And the dreamer turns away  
From his visionary herds  
And his splendid yesterday,  
Turns to meet the loathly birds  
Flocking round him from the skies,  
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

## JOHN MASEFIELD

## BEAUTY

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills  
 Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain :  
 I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,  
 Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.  
 I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of  
     the sea,  
 And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of  
     ships ;  
 But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to  
     me,  
 Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red  
     curve of her lips.

## SEA FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the  
     sky,  
 And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by ;  
 And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white  
     sails shaking,  
 And the grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn  
     breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running  
     tide  
 Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied ;  
 And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
 And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls  
     crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,  
 To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's li-  
     a whetted knife ;  
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover,  
 And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's  
     over.

## C. L. M.

In the dark womb where I began  
My mother's life made me a man.  
Through all the months of human birth  
Her beauty fed my common earth.  
I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir,  
But through the death of some of her.

Down in the darkness of the grave  
She cannot see the life she gave.  
For all her love, she cannot tell  
Whether I use it ill or well,  
Nor knock at dusty doors to find  
Her beauty dusty in the mind.

If the grave's gates could be undone,  
She would not know her little son,  
I am so grown. If we should meet  
She would pass by me in the street,  
Unless my soul's face let her see  
My sense of what she did for me.

What have I done to keep in mind  
My debt to her and womankind ?  
What woman's happier life repays  
Her for those months of wretched days ?  
For all my mouthless body leeches  
Ere Birth's releasing hell was reached ?

What have I done, or tried, or said  
In thanks to that dear woman dead ?  
Men triumph over women still,  
Men trample women's rights at will,  
And man's lust roves the world untamed.

O grave, keep shut lest I be shamed.

FROM *THE EVERLASTING MERCY*

I did not think, I did not strive,  
The deep peace burnt my me alive ;  
The bolted door had broken in,  
I knew that I had done with sin.  
I knew that Christ had given me birth  
To brother all the souls on earth,  
And every bird and every beast  
Should share the crumbs broke at the feast.

O glory of the lighted mind.  
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind.  
The station brook, to my new eyes,  
Was babbling out of Paradise ;  
The waters rushing from the rain  
Were singing Christ has risen again.  
I thought all earthly creatures knelt  
From rapture of the joy I felt.  
The narrow station-wall's brick ledge,  
The wild hop withering in the hedge,  
The lights in huntsman's upper storey  
Were parts of an eternal glory,  
Were God's eternal garden flowers.  
I stood in bliss at this for hours.

O glory of the lighted soul.  
The dawn came up on Bradlow Knoll,  
The dawn with glittering on the grasses,  
The dawn which pass and never passes.

" It's dawn," I said, " and chimney's smoking,  
And all the blessed fields are soaking,  
It's dawn, and there's an engine shunting ;  
And hounds, for huntsman's going hunting.  
It's dawn, and I must wander north  
Along the road Christ led me forth."

So up the road I wander slow  
Past where the snowdrops used to grow

With celandines in early springs,  
When rainbows were triumphant things  
And dew so bright and flowers so glad,  
Eternal joy to lass and lad.  
And past the lovely brook I paced,  
The brook whose source I never traced,  
The brook, the one of two which rise  
In my green dream in Paradise,  
In wells where heavenly buckets clink  
To give God's wandering thirsty drink,  
By those clean cots of carven stone  
Where the clear water sings alone.  
Then down, past that white-blossomed pond,  
And past the chestnut trees beyond,  
And past the bridge the fishers knew,  
Where yellow flag flowers once grew,  
Where we'd go gathering cops of clover,  
In sunny June times long since over.  
O clover-cops half white, half red,  
O beauty from beyond the dead.  
O blossom, key to earth and heaven,  
O souls that Christ has new forgiven.

Then down the hill to gipsies' pitch,  
By where the brook clucks in the ditch.  
A gipsy's camp was in the copse,  
Three felted tents, with beehive tops,  
And round black marks where fires had been,  
And one old waggon painted green,  
And three ribbed horses wrenching grass,  
And three wild boys to watch me pass,  
And one old woman by the fire  
Hulking a rabbit warm from wire.  
I loved to see the horses bait.  
I felt I walked at Heaven's gate,  
That Heaven's gate was opened wide,  
Yet still the gipsies camped outside.  
The waste souls will prefer the wild,  
Long after life is meek and mild.  
Perhaps when man has entered in



His perfect city free from sin,  
The campers will come past the walls  
With old lame horses full of galls,  
And waggons hung about with withies,  
And burning coke in tinkers' stithies,  
And see the golden town, and choose,  
And think the wild too good to lose.  
And camp outside, as these camped then  
With wonder at the entering men.  
So past, and past the stone-heap white  
That dewberry trailers hid from sight,  
And down the field so full of springs,  
Where mewing peewits clap their wings,  
And past the trap made for the mill  
Into the field below the hill.  
There was a mist along the stream,  
A wet mist, dim, like in a dream ;  
I heard the heavy breath of cows,  
And waterdrops from th' alder boughs ;  
And eels, or snakes, in dripping grass  
Whipping aside to let me pass.  
The gate was backed against the ryme  
To pass the cows at milking time.  
And by the gate as I went out  
A moldwarp rooted earth wi's snout.  
A few steps up the Callows' Lane  
Brought me above the mist again ;  
The two great fields arose like death  
Above the mists of human breath.

All earthly things that blessed morning  
Were everlasting joy and warning.  
The gate was Jesus' way made plain,  
The mole was Satan foiled again,  
Black blinded Satan snouting way  
Along the red of Adam's clay ;  
The mist was error and damnation,  
The lane the road unto salvation,  
Out of the mist into the light ;  
O blessed gift of inner sight.

The past was faded like a dream ;  
There come the jingling of a team,  
A ploughman's voice, a clink of chain,  
Slow hoofs, and harness under strain.  
Up the slow slope a team came bowing,  
Old Callow at his autumn ploughing,  
Old Callow, stooped above the hales,  
Ploughing the stubble into wales ;  
His grave eyes looking straight ahead,  
Shearing a long straight furrow red ;  
His plough-foot high to give it earth  
To bring new food for men to birth.

O wet red swathe of earth laid bare,  
O truth, O strength, O gleaming share,  
O patient eyes that watch the goal,  
O ploughman of the sinner's soul.  
O Jesus, drive the coulter deep  
To plough my living man from sleep.

Slow up the hill the plough team plod,  
Old Callow at the task of God,  
Helped by man's wit, helped by the brute  
Turning a stubborn clay to fruit,  
His eyes for ever on some sign  
To help him plough a perfect line.  
At top of rise the plough team stopped,  
The fore-horse bent his head and cropped,  
Then the chains chack, the brasses jingle,  
The lean reins gather through the cringle,  
The figures move against the sky,  
The clay wave breaks as they go by.  
I kneeled there in the muddy fallow,  
I knew that Christ was there with Callow,  
That Christ was standing there with me,  
That Christ had taught me what to be,  
That I should plough, and as I ploughed  
My Saviour Christ would sing aloud,  
And as I drove the clods apart  
Christ would be ploughing in my heart,

Through rest-harrow and bitter roots,  
Through all my bad life's rotten fruits.

O Christ who holds the open gate,  
O Christ who drives the furrow straight,  
O Christ, the plough, O Christ, the laughter  
Of holy white birds flying after,  
Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,  
And Thou wilt bring the young green corn,  
The young green corn divinely springing,  
The young green corn for ever singing ;  
And when the field is fresh and fair,  
Thy blessed feet shall glitter there,  
And we will walk the weeded field,  
And tell the golden harvest's yield,  
The corn that makes the holy bread  
By which the soul of man is fed,  
The holy bread, the food unpriced,  
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ.

## SONNETS FROM *LOLLINGDON DOWNS*

### IX

What is this life which uses living cells  
It knows not how nor why, for no known end,  
This soul of man upon whose fragile shells  
Of blood and brain his very powers depend ?  
Pour out its little blood or touch its brain,  
The thing is helpless, gone, no longer known ;  
The carrion cells are never man again,  
No hand relights the little candle blown.  
It comes not from Without, but from the sperm  
Fed in the womb ; it is a man-made thing  
That takes from man its power to live a term,  
Served by live cells of which it is the King.  
Can it be blood and brain ? It is most great.  
Through blood and brain alone it wrestles Fate.

## XXX

Here in the self is all that man can know  
Of Beauty, all the wonder, all the power,  
All the unearthly colour, all the glow,  
Here in the self which withers like a flower ;  
Here in the self which fades as hours pass,  
And droops and dies and rots and is forgotten  
Sooner, by ages, than the mirroring glass  
In which it sees its glory still unrotten.  
Here in the flesh, within the flesh, behind,  
Swift in the blood and throbbing on the bone,  
Beauty herself, the universal mind,  
Eternal April wandering alone ;  
The God, the holy Ghost, the atoning Lord,  
Here in the flesh, the never yet explored.

## XLI

Roses are beauty, but I never see  
Those blood drops from the burning heart of June  
Glowing like thought upon the living tree  
Without a pity that they die so soon,  
Die into petals, like those roses old,  
Those women, who were summer in men's hearts  
Before the smile upon the Sphinx was cold,  
Or sand had hid the Syrian and his arts.  
O myriad dust of beauty that lies thick  
Under our feet that not a single grain  
But stirred and moved in beauty and was quick  
For one brief moon and died nor lived again ;  
But when the moon rose lay upon the grass  
Pasture to living beauty, life that was.

*FRANCES CORNFORD*

## PRE-EXISTENCE

I laid me down upon the shore  
And dreamed a little space ;  
I heard the great waves break and roar ;  
The sun was on my face.

My idle hands and fingers brown  
    Played with the pebbles grey ;  
The waves come up, the waves went down,  
    Most thundering and gay.

The pebbles, they were smooth and round  
    And warm upon my hands,  
Like little people I had found  
    Sitting among the sands.

The grains of sand so shining-small  
    Soft through my fingers ran ;  
The sun shone down upon it all,  
    And so my dream began :

How all of this had been before ;  
    How ages far away  
I lay on some forgotten shore  
    As here I lie to-day.

The waves came shining up the sands,  
    As here to-day they shine ;  
And in my pre-pelasgian hands  
    The sand was warm and fine.

I have forgotten whence I came,  
    Or what my home might be,—  
Or by what strange and savage name  
    I called that thundering sea.

I only know the sun shone down  
    As still it shines to-day,  
And in my fingers long and brown  
    The little pebbles lay.

*EDWARD THOMAS*

## LIGHTS OUT

1917

I have come to the border of sleep,  
The unfathomable deep  
Forest where all must lose  
Their way, however straight,  
Or winding, soon or late ;  
They cannot choose.

Many a road and track  
That, since the dawn's first crack,  
Up to the forest brink,  
Deceived the travellers,  
Suddenly now blurs,  
And in they sink.

Here love ends,  
Despair, ambition ends,  
All pleasure and all trouble,  
Although more sweet or bitter,  
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter  
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book  
Or face of dearest look  
That I would not turn from now  
To go into the unknown  
I must enter and leave alone  
I know not how.

The tall forest towers ;  
Its cloudy foliage lowers  
Ahead, shelf above shelf ;  
In silence I hear and obey  
That I may lose my way  
And myself.

*EDWARD JOHN MORETON DRAX PLUNKETT,  
LORD DUNSANY*

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A DIRGE OF VICTORY

1918

Lift not thy trumpet, Victory, to the sky,  
Nor through battalions nor by batteries blow,  
But over hollows full of old wire go,  
Where among dregs of war the long-dead lie  
With wasted iron that the guns passed by  
When they went eastwards like a tide at flow ;  
There blow thy trumpet that the dead may know,  
Who waited for thy coming, Victory.

It is not we who have deserved thy wreath,  
They waited there among the towering weeds ;  
The deep mud burned under the thermite's breath,  
And winter cracked the bones that no man heeds :  
Hundreds of nights flamed by : the seasons passed :  
And thou hast come to them, at last, at last !

*HAROLD MONRO*

---

CHILDREN OF LOVE

The holy boy  
Went from his mother out in the cool of the day  
Over the sun-parched fields  
And in among the olives shining green and shining grey.

There was no sound,  
No smallest voice of any shivering stream.  
Poor sinless little boy,  
He desired to play and to sing ; he could only sigh  
and dream.

Suddenly came  
Running along to him naked, with curly hair,  
That rogue of the lovely world,  
That other beautiful child whom the virgin Venus bare.

The holy boy  
Gazed with those sad blue eyes that all men know.  
Impudent Cupid stood  
Panting, holding an arrow and pointing his bow.

(Will you not play ?  
Jesus, run to him, run to him, swift for our joy.  
Is he not holy, like you ?  
Are you afraid of his arrows, O beautiful dreaming boy ?)

And now they stand  
Watching one another with timid gaze ;  
Youth has met youth in the wood,  
But holiness will not change its melancholy ways.

Cupid at last  
Draws his bow and softly lets fly a dart.  
Smile for a moment, sad world !—  
It has grazed the white skin and drawn blood from the  
sorrowful heart.

Now, for delight,  
Cupid tosses his locks and goes wantonly near ;  
But the child that was born to the cross  
Has let fall on his cheek, for the sadness of life, a com-  
passionate tear.

Marvellous dream !  
Cupid has offered his arrows for Jesus to try ;  
He has offered his bow for the game.  
But Jesus went weeping away, and left him there wondering  
why.

## AT A COUNTRY DANCE IN PROVENCE

Comrades, when the air is sweet,  
It is fair, in stately measure,  
With a sound of gliding feet,  
It is fair and very meet  
To be join'd in pleasure.



*HAROLD MONRO*

Listen to the rhythmic beat :  
Let us mingle, move and sway  
Solemnly as at some rite  
Of a festive mystic god,  
While the sunlight holds the day.  
Comrades, is it not delight  
To be govern'd by the rod  
Of the music, and to go  
Moving, moving, moving slow ?  
Very stately are your ways,  
Stately—and the southern glow  
Of the sun is in your eyes :  
Under lids inclining low  
All the light of harvest days,  
And the gleam of summer skies  
Tenderly reflected lies.  
May I not be one of you  
Even for this little space ?  
Humbly I am fain to sue  
That our arms may interlace.  
I am otherwise I know ;  
Many books have made me sad :  
Yet indeed your stately slow  
Motion and its rhythmic flow  
Drive me, drive me, drive me mad.  
Must I now, as always, gaze  
Patiently from far away  
At the pageant of the days ?—  
Only let me live to-day !  
For your hair is ebon black,  
And your eyes celestial blue ;  
For your measure is so true,  
Slowly forward, slowly back—  
I would fain be one of you.  
Comrades, comrades !—but the sound  
Of the music with a start  
Ceases, and you pass me by.  
Slowly from the dancing ground  
To the tavern you depart.

All the earth is silent grown  
After so much joy, and I  
Suddenly am quite alone  
With the beating of my heart.

*VIOLET JACOB*

## TAM I' THE KIRK

O Jean, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congregation  
Owre valley an' hill wi' the ding frae its iron mou',  
When a' body's thochts is set on his ain salvation,  
Mine's set on you.

There's a reid rose lies on the Buik o' the Word 'afore ye  
That was growin' braw on its bush at the keek o' day,  
But the lad that pu'd yon flower i' the mornin's glory,  
He canna pray.

He canna pray ; but there's nane i' the Kirk will heed him  
Whaur he sits sae still his lane at the side of the wa',  
For nane but the reid rose kens what my lassie gie'd him,  
It an' us twa !

He canna sing for the sang that his ain he'rt raises,  
He canna see for the mist that's 'afore his een,  
And a voice drouns the hale o' the psalms an' the para-  
phrases,  
Cryin' " Jean, Jean, Jean ! "

*ALFRED NOYES*

## SHERWOOD

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake ?  
Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,  
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,  
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again : all his merry thieves  
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,  
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June :  
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,  
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist  
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,  
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold :  
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house  
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs :  
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,  
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark ! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep !  
Marian is waiting : is Robin Hood asleep ?  
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,  
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,  
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,  
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together  
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and grey goose feather.  
The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.  
All the heart of England hid in every rose  
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,  
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old,  
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,  
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,  
*Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?*

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen  
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—  
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer : from aisles of oak and ash  
Rings the *Follow ! Follow !* and the boughs begin to crash,  
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,  
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin ! Robin ! Robin ! All his merry thieves  
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,  
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

### FOR THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY OF GEORGE MEREDITH

A health, a ringing health, unto the king  
Of all our hearts to-day ! But what proud song  
Should follow on the thought, nor do him wrong ?  
Unless the sea were harp, each mirthful string  
Woven of the lightening of the nights of Spring,  
And Dawn the lonely listener, glad and grave  
With colours of the sea-shell and the wave  
In brightening eye and cheek, there is none to sing !

Drink to him, as men upon an Alpine peak  
Brim one immortal cup of crimson wine,  
And into it drop one pure cold crust of snow,  
Then hold it up, too rapturously to speak,  
And drink—to the mountains, line on glittering line,  
Surging away into the sunset glow.

## EARTH AND HER BIRDS

Brave birds that climb those blue  
Dawn-tinted towers,  
With notes like showers of dew  
From elf-tossed flowers,  
Shake your mad wings in mirth,  
Betray, betray  
The secret thoughts of May,  
That heaven, once more, may marry our wild earth.

Dark gipsy, she would dance  
Unmated still,  
Challenging, glance for glance,  
Her lord's high will,  
But that her thoughts take wing  
While she lies sleeping ;  
And, into glory leaping,  
Like birds, at sunrise, to her bridegroom sing.

See how with cheeks aglow  
And lips apart,  
While warm winds, murmuring low,  
Lay bare her heart,  
She dreams that she can hide  
Its rosy light  
In ferns and flowers this night,  
And swim like Dian through this hawthorn-tide.

Then shame her, laverocks, shame her,  
At break of day,  
That heaven may trap and tame her  
This mad sweet May.  
Let all your feathered choir  
Leave those warm nests  
Between her dawn-flushed breasts,  
And soar to heaven, singing her young desire.

## ON THE DEATH OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

## I

How grandly glow the bays  
Purpureally enwound  
With those rich thorns, the brows  
How infinitely crowned  
That now thro' Death's dark house  
Have passed with royal gaze :  
Purpureally enwound  
How grandly glow the bays.

## II

Sweet, sweet and three-fold sweet,  
Pulsing with three-fold pain,  
Where the lark fails of flight  
Soared the celestial strain ;  
Beyond the sapphire height  
Flew the gold-wingéd feet,  
Beautiful, pierced with pain,  
Sweet, sweet and three-fold sweet ;

## III

And where *Is not* and *Is*  
Are wed in one sweet Name,  
And the world's rootless vine  
With dew of stars a-flame  
Laughs, from those deep divine  
Impossibilities,  
Our reason all to shame—  
*This cannot be, but is ;*

## IV

Into the Vast, the Deep  
Beyond all mortal sight,  
The Nothingness that conceived  
The worlds of day and night,

## ALFRED NOYES

The Nothingness that heaved  
 Pure sides in virgin sleep,  
 Brought out of Darkness, light ;  
 And man from out the Deep.

## V

Into that Mystery  
 Let not thine hand be thrust :  
 Nothingness is a world  
 Thy science well may trust . . .  
 But lo, a leaf unfurled,  
 Nay, a cry mocking thee  
 From the first grain of dust—  
*I am, yet cannot be !*

## VI

Adventuring un-afraid  
 Into that last deep shrine,  
 Must not the child-heart see  
 Its deepest symbol shine,  
 The world's Birth-mystery,  
 Whereto the suns are shade ?  
 Lo, the white breast divine—  
 The Holy Mother-maid !

## VII

How miss that Sacrifice,  
 That cross of Yea and Nay,  
 That paradox of heaven  
 Whose palms point either way,  
 Through each a nail being driven  
 That the arms out-span the skies  
 And our earth-dust this day  
 Out-sweeten Paradise.

## VIII

We part the seamless robe,  
 Our wisdom would divide  
 The raiment of the King,  
 Our spear is in His side,

Even while the angels sing  
 Around our perishing globe,  
 And Death re-knits in pride  
 The seamless purple robe.

## IX

*How grandly glow the bays  
 Purpureally enwound  
 With those rich thorns, the brows  
 How infinitely crowned  
 That now thro' Death's dark house  
 Have passed with royal gaze :  
 Purpureally enwound  
 How grandly glow the bays.*

## MARGARET SACKVILLE

## SYRINX

I am Syrinx : I am she who when the gold  
 Sun over the grey mountain burns awake,  
 Rises and drives the flock from the safe fold ;

And all day long hidden in the green brake  
 Watches ; or where the wood's heart grows so still  
 That the least tremor of small leaves ashake

Seems somehow a foreboding of strange ill.—  
 And I am she who gleans the scattered wheat,  
 And prunes the vine on the steep side of the hill.

I follow the white morning on swift feet,  
 I slumber in the thicket at mid-noon,  
 The racing wind bears me along with it.

And, for the gods' delight, under the moon  
 I dance, dance and laugh to feel my hot  
 Heart leaping frenzied to the wild pipes' tune.



But as for Love, truly I know him not,  
I have passionately turned my lips therefrom,  
And from that fate the careless gods allot

To woman. Love who has taken the world by storm,  
For all his fury of blind wind and flood,  
Has had no power to change me or deform.

For the chill mountain-streams are in my blood,  
And pale, phantasmal fires of dawn, twilight,  
Shadow and dew are all my maidenhood.

And as the setting sun on the cold, white,  
Snow-braided, frozen peak rests his fierce head,  
Then goes out in a thin trail of light ;

So Love, leaning upon my heart, instead  
Of flame finds only snow and falls asleep  
Quietly like a child on a soft bed ;

And lies there forgetting the broad sweep  
At noontide of his sudden, blazing wings,  
Which thought my narrow life to overleap ;

Not knowing me tameless as the breeze which clings  
Round Summer's golden limbs when she moves clad  
In music, wonderfully, where the pine-branch swings.

Therefore what thing is this which makes me mad,  
So that no laughter of the rose-crowned year  
Shall evermore rejoice me or leave glad

My heart which now has a sick core of fear ?  
I am Syrinx : a strange doom is over me  
Like a cloud, hanging about me everywhere :

Yea, listen and marvel how such things may be !  
I am bewildered and all overcast  
As a spent swimmer struck sideways by the sea.

For once, as through the deep, cool wood I passed  
Singing, for it was June, and ah, June goes !  
And only song may capture and bind her fast ;

I paused : there was no stir among the close  
Boughs ; for the heat nothing alive might breathe,  
And the least wind swooned backward as it rose.

Outside the sick earth seemed to burn and seethe  
Like molten metal in a pot. I saw  
The sun, a wild beast with sharp shining teeth,

Eagerly search the barren land and draw  
What of green might still be left therein,  
To cool the rage of his insatiate maw.

Yet, through the leaves, his rays on my white skin  
Played harmless and I sang, sang till a sound  
Fell on my ears and made me reel and spin.

Low laughter welling lightly from the ground  
Like water, mocking, sweet, and crystalline  
As though up-bubbling from earth's heart profound.

And in it something bestial and divine,  
So that my senses hearing it were stirred,  
Quickened and overcome, as though with wine ;

And motionless I stood as a bird  
Beneath a snake's eye ; then when life began  
To fail within me, once again I heard

That laughter and saw, crouched there before me,—Pan!  
The very shepherd and godhead of our hills  
Whom I have feared more than the Cyprian.

Since his is the sharp secret breath which kills  
At nightfall, and he is lord of death and birth,  
And the year wanes and waxes as he wills.

Yea, very spirit is he and heart of earth,  
And cruel as untempered rain and sun,  
In those sick seasons when all falls to dearth.

And there shall none resist him, nay, not one  
On whom rest the eyes of his desire :  
Wherefore am I too ruined and undone ;

For though a little I may escape his fire,  
Since he subtle and wise let me depart  
That morning, helpless am I though I fly higher

Than the eagle, yea, or press the waves apart,  
—The cold, dark, clean, indifferent sea-waves—  
Nay, though I shelter in the whirlwind's heart,

Pan, Pan shall have at last the thing he craves,  
Me : and my shadowy days must sink to naught,  
Falling earthward like shed leaves when the wind raves.

Yet might these weary toils wherein I am caught  
Break, break ! Would that I might become  
A shadow or fast fading flower wrought

From day and night, or sunshine or blown foam  
Ere this thing chanced, or a clear drop of rain  
New scattered, or music suddenly fallen dumb ;

A note of music by its own breath slain,  
Blown tenderly from the frail heart of a reed  
Whereof the singing shepherd lads are fain,

Who with strong, careless hands from all toil freed,  
Pluck joy, pure joy, green-growing from the soil,  
And turn and twist and shape it to their need.

If this might be ! If some kind god would foil  
The inexorable purpose of Pan's lust,  
Having pity on my swift youth's recoil ;

My frugal, kindly, passionless days which must  
Perish, perish like wild wood-berries,  
By sharp-hoofed goat-feet trampled all to dust.

If they would sigh towards me, bidding me cease,  
Changing into white sap my willing blood,  
And granting me the calm of growing trees,

And of the reeds springing in the full flood ;  
Being myself portion and part of these,  
Surely, beyond all longing, it were good !

I am Syrinx : I am afraid : I would have peace.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

---

HYMN TO LOVE

We are thine, O Love, being in thee and made of thee,  
As thóu, Lóve, were the déep thought  
And we the speech of the thought ; yea, spoken are we,  
Thy fires of thought outspoken :

But burn'd not through us thy imagining  
Like fiérce móod in a sóng caught,  
We were as clamour'd words a fool may fling,  
Loose words, of meaning broken.

For what more like the brainless speech of a fool,—  
The lives travelling dark fears,  
And as a boy throws pebbles in a pool  
Thrown down abysmal places ?

Hazardous are the stars, yet is our birth  
And our journeying time theirs ;  
As words of air, life makes of starry earth  
Sweet soul-delighted faces ;

As voices are we in the worldly wind ;  
The great wind of the world's fate  
Is turned, as air to a shapen sound, to mind  
And marvellous desires.

But not in the world as voices storm-shatter'd,  
Not borne down by the wind's weight ;  
The rushing time rings with our splendid word  
Like darkness filled with fires.

For Love doth use us for a sound of song,  
And Love's meaning our life wields,  
Making our souls like syllables to throng  
His tunes of exultation.

Down the blind speed of a fatal world we fly,  
As rain blown along earth's fields ;  
Yet are we god-desiring liturgy,  
Sung joys of adoration ;

Yea, made of chance and all a labouring strife,  
We go charged with a strong flame ;  
For as a language Love hath seized on life  
His burning heart to story.

Yea, Love, we are thine, the liturgy of thee,  
Thy thought's golden and glad name,  
The mortal conscience of immortal glee,  
Love's zeal in Love's own glory.

## MARRIAGE SONG

### I

Come up, dear chosen morning come,  
Blessing the air with light,  
And bid the sky repent of being dark :  
Let all the spaces round the world be white,  
And give the earth her green again.  
Into new hours of beautiful delight,

Out of the shadow where she has lain,  
Bring the earth awake for glee,  
Shining with dew as fresh and clear  
As my beloved's voice upon the air.  
For now, O morning chosen of all days, on thee  
A wondrous duty lies :  
There was an evening that did loveliness foretell ;  
Thence upon thee, O chosen morn, it fell  
To fashion into perfect destiny  
The radiant prophecy.  
For in an evening of young moon, that went  
Filling the moist air with a rosy fire,  
I and my beloved knew our love ;  
And knew that thou, O morning, wouldst arise  
To give us knowledge of achieved desire.  
For, standing stricken with astonishment,  
Half terrified in the delight,  
Even as the moon did into clear air move  
And made a golden light,  
So there, croucht up against it, a dark hill,  
A monstrous back of earth, a spine  
Of hunched rock, furred with great growth of pine,  
Lay like a beast, snout in its paws, asleep ;  
Yet in its sleeping seemed it miserable,  
As though strong fear must always keep  
Hold of its heart, and drive its blood in dream.  
Yea, for to our new love, did it not seem,  
That dark and quiet length of hill,  
The sleeping grief of the world ?—Out of it we  
Had like imaginations stept to be  
Beauty and golden wonder ; and for the lovely fear  
Of coming perfect joy, had changed  
The terror that dreamt there !  
And now the golden moon had turned  
To shining white, white as our souls that burned  
With vision of our prophecy assured :  
Suddenly white was the moon ; but she  
At once did on a woven modesty  
Of cloud, and soon went in obscured :  
And we were dark, and vanisht that strange hill.

But yet it was not long before  
There opened in the sky a narrow door,  
Made with pearl lintel and pearl sill ;  
And the earth's night seem'd pressing there,—  
All as a beggar on some festival would peer,—  
To gaze into a room of light beyond,  
The hidden silver splendour of the moon.  
Yea, and we also, we  
Long gazed wistfully  
Toward thee, O morning, come at last,  
And towards the light that thou wilt pour upon us soon!

## II

O soul who still art strange to sense,  
Who often against beauty wouldst complain,  
Doubting between joy and pain :  
If like the startling touch of something keen  
Against thee, it hath been  
To follow from an upland height  
The swift sun hunting rain  
Across the April meadows of a plain,  
Until the fields would flash into the air  
Their joyous green, like emeralds alight ;  
Or when in the blue of night's mid-noon  
The burning naked moon  
Draws to a brink of cloudy weather near,  
A breadth of snow, firm and soft as a wing,  
Stretcht out over a wind that gently goes,—  
Through the white sleep of snowy cloud there grows  
An azure-border'd shining ring,  
The gleaming dream of the approaching joy of her ;—  
What now wilt thou do, Soul ? What now,  
If with such things as these troubled thou wert ?  
How wilt thou now endure, or how  
Not now be strangely hurt ?—  
When utter beauty must come closer to thee  
Than even anger or fear could be ;  
When thou, like metal in a kiln, must lie  
Seized by beauty's mightily able flame ;  
Enjoyed by beauty, as by the ruthless glee

Of an unescapable power ;  
Obeying beauty as air obeys a cry ;  
Yea, one thing made of beauty and thee,  
As steel and a white heat are made the same !  
—Ah, but I know how this infirmity  
Will fail and be not, no, not memory,  
When I begin the marvellous hour.  
This only is my heart's strain'd eagerness,  
Long waiting for its bliss.—  
But from those other fears, from those  
That keep to Love so close,  
From fears that are the shadow of delight,  
Hide me, O joys ; make them unknown to-night !

## III

Thou bright God that in dream camest to me last night,  
Thou with the flesh made of a golden light,  
Knew I not thee, thee and thy heart,  
Knew I not well, God, who thou wert ?  
Yea, and my soul divinely understood  
The light that was beneath thee a ground,  
The golden light that cover'd thee round,  
Turning my sleep to a fiery morn,  
Was as a heavenly oath there sworn  
Promising me an immortal good :  
Well I knew thee, God of Marriages, thee and thy flame!  
Ah ! but wherefore beside thee came  
That fearful sight of another mood ?  
Why, in thy light, to thy hand chained,  
Toward me its bondage terribly strained,  
Why came with thee that dreadful hound,  
The wild hound Fear, black, ravenous, and gaunt ?  
Why him with thee should thy dear light surround ?  
Why broughtest thou that beast to haunt  
The blissful footsteps of my golden dream ?—  
All shadowy black the body dread,  
All frenzied fire the head,—  
The hunger of its mouth a hollow crimson flame,  
The hatred in its eyes a blaze  
Fierce and green, stabbing the ruddy glaze,



And sharp white jetting fire the teeth snarl'd at me,  
And while the dribbling rage of froth,—  
A throat that gaped to bay and paws working violently,  
Yet soundless all as a winging moth ;  
Tugging towards me, famishing for my heart ;—  
Even while thou, O golden God, wert still  
Looking the beautiful kindness of thy will  
Into my soul, even then must I be,  
With thy bright promise looking at me,  
Then bitterly of that hound afraid ?  
Darkness, I know, attendeth bright,  
And light comes not but shadow comes :  
And heart must know, if it know thy light,  
Thy wild hound Fear, the shadow of love's delight.  
Yea, is it thus ? Are we so made  
Of death and darkness, that even thou  
O golden God of the joys of love,  
Thy mind to us canst only prove,  
The glorious devices of thy mind,  
By so revealing how thy journeying here  
Through this mortality, doth closely bind  
Thy brightness to the shadow of dreadful Fear ?—  
Ah no, it shall not be ! Thy joyous light  
Shall hide me from the hunger of fear to-night.

## IV

For wonderfully to live I now begin :  
So that the darkness which accompanies  
Our being here, is fasten'd up within  
The power of light that holdeth me ;  
And from these shining chains, to see  
My joy with bold misliking eyes,  
The shrouded figure will not dare arise.  
For henceforth, from to-night,  
I am wholly gone into the bright  
Safety of the beauty of love :  
Not only all my waking vigours plied  
Under the searching glory of love,  
But knowing myself with love all satisfied

Even when my life is hidden in sleep ;  
As high clouds, to themselves that keep  
The moon's white company, are all possest  
Silverly with the presence of their guest ;  
Or as a darken'd room  
That hath within it roses, whence the air  
And quietness are taken everywhere  
Deliciously by sweet perfume.

### CEREMONIAL ODE INTENDED FOR A UNIVERSITY

When from Eternity were separate  
The curdled element  
And gathered forces, and the world began,—  
The Spirit that was shut and darkly blent  
Within this being, did the whole distress  
With a blind hanker after spaciousness.  
Into its wrestle, strictly tied up in Fate  
And closely natured, came like an open'd grate  
At last the Mind of Man,  
Letting the sky in, and a faculty  
To light the cell with lost Eternity.

So commerce with the Infinite was regain'd :  
For upward grew Man's ken  
And trod with founded footsteps the grievous fen  
Where other life festering and prone remain'd.  
With knowledge painfully quarried and hewn fair,  
Platforms of lore, and many a hanging stair  
Of strong imagination Man has raised  
His Wisdom like the watch-towers of a town ;  
That he, though fasten'd down  
In law, be with its cruelty not amazed,  
But be of outer vastness greatly aware.

This, then, is yours : to build exultingly  
High, and yet more high,  
The knowledgeable towers above base wars  
And sinful surges reaching up to lay

Dishonouring hands upon your work, and drag  
 From their uprightness your desires to lag  
 Among low places with a common gait.  
 That so Man's mind, not conquer'd by his clay,  
 May sit above his fate,  
 Inhabiting the purpose of the stars,  
 And trade with his Eternity.

### *PADRAIC COLUM*

#### THE PLOUGHER

Sunset and silence ! A man : around him earth savage,  
 earth broken ;  
 Beside him two horses—a plough !

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn man there  
 in the sunset,  
 And the Plough that is twin to the Sword, that is founder  
 of cities !

“ Brute-tamer, plough-maker, earth-breaker ! Can'st hear ?  
 There are ages between us.  
 Is it praying you are as you stand there alone in the sunset ?

“ Surely our sky-born gods can be naught to you, earth  
 child and earth master ?  
 Surely your thoughts are of Pan, or of Wotan, or Dana ?

“ Yet, why give thought to the gods ? Has Pan led your  
 brutes where they stumble ?  
 Has Dana numbed pain of the child-bed, or Wotan put  
 hands to your plough ?

“ What matter your foolish reply ? O, man, standing lone  
 and bowed earthward,  
 Your task is a day near its close. Give thanks to the night-  
 giving God.”

. . . . .

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken lands blend with the  
savage ;  
The brute-tamer stands by the brutes, a head's-breadth  
only above them.

A head's-breadth ? Ay, but therein is hell's depth, and the  
height up to heaven,  
And the thrones of the gods and their halls, their chariots,  
purples, and splendours.

### AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

Oh, to have a little house !  
To own the hearth and stool and all !  
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,  
The pile of turf against the wall !  
  
To have a clock with weights and chains  
And pendulum swinging up and down !  
A dresser filled with shining delph,  
Speckled and white and blue and brown !  
  
I could be busy all the day  
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,  
And fixing on their shelf again  
My white and blue and speckled store !  
  
I could be quiet there at night  
Beside the fire and by myself,  
Sure of a bed, and loth to leave  
The ticking clock and the shining delph !  
  
Och ! but I'm weary of mist and dark,  
And roads where there's never a house or bush,  
And tired I am of bog and road  
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush !  
  
And I am praying to God on high,  
And I am praying Him night and day,  
For a little house—a house of my own—  
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

*W. M. LETTS*

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A SOFT DAY

A soft day, thank God !  
 A wind from the south  
 With a honeyed mouth ;  
 A scent of drenching leaves,  
 Briar and beech and lime,  
 White elder-flower and thyme,

And the soaking grass smells sweet,  
 Crushed by my two bare feet,  
     While the rain drips,  
 Drips, drips, drips from the leaves.

A soft day, thank God !  
 The hills wear a shroud  
 Of silver cloud ;  
 The web the spider weaves  
 Is a glittering net ;  
 The woodland path is wet,

And the soaking earth smells sweet,  
 Under my two bare feet,  
     And the rain drips,  
 Drips, drips, drips from the leaves.

*ROSE MACAULAY*

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NEW YEAR

1918

Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new,  
 For time, caught on the ancient wheel of change,  
 Spins round, and round, and round, and nothing is strange,  
     Or shall amaze  
 Mankind, in whom the heritage of all days  
 Stirs suddenly, as dreams half remembered do.  
 Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

Pale, pale he stands,  
Carrying world-old gifts in his cold hands—  
Winds, and the sky's keen blue,  
Woods, and the wild cuckoo,  
Lovers, and loveliness, and death, and life.  
Does he hold Peace, the derelict babe of strife  
And of wan penury ?  
Will she ride in on the wash of the storming sea,  
Be dropped at last by its ebb on the trampled sands,  
To lie there helplessly ?  
War's orphan, she,  
And ungrown mother of wars yet to be,  
She smiles and croons for a space between those two.  
Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.  
Dreams and desires and hopes does the year hold.  
Bad and good, tinsel and gold,  
Lying and true,  
One and all they are old, so old,  
They were dreamt and desired and told  
By the first men swinging in trees by strong tails.  
Not till the last man fails  
And the sun's fire pales,  
Shall the embers of these flaming dreams be cold.  
Whatever the year brings he brings, nothing new.

Turn, turn the page !  
It turns, and we, and the squirrel in his cage,  
And the sun, and the moon, and the moon's salt tide ;  
And the earth turns too.  
As flies on the rim of a wheel we ride  
From age round to age,  
And the dreams and the toys which make our pride  
Are an old heritage,  
Worn properties from some primeval stage  
All curtained now from view . . .  
Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

Go through the door.  
You shall find nothing that has not been before,  
Nothing so bitter it will not be once more.  
All this our sad estate was known of yore,

In old worlds red with pain,  
 Borne by hearts sullen and sick as ours, through  
 Desperate, forgotten other winters, when  
     Tears fell, and hopes, and men,  
 And crowns and cities, and blood, on a trampled plain,  
 And nations, and honour, and God, and always rain . . .  
 And honour, and hope, and God rose up again,  
     And like trees nations grew . . .  
 Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

Should some year suddenly bring something new,  
 We should grope as lost children, without a clue,  
 We should drift all amazed through such a queer  
     And unimagined year,  
 Riding uncharted seas ; a derelict crew,  
 Whistling in vain for the old winds that blew  
 From the old skies, we should seek far and near  
     Some mark by which to steer,  
 And some known port, that we might sail thereto.  
     Black nightmare and blind fear  
     Shall seize and hold him who  
 In some year suddenly finds something new.

## RICHARD MIDDLETON

### PAGAN EPITAPH

Servant of the eternal Must  
     I lie here, here let me lie,  
 In the ashes and the dust,  
     Dreaming, dreaming pleasantly.  
 When I lived I sought no wings,  
     Schemed no heaven, planned no hell,  
 But, content with little things,  
     Made an earth, and it was well.

Song and laughter, food and wine,  
     Roses, roses red and white,  
 And a star or two to shine  
     On my dewy world at night.

Lord, what more could I desire ?  
 With my little heart of clay  
 I have lit no eternal fire  
 To burn my dreams on Judgment Day !

Well I loved, but they who knew  
 What my laughing heart could be,  
 What my singing lips could do,  
 Lie a-dreaming here with me.

I can feel their finger-tips  
 Stroke the darkness from my face,  
 And the music of their lips  
 Fills my pleasant resting-place  
 In the ashes and the dust,  
 Where I wonder as I lie,  
 Servant of the eternal Must,  
 Dreaming, dreaming pleasantly.

JOHN DRINKWATER

BIRTHRIGHT

Lord Rameses of Egypt sighed  
 Because a summer evening passed ;  
 And little Ariadne cried  
 That summer fancy fell at last  
 To dust ; and young Verona died  
 When beauty's hour was overcast.

Theirs was the bitterness we know  
 Because the clouds of hawthorn keep  
 So short a state, and kisses go  
 To tombs unfathomably deep,  
 While Rameses and Romeo  
 And little Ariadne sleep.



## JUNE DANCE

The chestnut cones were in the lanes,  
Blushing, and eyed with ebony,  
And young oak-apples lovingly  
Clung to their stems with rosy veins  
Threading their glossy amber ; still  
As wind may be, among the bloom  
Of lilac and the burning broom  
The dear wind moved deliciously,  
And stayed upon the fragrant hill  
And lighted on the sea ;  
And brushed the nettles nodding through  
The budding globes of cloudy may,  
And wavelike flowed upon the blue  
Flowers of the wood.

It was a day  
When pearled blossom of peach and pear  
Of blossoming season made an end,  
Drifting along the sunlight, rare  
Of beauty as thoughts between friend and friend  
That have no cunning, but merely know  
The way of truth for the heart is so.

It was such a time at the birth of June,  
When the day was hushed at the hour of noon,  
And whispering leaves gave out a tune  
Ghostly as moves the bodiless moon  
High in the full-day skies of June,  
That they passed, a throng  
Of toilers whose eyes  
Were dull with toiling, passed along  
By a path that lies  
Between the city of mean emprise  
And a forest set in mellow lands,  
Far out from the city of broken hands.

Meanly clad, with bodies worn,  
They came upon the forest hour,  
From open fields of springing corn

To cloistered shades  
They passed, from June light to June bower,  
Tall men, and maids  
Deep-bosomed, apt for any seed  
That life should passionately sow,  
Yet pale and troubled of a creed  
Cried out by men who nothing know  
Of joy's diviner excellence.  
Along the silent glades they stept,  
Till, flowing in each drowsy sense,  
June came upon them, and they slept.

Beneath cool clustered branch and bloom,  
Littered with stars of amethyst,  
Sun-arrows glancing through the gloom,  
They slept ; the lush young bracken kissed  
The tired forms. Ah, well-away,  
Within so wide a peace to see  
Fellows who measure every day  
Merely the roads of misery.  
Tall men, deep-bosomed maids were they,  
As who should face the world and run  
Fleet-footed down the laughing way,  
With brows set fearless to the sun,  
But slackened were the rippling thews  
And all clear moods of courage dead,  
Defeated by ignoble use  
And sullen dread.

So in the sweet June-tide they slept,  
Nor any dream of healing deep  
Came over them ; heart-sick they kept  
A troubled sleep ;  
Companions of calamity,  
Their sleep was but remembered pain,  
And all their hunger but to be  
Poor pilgrims in oblivion's train.

The stems each had a little shadow  
In the early afternoon,

When the toilers first were lured  
By a music long immured  
In the central forest ways  
Where no human footfall strays,  
To the dreaming dance of June.

One by one they woke, their faces  
Still with some new wonder,  
As when in quiet shadowy places  
Wandering hands may move asunder  
Secret foliage, and intrude  
On the ancestral solitude  
Of some untutored forest thing—  
Neither doubt nor fear they bring,  
But just a strange new wonder.

So now the toilers woke. No thought  
Of the old-time trouble came  
Over them ; the cares deep-wrought,  
Furrowing, by years of shame,  
Lightened, as upon their ears  
Fell a music very low,  
Sweet with moving of the years,  
Burdened with the beat and flow  
Of a garnered ecstasy  
Gathered from the deeps of pain,  
Music vaster than the sea,  
Softer than the rain.

Then they rose,—the music played  
But a little way ahead.  
And with never question made  
They were well to follow. Red  
And gold and opal flashed the noon  
On lichened trunk. Their raiment mean  
Grew heavy in the dance of June,  
And man and maid among the green  
Unburdened them, and stood revealed  
In clean unblushing loveliness,

Clean glowing limbs, all supple, steeled  
And shining ; many a streaming tress  
Slipped beautiful to breast and knee,  
They proved a world where was no sin,  
Exultant, pure in passion, free,  
Young captives bidden to begin  
New being. Sweet the music called,  
Promising immortal boon,  
Swift they set their feet, enthralled,  
To the dreaming dance of June.

They passed into the forest's heart,  
Where the shadows thickened,  
Soul and trembling body thrilled  
With a joy new-quicken'd.  
It was as though from early days  
Their familiars  
Had been the words of worship of the lonely  
    woodland ways,  
And the articulate voices of the stars.

Keeping perfect measure  
To the music's chime,  
Reaping all the treasure  
Of the summer time,  
Noiselessly along the glades,  
Lithe white limbs all glancing,  
Comely men and comely maids  
Drifted in their dancing.

When chestnut-cones were in the lanes,  
Blushing, and eyed with ebony,  
And young oak-apples lovingly  
Clung to their stems with rosy veins  
Threading their glossy amber—then  
They took them to faring, maids and men,  
Whose eyes were dull with toiling, far  
From their toil in the time of a perfect noon,  
To where the quiet shadows are,  
And joined the dreaming dance of June.

## THE MIDLANDS

Black in the summer night my Cotswold hill  
Aslant my window sleeps, beneath a sky  
Deep as the bedded violets that fill  
March woods with dusky passion. As I lie  
Abed between cool walls I watch the host  
Of the slow stars lit over Gloucester plain,  
And drowsily the habit of these most  
Beloved of English lands moves in my brain,  
While silence holds dominion of the dark,  
Save when the foxes from the spinneys bark.

I see the valleys in their morning mist  
Wreathed under limpid hills in moving light,  
Happy with many a yeoman melodist ;  
I see the little roads of twinkling white  
Busy with field-ward teams and market gear  
Of rosy men, cloth-gaitered, who can tell  
The many-minded changes of the year,  
Who know why crops and kine fare ill or well ;  
I see the sun persuade the mist away,  
Till town and stead are shining to the day.

I see the wagons move along the rows  
Of ripe and summer-breathing clover-flower,  
I see the lissom husbandman who knows  
Deep in his heart the beauty of his power,  
As, lithely pitched, the full-heaped fork bids on  
The harvest home. I hear the rickyard fill  
With gossip as in generations gone,  
While wagon follows wagon from the hill.  
I think how, when our seasons are all sealed,  
Shall come the unchanging harvest from the field.

I see the barns and comely manors planned  
By men who somehow moved in comely thought,  
Who, with a simple shippon to their hand,  
As men upon some godlike business wrought ;

I see the little cottages that keep  
    Their beauty still where since Plantagenet  
Have come the shepherds happily to sleep,  
    Finding the loaves and cups of cider set ;  
I see the twisted shepherds, brown and old,  
Driving at dusk their glimmering sheep to fold.

And now the valleys that upon the sun  
    Broke from their opal veils are veiled again,  
And the last light upon the wolds is done,  
    And silence falls on flocks and fields and men ;  
And black upon the night I watch my hill,  
    And the stars shine, and there an owly wing  
Brushes the night, and all again is still,  
    And, from this land of worship that I sing,  
I turn to sleep, content that from my sires  
I draw the blood of England's midmost shires.

### JAMES STEPHENS

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#### IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING

I thought I heard Him calling. Did you hear  
A sound, a little sound ? My curious ear  
Is dinned with flying noises, and the tree  
Goes—whisper, whisper, whisper silently  
Till all its whispers spread into the sound  
Of a dull roar. Lie closer to the ground,  
The shade is deep and He may pass us by,  
We are so very small, and His great eye,  
Customed to starry majesties, may gaze  
Too wide to spy us hiding in the maze :  
Ah, misery ! the sun has not yet gone  
And we are naked : He may look upon  
Our crouching shame, may make us stand upright  
Burning in terror—O that it were night !  
He may not come. . . . What ? listen, listen, now—  
He is here ! lie closer. . . . *Adam, where art thou ?*

## DEIRDRE

Do not let any woman read this verse;  
It is for men, and after them their sons  
And their sons' sons.

The time comes when our hearts sink utterly ;  
When we remember Deirdre and her tale,  
And that her lips are dust.

Once she did tread the earth : men took her hand ;  
They looked into her eyes and said their say,  
And she replied to them.

More than a thousand years it is since she  
Was beautiful : she trod the waving grass ;  
She saw the clouds.

A thousand years ! The grass is still the same,  
The clouds as lovely as they were that time  
When Deirdre was alive.

But there has never been a woman born  
Who was so beautiful, not one so beautiful  
Of all the women born.

Let all men go apart and mourn together ;  
No man can ever love her ; not a man  
Can ever be her lover.

No man can bend before her : no man say—  
What could one say to her ? There are no words  
That one could say to her !

Now she is but a story that is told  
Beside the fire ! No man can ever be  
The friend of that poor queen.

## JOHN FREEMAN

## MUSIC COMES

Music comes  
 Sweetly from the trembling string  
 When wizard fingers sweep  
 Dreamily, half asleep ;  
 When through remembering reeds  
 Ancient airs and murmurs creep,  
 Oboe oboe following,  
 Flute answering clear high flute,  
 Voices, voices—falling mute,  
 And the jarring drums.

At night I heard  
 First a waking bird  
 Out of the quiet darkness sing . . .  
 Music comes  
 Strangely to the brain asleep !  
 And I heard  
 Soft, wizard fingers sweep  
 Music from the trembling string,  
 And through remembering reeds  
 Ancient airs and murmurs creep ;  
 Oboe oboe following,  
 Flute calling clear high flute,  
 Voices faint, falling mute,  
 And low jarring drums ;  
 Then all those airs  
 Sweetly jangled—newly strange,  
 Rich with change . . .  
 Was it the wind in the reeds ?  
 Did the wind range  
 Over the trembling string ;  
 Into flute and oboe pouring  
 Solemn music ; sinking, soaring  
 Low to high,  
 Up and down the sky ?



*JOHN FREEMAN*

Was it the wind jarring  
Drowsy far-off drums ?

Strangely to the brain asleep  
Music comes.

## NOVEMBER SKIES

Than these November skies  
Is no sky lovelier. The clouds are deep ;  
Into their grey the subtle spies  
Of colour creep,  
Changing that high austerity to delight,  
Till ev'n the leaden interfolds are bright.  
And, where the cloud breaks, faint far azure peers  
Ere a thin flushing cloud again  
Shuts up that loveliness, or shares.  
The huge great clouds move slowly, gently, as  
Reluctant the quick sun should shine in vain,  
Holding in bright caprice their rain.  
And when of colours none,  
Nor rose, nor amber, nor the scarce late green,  
Is truly seen,—  
In all the myriad grey,  
In silver height and dusky deep, remain  
The loveliest,  
Faint purple flushes of the unvanquished sun.

*JAMES ELROY FLECKER*

## RIOUPEROUX

High and solemn mountains guard Riouperoux,  
—Small untidy village where the river drives a mill :  
Frail as wood anemones, white and frail were you,  
And drooping a little, like the slender daffodil.

Oh, I will go to France again, and tramp the valley through,  
And I will change these gentle clothes for clog and corduroy,  
And work with the mill-hands of black Riouperoux,  
And walk with you, and talk with you, like any other boy.

## TO A POET A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE

I who am dead a thousand years,  
And wrote this sweet archaic song,  
Send you my words for messengers  
The way I shall not pass along.

I care not if you bridge the seas,  
Or ride secure the cruel sky,  
Or build consummate palaces  
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still,  
And statues and a bright-eyed love,  
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,  
And prayers to them who sit above ?

How shall we conquer ? Like a wind  
That falls at eve our fancies blow,  
And old Mæonides the blind  
Said it three thousand years ago.

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,  
Student of our sweet English tongue,  
Read out my words at night, alone :  
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,  
And never shake you by the hand,  
I send my soul through time and space  
To greet you. You will understand.

## THE OLD SHIPS

I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep  
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,  
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep  
For Famagusta and the hidden sun  
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire ;

And all those ships were certainly so old  
 Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,  
 Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,  
 The pirate Genoese  
 Hell-raked them till they rolled  
 Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.  
 But now through friendly seas they softly run,  
 Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,  
 Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,  
 Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn  
 And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,  
 A drowsy ship of some yet older day ;  
 And, wonder's breath indrawn,  
 Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same  
 (Fished up beyond Ææa, patched up new  
 —Stern painted brighter blue—)  
 That talkative, bald-headed seaman came  
 (Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)  
 From Troy's doom-crimson shore,  
 And with great lies about his wooden horse  
 Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows ?  
 —And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain  
 To see the mast burst open with a rose,  
 And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

### GATES OF DAMASCUS

Four great gates has the city of Damascus,  
 And four Grand Wardens, on their spears reclining,  
 All day long stand like tall stone men  
 And sleep on the towers when the moon is shining.

*This is the song of the East Gate Warden  
 When he locks the great gate and smokes in his garden.*

Postern of Fate, the Desert Gate, Disaster's Cavern, Fort  
 of Fear,  
 The Portal of Bagdad am I, the Doorway of Diarbekir.

The Persian dawn with new desires may net the flushing  
mountain spires,  
But my gaunt buttress still rejects the suppliance of those  
mellow fires.

Pass not beneath, O Caravan, or pass not singing. Have you  
heard  
That silence where the birds are dead yet something pipeth  
like a bird ?

Pass not beneath ! Men say there blows in stony deserts  
still a rose  
But with no scarlet to her leaf—and from whose heart no  
perfume flows.

Wilt thou bloom red where she buds pale, thy sister rose ?  
Wilt thou not fail  
When noonday flashes like a flail ? Leave, nightingale,  
the Caravan !

Pass then, pass all ! Bagdad ! ye cry, and down the  
billows of blue sky  
Ye beat the bell that beats to hell, and who shall thrust ye  
back ? Not I.

The sun who flashes through the head and paints the shadows  
green and red—  
The sun shall eat thy fleshless dead, O Caravan, O Caravan !

And one who licks his lips for thirst with fevered eyes shall  
face in fear  
The palms that wave, the streams that burst, his last mirage,  
O Caravan !

And one—the bird-voiced Singing-man—shall fall behind  
thee, Caravan !  
And God shall meet him in the night, and he shall sing as  
best he can.

And one the Bedouin shall slay, and one, sand-stricken on  
the way,  
Go dark and blind; and one shall say—"How lonely is  
the Caravan!"

Pass out beneath, O Caravan, Doom's Caravan, Death's  
Caravan!  
I had not told ye, fools, so much, save that I heard your  
Singing-man.

*This was sung by the West Gate's keeper  
When heaven's hollow dome grew deeper.*

I am the gate toward the sea: O sailor men, pass out from  
me!

I hear you high on Lebanon, singing the marvels of the sea.

The dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the serpent-  
haunted sea,

The snow-besprinkled wine of earth, the white-and-blue-  
flower foaming sea.

Beyond the sea are towns with towers, carved with lions  
and lily flowers,

And not a soul in all those lonely streets to while away  
the hours.

Beyond the towns, an isle where, bound, a naked giant bites  
the ground:

The shadow of a monstrous wing looms on his back:  
and still no sound.

Beyond the isle a rock that screams like madmen shouting  
in their dreams,

From whose dark issues night and day blood crashes in a  
thousand streams.

Beyond the rock is Restful Bay, where no wind breathes or  
ripple stirs,

And there on Roman ships, they say, stand rows of metal  
mariners.

Beyond the bay in utmost West old Solomon the Jewish  
King  
Sits with his beard upon his breast, and grips and guards  
his magic ring ;

And when that ring is stolen, he will rise in outraged  
majesty,  
And take the World upon his back, and fling the World  
beyond the sea.

*This is the song of the North Gate's master,  
Who singeth fast, but drinketh faster.*

I am the gay Aleppo Gate : a dawn, a dawn and thou art  
there :  
Eat not thy heart with fear and care, O brother of the  
beast we hate !

Thou hast not many miles to tread, nor other foes than  
fleas to dread ;  
Homs shall behold thy morning meal, and Hama see thee  
safe in bed.

Take to Aleppo filigrane, and take them paste of apricots,  
And coffee tables botched with pearl, and little beaten  
brassware pots :

And thou shalt sell thy wares for thrice the Damascene  
retailers' price,  
And buy a fat Armenian slave who smelleth odorous and  
nice.

Some men of noble stock were made : some glory in the  
murder-blade :  
Some praise a Science or an Art, but I like honourable  
Trade !

Sell them the rotten, buy the ripe ! Their heads are weak ;  
their pockets burn.  
Aleppo men are mighty fools. Salaam Aleikum ! Safe  
return !

*This is the song of the South Gate Holder,  
A silver man, but his song is older.*

I am the Gate that fears no fall : the Mihrab of Damascus  
wall,  
The bridge of booming Sinai : the Arch of Allah all in all.

O spiritual pilgrim, rise : the night has grown her single  
horn :  
The voices of the souls unborn are half adream with  
Paradise.

To Meccah thou hast turned in prayer with aching heart  
and eyes that burn :  
Ah, Hajji, whither wilt thou turn when thou art there,  
when thou art there ?

God be thy guide from camp to camp : God be thy shade  
from well to well ;  
God grant beneath the desert stars thou hear the Prophet's  
camel bell.

And God shall make thy body pure, and give thee knowledge  
to endure  
This ghost-life's piercing phantom-pain, and bring thee  
out to Life again.

And God shall make thy soul a Glass where eighteen  
thousand Æons pass,  
And thou shalt see the gleaming Worlds as men see dew  
upon the grass.

And son of Islam, it may be that thou shalt learn at journey's  
end  
Who walks thy garden eve on eve, and bows his head,  
and calls thee Friend.

## BRUMANA

Oh, shall I never, never be home again !  
Meadows of England shining in the rain  
Spread wide your daisied lawns : your ramparts green  
With briar fortify, with blossom screen  
Till my far morning—and O streams that slow  
And pure and deep through plains and playlands go,  
For me your love and all your kingcups store,  
And—dark militia of the southern shore,  
Old fragrant friends—preserve me the last lines  
Of that long saga that you sang me, pines,  
When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen tree  
I listened, with my eyes upon the sea.

O traitor pines, you sang what life has found  
The falsest of fair tales.  
Earth blew a far-horn prelude all around,  
That native music of her forest home,  
While from the sea's blue fields and syren dales  
Shadows and light noon spectres of the foam  
Riding the summer gales  
On aery viols plucked an idle sound.

Hearing you sing, O trees,  
Hearing you murmur, "There are older seas,  
That beat on vaster sands,  
Where the wise snailfish move their pearly towers  
To carven rocks and sculptured promon'tries,"  
Hearing you whisper, "Lands  
Where blaze the unimaginable flowers."

Beneath me in the valley waves the palm,  
Beneath, beyond the valley, breaks the sea ;  
Beneath me sleep in mist and light and calm  
Cities of Lebanon, dream-shadow-dim,  
Where Kings of Tyre and Kings of Tyre did rule  
In ancient days in endless dynasty,



And all around the snowy mountains swim  
Like mighty swans afloat in heaven's pool.

But I will walk upon the wooded hill  
Where stands a grove, O pines, of sister pines,  
And when the downy twilight droops her wing  
And no sea glimmers and no mountain shines  
My heart shall listen still.

For pines are gossip pines the wide world through  
And full of Runic tales to sigh or sing.

'Tis ever sweet through pines to see the sky  
Blushing a deeper gold or darker blue.

'Tis ever sweet to lie

On the dry carpet of the needles brown,  
And though the fanciful green lizard stir  
And windy odours light as thistledown  
Breathe from the lavandon and lavender,  
Half to forget the wandering and the pain,  
Half to remember days that have gone by,  
And dream and dream that I am home again !

*D. H. LAWRENCE*

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SERVICE OF ALL THE DEAD

Between the avenue of cypresses,  
All in their scarlet cloaks, and surplices  
Of linen, go the chaunting choristers,  
The priests in gold and black, the villagers.

And all along the path to the cemetery  
The round, dark heads of men crowd silently,  
And black-scarved faces of women-folk, wistfully  
Watch at the banner of death, and the mystery.

And at the foot of a grave a father stands  
With sunken head, and forgotten, folded hands ;  
And at the foot of a grave a woman kneels  
With pale shut face, and neither hears nor feels

The coming of the chaunting choristers  
Between the avenues of cypresses,  
The silence of the many villagers,  
The candle-flames beside the surplices.

*ROBERT GRAVES*  
—

## IN THE WILDERNESS

Christ of his gentleness  
Thirsting and hungering,  
Walked in the wilderness ;  
Soft words of grace he spoke  
Unto lost desert-folk  
That listened wondering.  
He heard the bitterns call  
From ruined palace-wall,  
Answered them brotherly.  
He held communion  
With the she-pelican  
Of lonely piety.  
Basilisk, cockatrice,  
Flocked to his homilies,  
With mail of dread device,  
With monstrous barbed stings,  
With eager dragon-eyes ;  
Great bats on leather wings  
And poor blind broken things,  
Foul in their miseries.  
And ever with him went,  
Of all his wanderings  
Comrade, with ragged coat,  
Gaunt ribs—poor innocent—  
Bleeding foot, burning throat,  
The guileless old scape-goat ;  
For forty nights and days  
Followed in Jesus' ways,  
Sure guard behind him kept,  
Tears like a lover wept.

## FREDEGOND SHOVE

## THE NEW GHOST

*"And he, casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus."*

And he cast it down, down, on the green grass,  
Over the young crocuses, where the dew was—  
He cast the garment of his flesh that was full of death,  
And like a sword his spirit showed out of the cold sheath.

He went a pace or two, he went to meet his Lord,  
And, as I said, his spirit looked like a clean sword,  
And seeing him the naked trees began shivering,  
And all the birds cried out aloud as it were late spring.

And the Lord came on, He came down, and saw  
That a soul was waiting there for Him, one without flaw,  
And they embraced in the churchyard where the robins  
play,  
And the daffodils hang down their heads, as they burn  
away.

The Lord held his head fast, and you could see  
That he kissed the unsheathed ghost that was gone free—  
As a hot sun, on a March day, kisses the cold ground ;  
And the spirit answered, for he knew well that his peace  
was found.

The spirit trembled, and sprang up at the Lord's word—  
As on a wild, April day, springs a small bird—  
So the ghost's feet lifting him up, he kissed the Lord's  
cheek,  
And for the greatness of their love neither of them could  
speak.

But the Lord went then, to show him the way,  
Over the young crocuses, under the green may  
That was not quite in flower yet—to a far-distant land ;  
And the ghost followed, like a naked cloud holding the  
sun's hand.

## ROBERT NICHOLS

## THE TOWER

It was deep night, and over Jerusalem's low roofs  
 The moon floated, drifting through high vaporous woofs.  
 The moonlight crept and glistened silent, solemn, sweet,  
 Over dome and column, up empty, endless street ;  
 In the closed scented gardens the rose loosed from the  
     stem  
 Her white showery petals ; none regarded them ;  
 The starry thicket breathed odours to the sentinel palm ;  
 Silence possessed the city like a soul possessed by calm.

Not a spark in the warren under the giant night,  
 Save where in a turret's lantern beamed a grave, still light :  
 There in the topmost chamber a gold-eyed lamp was lit—  
 Marvellous lamp in darkness, informing, redeeming it !  
 For, set in that tiny chamber, Jesus, the blessed and  
     doomed,  
 Spoke to the lone apostles as light to men entombed ;  
 And spreading his hands in blessing, as one soon to be dead,  
 He put soft enchantment into spare wine and bread.

The hearts of the disciples were broken and full of tears,  
 Because their lord, the spearless, was hedged about with  
     spears ;  
 And in his face the sickness of departure had spread a gloom,  
 At leaving his young friends friendless.

They could not forget the tomb.  
 He smiled subduedly, telling, in tones soft as voice of the  
     dove,  
 The endlessness of sorrow, the eternal solace of love ;  
 And lifting the earthly tokens, wine and sorrowful bread,  
 He bade them sup and remember one who lived and was  
     dead.

And they could not restrain their weeping.

But one rose up to depart,  
 Having weakness and hate of weakness raging within his  
     heart,

And bowed to the robed assembly whose eyes gleamed wet  
in the light.  
Judas arose and departed : night went out to the night.

Then Jesus lifted his voice like a fountain in an ocean of  
tears,  
And comforted his disciples and calmed and allayed their  
fears.  
But Judas wound down the turret, creeping from floor to  
floor,  
And would fly ; but one leaning, weeping, barred him  
beside the door.  
And he knew her by her ruddy garment and two yet-  
watching men :  
Mary of Seven Evils, Mary Magdalen.  
And he was frightened at her. She sighed : " I dreamed  
him dead.  
We sell the body for silver . . . "

Then Judas cried out and fled

Forth into the night ! . . . The moon had begun to  
set :  
A drear, deft wind went sifting, setting the dust afret ;  
Into the heart of the city Judas ran on and prayed  
To stern Jehovah lest his deed make him afraid.

But in the tiny lantern, hanging as if on air,  
The disciples sat unspeaking. Amaze and peace were  
there.  
For *his* voice, more lovely than song of all earthly birds,  
In accents humble and happy spoke slow, consoling words.

Thus Jesus discoursed, and was silent, sitting upright, and  
soon  
Past the casement behind him slanted the sinking moon ;  
And, rising for Olivet, all stared, between love and  
dread,  
Seeing the torrid moon a ruddy halo behind his head.

## J. C. SQUIRE

### THERE WAS AN INDIAN

There was an Indian, who had known no change,  
 Who strayed content along a sunlit beech  
 Gathering shells. He heard a sudden strange  
 Commingled noise : looked up ; and gasped for speech.

For in the bay, where nothing was before,  
 Moved on the sea, by magic, huge canoes,  
 With bellying cloths on poles, and not one oar,  
 And fluttering coloured signs and clambering crews.

And he, in fear, this naked man alone,  
 His fallen hands forgetting all their shells,  
 His lips gone pale, knelt low behind a stone,  
 And stared, and saw, and did not understand,  
 Columbus's doom-burdened caravels  
 Slant to the shore, and all their seamen land.

### THE LILY OF MALUD

The lily of Malud is born in secret mud.  
 It is breathed like a word in a little dark ravine  
 Where no bird was ever heard and no beast was ever seen,  
 And the leaves are never stirred by the panther's velvet  
 sheen.

It blooms once a year in summer moonlight,  
 In a valley of dark fear full of pale moonlight :  
 It blooms once a year, and dies in a night,  
 And its petals disappear with the dawn's first light ;  
 And when that night has come, black small-breasted maids,  
 With ecstatic terror dumb, steal fawn-like through the shades  
 To watch, hour by hour, the unfolding of the flower.

When the world is full of night, and the moon reigns alone  
 And drowns in silver light the known and the unknown,  
 When each hut is a mound, half blue-silver and half black,  
 And casts upon the ground the hard shadow of its back,

When the winds are out of hearing and the tree-tops never  
shake,

When the grass in the clearing is silent but awake  
'Neath a moon-paven sky : all the village is asleep  
And the babes that nightly cry dream deep :

From the doors the maidens creep,  
Tiptoe over dreaming curs, soft, so soft, that not one stirs,  
And stand curved and a-quiver, like bathers by a river,  
Looking at the forest wall, groups of slender naked girls,  
Whose black bodies shine like pearls where the moonbeams  
fall.

They have waked, they knew not why, at a summons from  
the night,

They have stolen fearfully from the dark to the light,  
Stepping over sleeping men, who have moved and slept  
again :

And they know not why they go to the forest, but they  
know,

As their moth-feet pass to the shore of the grass  
And the forests' dreadful brink, that their tender spirits  
shrink :

They would flee, but cannot turn, for their eyelids burn  
With still frenzy, and each maid, ere she leaves the moonlit  
space,

If she sees another's face is thrilled and afraid.

Now like little phantom fawns they thread the outer lawns  
Where the boles of giant trees stand about in twos and  
threes,

Till the forest grows more dense and the darkness more  
intense,

And they only sometimes see in a lone moon-ray  
A dead and spongy trunk in the earth half-sunk,  
Or the roots of a tree with fungus grey,  
Or a drift of muddy leaves, or a banded snake that heaves.

And the towering unseen roof grows more intricate, and  
soon

It is featureless and proof to the lost forgotten moon.

But they could not look above as with blind-drawn feet  
they move

Onwards on the scarce-felt path, with quick and desperate  
breath,

For their circling fingers dread to caress some slimy head,  
Or to touch the icy shape of a hunched and hairy ape,  
And at every step they fear in their very midst to hear  
A lion's rending roar or a tiger's snore . . .

And when things swish or fall, they shiver but dare not call.

O what is it leads the way that they do not stray ?

What unimagined arm keeps their bodies from harm ?

What presence concealed lifts their little feet that yield

Over dry ground and wet till their straining eyes are met

With a thinning of the darkness ?

And the foremost faintly cries in awed surprise :

And they one by one emerge from the gloom to the verge  
Of a small sunken vale full of moonlight pale.

And they hang along the bank, clinging to the branches dank,  
A shadowy festoon out of sight of the moon ;

And they see in front of them, rising from the mud,

A single straight stem and a single pallid bud

In that little lake of light from the moon's calm height.

A stem, a ghostly bud, on the moon-swept mud

That shimmers like a pond ; and over there beyond

The guardian forest high, menacing and strange,

Invades the empty sky with its wild black range.

And they watch hour by hour that small lonely flower

In that deep forest place that hunter never found.

It shines without sound, as a star in space.

And the silence all around that solitary place

Is like silence in a dream ; till a sudden flashing gleam

Down their dark faces flies ; and their lips fall apart

And their glimmering great eyes without excitement dart

And their fingers, clutching the branches they were  
touching,

Shake and arouse hissing leaves on the boughs.

And they whisper aswoon : Did it move in the moon ?



O it moved as it grew !

It is moving, opening, with calm and gradual will  
 And their bodies where they cling are shadowed and still,  
 And with marvel they mark that the mud now is dark,  
 For the unfolding flower, like a goddess in her power,  
 Challenges the moon with a light of her own,  
 That lovelily grows as the petals unclose,  
 Wider, more wide with an awful inward pride  
 Till the heart of it breaks and stilled is their breath,  
 For the radiance it makes is as wonderful as death.

The morning's crimson stain tinges their ashen brows  
 As they part the last boughs and slowly step again  
 On to the village grass, and chill and languid pass  
 Into the huts to sleep.

Brief slumber, yet so deep  
 That, when they wake to-day, darkness and splendour seem  
 Broken and far-away, a faint miraculous dream ;  
 And when those maidens rise they are as they ever were  
 Save only for a rare shade of trouble in their eyes.  
 And the surly thick-lipped men, as they sit about their  
       huts

Making drums out of guts, grunting gruffly now and then,  
 Carving sticks of ivory, stretching shields of wrinkled skin,  
 Smoothing sinister and thin squatting gods of ebony,  
 Chip and grunt and do not see.

But each mother, silently,  
 Longer than her wont stays shut in the dimness of her hut,  
 For she feels a brooding cloud of memory in the air,  
 A lingering thing there that makes her sit bowed  
 With hollow shining eyes, as the night-fire dies,  
 And stare softly at the ember, and try to remember,  
 Something sorrowful and far, something sweet and vaguely  
       seen

Like an early evening star when the sky is pale green :  
 A quiet silver tower that climbed in an hour,  
 Or a ghost like a flower, or a flower like a queen :  
 Something holy in the past that came and did not last . . .  
 But she knows not what it was.

## RIVERS

Rivers I have seen which were beautiful,  
Slow rivers winding in the flat fens,  
With bands of reeds like thronged green swords  
Guarding the mirrored sky ;  
And streams down-tumbling from the chalk hills  
To valleys of meadows and watercress-beds,  
And bridges whereunder, dark weed-coloured shadows,  
Trout flit or lie.

I know those rivers that peacefully glide  
Past old towers and shaven gardens,  
Where mottled walls rise from the water  
And mills all streaked with flour ;  
And rivers with wharves and rusty shipping,  
That flow with a stately tidal motion  
Towards their destined estuaries  
Full of the pride of power ;

Noble great rivers, Thames and Severn,  
Tweed with his gateway of many grey arches,  
Clyde, dying at sunset westward  
In a sea as red as blood ;  
Rhine and his hills in close procession,  
Placid Elbe, Seine slaty and swirling,  
And Isar, son of the Alpine snows,  
A furious turquoise flood.

All these I have known, and with slow eyes  
I have walked on their shores and watched them,  
And softened to their beauty and loved them  
Wherever my feet have been ;  
And a hundred others also  
Whose names long since grew into me,  
That, dreaming in light or darkness,  
I have seen, though I have not seen.

Those rivers of thought : cold Ebro,  
And blue racing Guadiana,  
Passing white houses, high-balconied,  
That ache in a sun-baked land,  
Congo, and Nile, and Colorado,  
Niger, Indus, Zambesi,  
And the Yellow River, and the Oxus,  
And the river that dies in sand.

What splendours are theirs, what continents,  
What tribes of men, what basking plains,  
Forests and lion-hided deserts,  
Marshes, ravines, and falls :  
All hues and shapes and tempers  
Wandering they take as they wander  
From those far springs that endlessly  
The far sea calls.

O in reverie I know the Volga  
That turns his back upon Europe,  
And the two great cities on his banks,  
Novgorod and Astrakhan ;  
Where the world is a few soft colours,  
And under the dove-like evening  
The boatmen chant ancient songs,  
The tenderest known to man.

And the holy river Ganges,  
His fretted cities veiled in moonlight,  
Arches and buttresses silver-shadowy  
In the high moon,  
And palms grouped in the moonlight  
And fanes girdled with cypresses,  
Their domes of marble softly shining  
To the high silver moon.

And that aged Brahmapootra  
Who beyond the white Himalayas  
Passes many a lamassery  
On rocks forlorn and froze.

A block of gaunt grey stone walls  
With rows of little barred windows,  
Where shrivelled young monks in yellow silk  
Are hidden for evermore. . . .

But O that great river, the Amazon,  
I have sailed up its gulf with eyelids closed,  
And the yellow waters tumbled round,  
And all was rimmed with sky,  
Till the banks drew in, and the trees' heads,  
And the lines of green grew higher  
And I breathed deep, and there above me  
The forest wall stood high.

Those forest walls of the Amazon  
Are level under the blazing blue,  
And yield no sound but the whistles and shrieks  
Of the swarming bright macaws ;  
And under their lowest drooping boughs  
Mud-banks torpidly bubble,  
And the water drifts, and logs in the water  
Drift and twist and pause.

And everywhere, tacitly joining,  
Float noiseless tributaries,  
Tall avenues paved with water :  
And as I silent fly  
The vegetation like a painted scene,  
Spars and spikes and monstrous fans  
And ferns from hairy sheaths up-springing,  
Evenly passes by.

And stealthier stagnant channels  
Under low niches of drooping leaves  
Coil into deep recesses :  
And there have I entered, there  
To heavy, hot, dense, dim places  
Where creepers climb and sweat and climb,  
Where the drip and splash of oozing water  
Loads the stifling air.

Rotting scrofulous steaming trunks,  
 Great horned emerald beetles crawling,  
 Ants and huge slow butterflies  
 That had strayed and lost the sun ;  
 Ah, sick I have swooned as the air thickened  
 To a pallid brown ecliptic glow,  
 And on the forest, fallen with languor,  
 Thunder has begun.

Thunder in the dun dusk, thunder  
 Rolling and battering and cracking,  
 The caverns shudder with a terrible glare  
 Again and again and again,  
 Till the land bows in the darkness,  
 Utterly lost and defenceless,  
 Smitten and blinded and overwhelmed  
 By the crashing rods of rain.

And then in the forests of the Amazon,  
 When the rain has ended, and silence come,  
 What dark luxuriance unfolds  
 From behind the night's drawn bars :  
 The wreathing odours of a thousand trees  
 And the flowers' faint gleaming presences,  
 And over the clearings and the still waters  
 Soft indigo and hanging stars.

\* \* \* \*

O many and many are rivers,  
 And beautiful are all rivers,  
 And lovely is water everywhere  
 That leaps or glides or stays ;  
 Yet by starlight, moonlight, or sunlight,  
 Long, long though they look, these wandering eyes,  
 Even on the fairest waters of dream,  
 Never untroubled gaze.

For whatever stream I stand by,  
 And whatever river I dream of,  
 There is something still in the back of my mind  
 From very far away ;

There is something I saw and see not,  
A country full of rivers  
That stirs in my heart and speaks to me  
More sure, more dear than they.

And always I ask and wonder  
(Though often I do not know it) :  
Why does this water not smell like water ?  
Where is the moss that grew  
Wet and dry on the slabs of granite  
And the round stones in clear brown water ?  
—And a pale film rises before them  
Of the rivers that first I knew.

Though famous are the rivers of the great world,  
Though my heart from those alien waters drinks  
Delight however pure from their loveliness,  
And awe however deep,  
Would I wish for a moment the miracle,  
That those waters should come to Chagford,  
Or gather and swell in Tavy Cleave  
Where the stones cling to the steep ?

No, even were they Ganges and Amazon  
In all their great might and majesty,  
League upon league of wonders,  
I would lose them all, and more,  
For a light chiming of small bells,  
A twisting flash in the granite,  
The tiny thread of a pixie waterfall  
That lives by Vixen Tor.

Those rivers in that lost country,  
They were brown as a clear brown bead is,  
Or red with the earth that rain washed down,  
Or white with china-clay ;  
And some tossed foaming over boulders,  
And some curved mild and tranquil,  
In wooded vales securely set  
Under the fond warm day.

Okement and Erme and Avon,  
Exe and his ruffled shallows,  
I could cry as I think of those rivers  
    That knew my morning dreams ;  
The weir by Tavistock at evening  
When the circling woods were purple,  
And the Lowman in spring with the lent-lilies,  
    And the little moorland streams.

For many a hillside streamlet  
There falls with a broken tinkle,  
Falling and dying, falling and dying,  
    In little cascades and pools,  
Where the world is furze and heather  
And flashing plovers and fixed larks,  
And an empty sky, whitish blue,  
    That small world rules.

There, there, where the high waste bog-lands  
And the drooping slopes and the spreading valleys,  
The orchards and the cattle-sprinkled pastures  
    Those travelling musics fill,  
There is my lost Abana,  
And there is my nameless Pharphar  
That mixed with my heart when I was a boy,  
    And time stood still.

And I say I will go there and die there :  
But I do not go there, and sometimes  
I think that the train could not carry me there,  
    And it's possible, maybe,  
That it's farther than Asia or Africa,  
Or any voyager's harbour,  
Farther, farther, beyond recall . . .  
    O even in memory !

## FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

## PROTHALAMION

When the evening came my love said to me :  
 Let us go into the garden now that the sky is cool ;  
 The garden of black hellebore and rosemary,  
 Where wild woodruff spills in a milky pool.

Low we passed in the twilight, for the wavering heat  
 Of day had waned ; and round that shaded plot  
 Of secret beauty the thickets clustered sweet :  
 Here is heaven, our hearts whispered, but our lips spake  
 not.

Between that old garden and seas of lazy foam  
 Gloomy and beautiful alleys of trees arise  
 With spire of cypress and dreamy beechen dome,  
 So dark that our enchanted sight knew nothing but the  
 skies :

Veiled with a soft air, drench'd in the roses' musk  
 Or the dusky, dark carnation's breath of clove :  
 No stars burned in their deeps, but through the dusk  
 I saw my love's eyes, and they were brimmed with love.

No star their secret ravished, no wasting moon  
 Mocked the sad transience of those eternal hours :  
 Only the soft, unseeing heaven of June,  
 The ghosts of great trees, and the sleeping flowers.

For doves that crooned in the leafy noonday now  
 Were silent ; the night-jar sought his secret covers,  
 Nor even a mild sea-whisper moved a creaking bough—  
 Was ever a silence deeper made for lovers ?

Was ever a moment meeter made for love ?  
 Beautiful are your close lips beneath my kiss ;  
 And all your yielding sweetness beautiful—  
 Oh, never in all the world was such a night as this !



## GERALD GOULD

## THE EARTH CHILD

Out of the veins of the world comes the blood of me ;  
 The heart that beats in my side is the heart of the sea ;  
 The hills have known me of old, and they do not forget ;  
 Long ago was I friends with the wind ; I am friends with it yet.

The hills are grey, they are strange ; they breed desire  
 Of a tune that the feet may march to and not tire ;  
 For always up in the distance the thin roads wind,  
 And passing out of sight, they pass not out of mind.

I am glad when morning and evening alter the skies ;  
 There speaks no voice of the stars but my voice replies ;  
 When wave on wave all night cries out in its need,  
 I listen, I understand ; my heart takes heed.

Out of the red-brown earth, out of the grey-brown streams,  
 Came this perilous body, cage of perilous dreams ;  
 To the ends of all waters and lands they are tossed, they are  
     whirled,  
 For my dreams are one with my body, yea, one with the  
     world.

## SONNET

The creeping hours have caught us unawares,  
     And while we yet stand breathless from the thrill  
     Of the warm noon, the twilight wide and chill  
 Has stol'n the colour from the golden airs :  
 The dead and equal light of evening bares  
     The world of shade ere shade shall have its fill ;  
     And the vague gleams on river, fold, and hill  
 Are lost and lonely as unanswered prayers.

Draw closer to me, dear : the greater need  
     Must breed the greater solace. All about  
     The moods and marvels of the day go out  
 Like candles blown upon : the heat, the speed,  
 Are sped : but all things bring their own redress,  
 And love that's weary is not love the less.

*SHANE LESLIE*

## FLEET STREET

I never see the newsboys run  
 Amid the whirling street,  
 With swift untiring feet,  
 To cry the latest venture done,  
 But I expect one day to hear  
 Them cry the crack of doom  
 And risings from the tomb,  
 With great Archangel Michael near ;  
 And see them running from the Fleet  
 As messengers of God,  
 With Heaven's tidings shod  
 About their brave unwearied feet.

*EZRA POUND*

## NIGHT LITANY

O Dieu, purifiez nos cœurs !  
 Purifiez nos cœurs !  
 Yea, the lines hast thou laid unto me  
 in pleasant places,  
 And the beauty of this thy Venice  
 hast thou shown unto me  
 Until its loveliness became unto me  
 a thing of tears.

O God, what great kindness  
 have we done in times past  
 and forgotten it,  
 That thou givest this wonder unto us,  
 O God of waters ?

O God of the night,  
 What great sorrow  
 Cometh unto us,  
 That thou thus repayest us  
 Before the time of its coming ?

O God of silence,  
     Purifiez nos cœurs,  
     Purifiez nos cœurs,  
 For we have seen  
 The glory of the shadow of the  
     likeness of thine handmaid,  
 Yea, the glory of the shadow  
     of thy Beauty hath walked  
 Upon the shadow of the waters  
     In this thy Venice,  
     And before the holiness  
 Of the shadow of thy handmaid  
     Have I hidden mine eyes  
     O God of waters.

O God of silence,  
     Purifiez nos cœurs,  
     Purifiez nos cœurs,  
 O God of waters,  
     make clean our hearts within us  
 And our lips to show forth thy praise,  
     For I have seen the  
 Shadow of this thy Venice  
 Floating upon the waters,  
     And thy stars  
 Have seen this thing, out of their far courses  
 Have they seen this thing,  
     O God of waters,  
 Even as are thy stars  
 Silent unto us in their far coursing,  
 Even so is mine heart  
     become silent within me.

*Purifiez nos cœurs,*  
*O God of the silence.*  
*Purifiez nos cœurs,*  
*O God of waters.*

BALLAD OF THE GOODLY FERE<sup>1</sup>

*Simon Zelotes speaketh it some while after  
the Crucifixion.*

Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o' all  
For the priests and the gallows tree ?  
Aye lover he was of brawny men,  
O' ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take Our Man  
His smile was good to see,  
" First let these go ! " quo' our Goodly Fere,  
" Or I'll see you damned," says he.

Aye he sent us out through the crossed high spears  
And the scorn of his laugh rang free,  
" Why took ye not me when I walked about  
Alone in the town ? " says he.

Oh we drank his " Hale " in the good red wine  
When we last made company,  
No capon priest was the Goodly Fere,  
But a man o' men was he.

I ha' seen him drive a hundred men  
Wi' a bundle o' cords swung free,  
That they took the high and holy house  
For their pawn and treasury.

They'll no' get him a' in a book, I think,  
Though they write it cunningly ;  
No mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere,  
But aye loved the open sea.

If they think they ha' snared our Goodly Fere  
They are fools to the last degree.  
" I'll go to the feast," quo' our Goodly Fere,  
" Though I go to the gallows tree."

● <sup>1</sup> Fere = mate, companion.

“ Ye ha’ seen me heal the lame and blind,  
 And wake the dead,” says he,  
 “ Ye shall see one thing to master all :  
 ’Tis how a brave man dies on the tree.”

A Son of God was the Goodly Fere  
 That bade us his brothers be.  
 I ha’ seen him cow a thousand men.  
 I have seen him upon the tree.

He cried no cry when they drave the nails  
 And the blood gushed hot and free,  
 The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue  
 But never a cry cried he.

I ha’ seen him cow a thousand men  
 On the hills o’ Galilee,  
 They whined as he walked out calm between,  
 Wi’ his eyes like the grey o’ the sea.

Like the sea that brooks no voyaging  
 With the winds unleashed and free,  
 Like the sea that He cowed at Geneseret  
 Wi’ twey words spoke suddenly.

### PRAISE OF YSOLT

In vain have I striven  
                   to teach my heart to bow ;  
 In vain have I said to him  
     “ There be many singers greater than thou.”

But his answer cometh, as winds and as lutany,  
 As a vague crying upon the night  
 That leaveth me no rest, saying ever,  
                                   “ Song, a song.”

Their echoes play upon each other in the twilight  
 Seeking ever a song.  
 Lo, I am worn with travail

And the wandering of many roads hath made my eyes  
As dark red circles filled with dust.

Yet there is a trembling upon me in the twilight,

And little red elf words crying "A song,"

Little grey elf words crying for a song,

Little brown leaf words crying "A song,"

Little green leaf words crying for a song.

The words are as leaves, old brown leaves in the spring  
time

Blowing they know not whither, seeking a song.

White words as snow flakes but they are cold,  
Moss words, lip words, words of slow streams.

In vain have I striven

to teach my soul to bow ;

In vain have I pled with him,

"There be greater souls than thou."

For in the morn of my years there came a woman

As moonlight calling,

As the moon calleth the tides,

"Song, a song."

Wherefore I made her a song and she went from me

As the moon doth from the sea,

But still came the leaf words, little brown elf words

Saying, "The soul sendeth us."

"A song, a song !"

And in vain I cried unto them, "I have no song,

For she I sang of hath gone from me."

But my soul sent a woman, a woman of the wonder folk,

A woman as fire upon the pine woods

crying "Song, a song."

As the flame crieth unto the sap

My song was ablaze with her, and she went from me

As flame leaveth the embers, so went she unto new  
forests

And the woods were with me

crying ever "Song, a song."

And I, "I have no song,"  
Till my soul sent a woman as the sun :  
Yea, as the sun calleth to the seed,  
As the spring upon the bough  
So is she that cometh the song-drawer,  
She that holdeth the wonder words within her eyes,  
The little elf words  
That call ever unto me,  
"Song, a song."

## ENVOI

In vain have I striven with my soul  
to teach my soul to bow.  
What soul boweth  
while in his heart art thou ?

## BALLAD FOR GLOOM

For God, our God, is a gallant foe  
That playeth behind the veil.

I have loved my God as a child at heart  
That seeketh deep bosoms for rest,  
I have loved my God as maid to man  
But lo ! this thing is best :

To love your God as a gallant foe  
that plays behind the veil,  
To meet your God as the night winds meet  
beyond Arcturus' pale.

I have play'd with God for a woman,  
I have staked with my God for truth,  
I have lost to my God as a man, clear-eyed,  
His dice be not of ruth.

For I am made as a naked blade,  
But hear ye this thing in sooth :

Who loseth to God as man to man  
    Shall win at the turn of the game.  
I have drawn my blade where the lightnings meet,  
    But the ending is the same :  
Who loseth to God as the sword blades lose  
    Shall win at the end of the game.

For God, our God, is a gallant foe  
    that playeth behind the veil,  
Whom God deigns not to overthrow  
    hath need of triple mail.

*W. J. TURNER*

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ROMANCE

When I was but thirteen or so  
    I went into a golden land,  
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi  
    Took me by the hand.

My father died, my brother too,  
    They passed like fleeting dreams,  
I stood where Popocatepetl  
    In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the master's voice  
    And boys far-off at play,  
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi  
    Had stolen me away.

I walked in a great golden dream  
    To and fro from school—  
Shining Popocatepetl  
    The dusty streets did rule.

I walked home with a gold dark boy  
    And never a word I'd say,  
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi  
    Had taken my speech away :



I gazed entranced upon his face  
Fairer than any flower—  
O shining Popocatapetl  
It was thy magic hour :

The houses, people, traffic seemed  
Thin fading dreams by day,  
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi  
They had stolen my soul away !

### THE CAVES OF AUVERGNE

He carved the red deer and the bull  
Upon the smooth cave rock,  
Returned from war with belly full,  
And scarred with many a knock,  
He carved the red deer and the bull  
Upon the smooth cave rock.

The stars flew by the cave's wide door,  
The clouds wild trumpets blew,  
Trees rose in wild dreams from the floor,  
Flowers with dream faces grew  
Up to the sky, and softly hung  
Golden and white and blue.

The woman ground her heap of corn,  
Her heart a guarded fire ;  
The wind played in his trembling soul  
Like a hand upon a lyre,  
The wind drew faintly on the stone  
Symbols of his desire :

The red deer of the forest dark,  
Whose antlers cut the sky,  
That vanishes into the mirk  
And like a dream flits by,  
And by an arrow slain at last  
Is but the wind's dark body.

The bull that stands in marshy lakes  
As motionless and still  
As a dark rock jutting from a plain  
Without a tree or hill ;  
The bull that is the sign of life,  
Its sombre, phallic will.  
And from the dead, white eyes of them  
The wind springs up anew,  
It blows upon the trembling heart,  
And bull and deer renew  
Their flitting life in the dim past  
When that dead Hunter drew.  
I sit beside him in the night,  
And, fingering his red stone,  
I chase through endless forests dark  
Seeking that thing unknown,  
That which is not red deer or bull,  
But which by them was shown :  
By those stiff shapes in which he drew  
His soul's exalted cry,  
When flying down the forest dark  
He slew and knew not why,  
When he was filled with song, and strength  
Flowed to him from the sky.  
The wind blows from red deer and bull,  
The clouds wild trumpets blare,  
Trees rise in wild dreams from the earth,  
Flowers with dream faces stare,  
*O Hunter, your own shadow stands  
Within your forest lair !*

## SIEGFRIED SASSOON

## EVERYONE SANG

1917

Everyone suddenly burst out singing ;  
And I was filled with such delight  
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,

Winging wildly across the white  
Orchards and dark green fields ; on—on—and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted ;  
And beauty came like the setting sun :  
My heart was shaken with tears ; and horror  
Drifted away . . . O, but Everyone  
Was a bird ; and the song was wordless ; the singing will  
never be done.

### THE DEATH-BED

1917

He drowsed and was aware of silence heaped  
Round him, unshaken as the steadfast walls ;  
Aqueous-like floating rays of amber light,  
Soaring and quivering in the wings of sleep,—  
Silence and safety ; and his mortal shore  
Tipped by the inward, moonless waves of death.

Someone was holding water to his mouth,  
He swallowed, unresisting ; moaned and dropped  
Through crimson gloom to darkness ; and forgot  
The opiate throb and ache that was his wound.  
Water—calm, sliding green above the weir ;  
Water—a sky-lit alley for his boat,  
Bird-voiced, and bordered with reflected flowers  
And shaken hues of summer : drifting down,  
He dipped contented oars, and sighed, and slept.

Night, with a gust of wind, was in the ward,  
Blowing the curtain to a glimmering curve.  
Night. He was blind ; he could not see the stars  
Glinting among the wraiths of wandering cloud ;  
Queer blots of colour, purple, scarlet, green,  
Flickered and faded in his drowning eyes.

Rain ; he could hear it rustling through the dark  
Fragrance and passionless music woven as one ;  
Warm rain on drooping roses ; pattering showers  
That soak the woods ; not the harsh rain, that sweeps

Behind the thunder, but a trickling peace  
Gently and slowly washing life away.

He stirred, shifting his body; then the pain  
Leaped like a prowling beast, and gripped and tore  
His groping dreams with grinding claws and fangs.  
But some one was beside him; soon he lay  
Shuddering because that evil thing had passed.  
And Death, who'd stepped toward him, paused and stared.

Light many lamps and gather round his bed.  
Lend him your eyes, warm blood, and will to live.  
Speak to him; rouse him; you may save him yet.  
He's young; he hated war; how should he die  
When cruel old campaigners win safe through?

But Death replied: "I choose him." So he went,  
And there was silence in the summer night;  
Silence and safety; and the veils of sleep.  
Then, far away, the thudding of the guns.

### RUPERT BROOKE

#### THE FISH

In a cool curving world he lies  
And ripplies with dark ecstasies.  
The kind luxurious lapse and steal  
Shapes all his universe to feel  
And know and be; the clinging stream  
Closes his memory, glooms his dream,  
Who lips the roots o' the shore, and glides  
Superb on unreturning tides.  
Those silent waters weave for him  
A fluctuant mutable world and dim,  
Where wavering masses bulge and gape  
Mysterious, and shape to shape  
Dies momentarily through whorl and hollow,  
And form and line and solid follow

Solid and line and form to dream  
 Fantastic down the eternal stream ;  
 An obscure world, a shifting world,  
 Bulbous, or pulled to thin, or curled,  
 Or serpentine, or driving arrows,  
 Or serene slidings, or March narrows.  
 There slipping wave and shore are one,  
 And weed and mud. No ray of sun,  
 But glow to glow fades down the deep  
 (As dream to unknown dream in sleep) ;  
 Shaken translucency illumines  
 The hyaline of drifting glooms ;  
 The strange soft-handed depth subdues  
 Drowned colour there, but black to hues,  
 As death to living, decomposes—  
 Red darkness of the heart of roses,  
 Blue brilliant from dead starless skies,  
 And gold that lies behind the eyes,  
 The unknown unnameable sightless white  
 That is the essential flame of night,  
 Lustreless purple, hooded green,  
 The myriad hues that lie between  
 Darkness and darkness ! . . .

And all's one,  
 Gentle, embracing, quiet, dun,  
 The world he rests in, world he knows,  
 Perpetual curving. Only—grows  
 An eddy in that ordered falling,  
 A knowledge from the gloom, a calling  
 Weed in the wave, gleam in the mud—  
 The dark fire leaps along his blood ;  
 Dateless and deathless, blind and still,  
 The intricate impulse works its will ;  
 His woven world drops back ; and he,  
 Sans providence, sans memory,  
 Unconscious and directly driven,  
 Fades to some dank sufficient heaven.

O world of lips, O world of laughter,  
 Where hope is fleet and thought flies after,

Of lights in the clear night, of cries  
That drift along the wave and rise  
Thin to the glittering stars above,  
You know the hands, the eyes of Love !  
The strife of limbs, the sightless clinging,  
The infinitive distance, and the singing  
Blown by the wind, a flame of sound,  
The gleam, the flowers, and vast around  
The horizon, and the heights above—  
You know the sigh, the song of love !

But there the night is close, and there  
Darkness is cold and strange and bare ;  
And the secret deeps are whisperless ;  
And rhythm is all deliciousness ;  
And joy is in the throbbing tide,  
Whose intricate fingers beat and glide  
In felt bewildering harmonies  
Of trembling touch ; and music is  
The exquisite knocking of the blood.  
Space is no more, under the mud ;  
His bliss is older than the sun.  
Silent and straight the waters run.  
The lights, the cries, the willows dim,  
And the dark tide are one with him.

### THE HILL

Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill,  
Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.  
You said, " Through glory and ecstasy we pass ;  
Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds sing still,  
When we are old, are old. . . ." " And when we die  
All's over that is ours ; and life burns on  
Through other lovers, other lips," said I,  
—" Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won ! "

" We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.  
Life is our cry. We have kept the faith ! " we said ;  
" We shall go down with unreluctant tread

Rose-crowned into the darkness ! ” . . . Proud we were,  
 And laughed, that had such brave true things to say.  
 —And then you suddenly cried, and turned away.

## CLOUDS

Down the blue night the unending columns press  
 In noiseless tumult, break and wave and flow,  
 Now tread the far South, or lift rounds of snow  
 Up to the white moon's hidden loveliness.  
 Some pause in their grave wandering comradeless,  
 And turn with profound gesture vague and slow,  
 As who would pray good for the world, but know  
 Their benediction empty as they bless.

They say that the Dead die not, but remain  
 Near to the rich heirs of their grief and mirth.  
 I think they ride the calm mid-heaven, as these,  
 In wise majestic melancholy train,  
 And watch the moon, and the still-raging seas,  
 And men, coming and going on the earth.

## THE OLD VICARAGE, GRANTCHESTER

*(Café des Westens, Berlin, May 1912)*

Just now the lilac is in bloom,  
 All before my little room ;  
 And in my flower-beds, I think,  
 Smile the carnation and the pink ;  
 And down the borders, well I know,  
 The poppy and the pansy blow. . . .  
 Oh ! there the chestnuts, summer through,  
 Beside the river make for you  
 A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep  
 Deeply above ; and green and deep  
 The stream mysterious glides beneath,  
 Green as a dream and deep as death.  
 —Oh, damn ! I know it ! and I know  
 How the May fields all golden show,

And when the day is young and sweet,  
Gild gloriously the bare feet  
That run to bathe. . . .

*Du lieber Gott !*

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,  
And there the shadowed waters fresh  
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.  
*Temperamentvoll* German Jews  
Drink beer around ;—and *there* the dew  
Are soft beneath a morn of gold.  
Here tulips bloom as they are told ;  
Unkempt about those hedges blows  
An English unofficial rose ;  
And there the unregulated sun  
Slopes down to rest when day is done,  
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,  
A slippered Hesper ; and there are  
Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton  
Where *das Betreten's* not *verboten*.

εἴθε γένοιμην . . . would I were  
In Grantchester, in Grantchester !—  
Some, it may be, can get in touch  
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.  
And clever modern men have seen  
A Faun a-peeping through the green,  
And felt the Classics were not dead,  
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,  
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low : . . .  
But these are things I do not know.  
I only know that you may lie  
Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,  
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,  
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,  
Until the centuries blend and blur  
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. . . .  
Still in the dawnlit waters cool  
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,  
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,  
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx.



Dan Chaucer hears his river still  
Chatter beneath a phantom mill.  
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,  
How Cambridge waters hurry by . . .  
And in that garden, black and white,  
Creep whispers through the grass all night ;  
And spectral dance, before the dawn,  
A hundred Vicars down the lawn ;  
Curates, long dust, will come and go  
On lissom, clerical, printless toe ;  
And oft between the boughs is seen  
The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . .  
Till, at a shiver in the skies,  
Vanishing with Satanic cries,  
The prim ecclesiastic rout  
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,  
Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,  
The falling house that never falls.

God ! I will pack, and take a train,  
And get me to England once again !  
For England's the one land, I know,  
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go ;  
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,  
The shire for Men who Understand ;  
And of *that* district I prefer  
The lovely hamlet Grantchester.  
For Cambridge people rarely smile,  
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile ;  
And Royston men in the far South  
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth ;  
At Over they fling oaths at one,  
And worse than oaths at Trumpington,  
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,  
And there's none in Harston under thirty,  
And folks in Shelford and those parts  
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,  
And Barton men make Cockney rhymes,  
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,

And things are done you'd not believe  
At Madingley, on Christmas Eve.  
Strong men have run for miles and miles,  
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles ;  
Strong men have blanched, and shot their wives,  
Rather than send them to St Ives ;  
Strong men have cried like babies, bydam,  
To hear what happened at Babraham.  
But Grantchester ! ah, Grantchester !  
There's peace and holy quiet there,  
Great clouds along pacific skies,  
And men and women with straight eyes,  
Lithe children lovelier than a dream,  
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,  
And little kindly winds that creep  
Round twilight corners, half asleep.  
In Grantchester their skins are white ;  
They bathe by day, they bathe by night ;  
The women there do all they ought ;  
The men observe the Rules of Thought.  
They love the Good ; they worship Truth ;  
They laugh uproariously in youth ;  
(And when they get to feeling old,  
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told). . . .

Ah, God ! to see the branches stir  
Across the moon at Grantchester !  
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten  
Unforgettable, unforgotten  
River-smell, and hear the breeze  
Sobbing in the little trees.  
Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand  
Still guardians of that holy land ?  
The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,  
The yet unacademic stream ?  
Is dawn a secret shy and cold  
Anadyomene, silver-gold ?  
And sunset still a golden sea  
From Haslingfield to Madingley ?

And after, ere the night is born,  
 Do hares come out about the corn ?  
 Oh, is the water sweet and cool,  
 Gentle and brown, above the pool ?  
 And laughs the immortal river still  
 Under the mill, under the mill ?  
 Say, is there Beauty yet to find ?  
 And Certainty ? and Quiet kind ?  
 Deep meadows yet, for to forget  
 The lies, and truths, and pain ? . . . Oh ! yet  
 Stands the Church clock at ten to three ?  
 And is there honey still for tea ?

## THE DEAD

1914

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead !  
 There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,  
 But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
 These laid the world away ; poured out the red  
 Sweet wine of youth ; gave up the years to be  
 Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,  
 That men call age ; and those who would have been,  
 Their sons, they gave, their immortality.  
 Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us, for our dearth,  
 Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.  
 Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
 And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;  
 And Nobleness walks in our ways again ;  
 And we have come into our heritage.

## THE SOLDIER

1914

If I should die, think only this of me :  
 That there's some corner of a foreign field  
 That is for ever England. There shall be  
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given ;  
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;  
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

*JULIAN GRENFELL*

---

INTO BATTLE

1915

The naked earth is warm with Spring,  
And with green grass and bursting trees  
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
And quivers in the sunny breeze ;  
And life is Colour and Warmth and Light,  
And a striving evermore for these ;  
And he is dead who will not fight,  
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth ;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth ;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven  
Hold him in their high comradeship,  
The Dog-star, and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,  
They stand to him each one a friend ;  
They gently speak in the windy weather ;  
They guide to valley and ridge's end.

The kestrel hovering by day,  
And the little owls that call by night,  
Bid him be swift and keen as they,  
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, " Brother, brother,  
If this be the last song you shall sing  
Sing well, for you may not sing another ;  
Brother, sing."

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,  
Before the brazen frenzy starts,  
The horses show him nobler powers ;—  
O patient eyes, courageous hearts !

And when the burning moment breaks,  
And all things else are out of mind,  
And only Joy of Battle takes  
Him by the throat and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,  
Not caring much to know, that still  
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so  
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air Death moans and sings ;  
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

### ALAN SEEGER

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#### I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

1916

I have a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes back with rustling shade

And apple-blossoms fill the air—  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land  
And close my eyes and quench my breath—  
It may be I shall pass him still.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this year  
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed in silk and scented down,  
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,  
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,  
Where hushed awakenings are dear. . . .  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this year,  
And I to my pledged word am true,  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

### WILFRED OWEN

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#### STRANGE MEETING

1918

It seemed that out of the battle I escaped  
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped  
Through granites which Titanic wars had groined.  
Yet also there encumbered sleepers groined,  
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.  
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared  
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,  
Lifting distressful hands as if to bless;  
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall.  
With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained;

Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,  
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.  
"Strange, friend," I said, "Here is no cause to mourn,"  
"None," said the other, "Save the undone years,  
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,  
Was my life also ; I went hunting wild  
After the wildest beauty in the world,  
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,  
But mocks the steady running of the hour,  
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.  
For by my glee might many men have laughed,  
And of my weeping something has been left  
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,  
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.  
Now men will go content with what we spoiled,  
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.  
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,  
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.  
Courage was mine, and I had mystery,  
Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery ;  
To miss the march of this retreating world  
Into vain citadels that are not walled.  
Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels  
I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,  
Even with truths that be too deep for taint.  
I would have poured my spirit without stint  
But not through wounds ; not on the cess of war.  
Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.  
I am the enemy you killed, my friend.  
I knew you in this dark : for so you frowned  
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.  
I parried ; but my hands were loath and cold.  
Let us sleep now. . . ."

## ANTHEM FOR DOOMED YOUTH

1918

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle ?  
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
Can patter out their hasty orisons.  
No mockeries for them ; no prayer nor bells,  
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—  
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells ;  
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all ?  
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes  
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.  
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall ;  
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,  
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

WILLIAM NOEL HODGSON

BEFORE ACTION

1916

By all the glories of the day  
And the cool evening's benison,  
By that last sunset touch that lay  
Upon the hills when day was done,  
By beauty lavishly outpoured  
And blessings carelessly received,  
By all the days that I have lived  
Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all man's hopes and fears,  
And all the wonders poets sing,  
The laughter of unclouded years,  
And every sad and lovely thing ;  
By the romantic ages stored  
With high endeavours that was his,  
By all his mad catastrophes  
Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill  
Saw with uncomprehending eyes  
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill  
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,



*WILLIAM NOEL HODGSON*

Ere the sun swings his noonday sword  
Must say good-bye to all of this ;—  
By all delights that I shall miss,  
Help me to die, O Lord.

*FRANCIS LEDWIDGE*

## IN FRANCE

1917

The silence of maternal hills  
Is round me in my evening dreams ;  
And round me music-making bills  
And mingling waves of pastoral streams.  
Whatever way I turn I find  
The path is old unto me still.  
The hills of home are in my mind,  
And there I wander as I will.

## THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP

The sheep are coming home in Greece,  
Hark the bells on every hill !  
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,  
Wandering wide a little piece  
Thro' the evening red and still,  
Stopping where the pathways cease,  
Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton bushes low  
Merry boys with shouldered crooks  
Close them in a single row,  
Shout among them as they go  
With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.  
Such delight you never know  
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright  
Cormorants and sea-gulls call,

And the moon comes large and white  
Filling with a lovely light  
The ferny curtained waterfall.  
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight  
And the climbing moon grows small.

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY

---

ALL THE HILLS AND VALES

1915

All the hills and vales along  
Earth are bursting into song,  
And the singers are the chaps  
Who are going to die perhaps.  
    O sing, marching men,  
    Till the valleys ring again.  
    Give your gladness to earth's keeping,  
    So be glad, when you are sleeping.

Cast away regret and rue,  
Think what you are marching to.  
Little live, great pass.  
Jesus Christ and Barabbas  
Were found the same day.  
This died, that went his way.  
    So sing with joyful breath.  
    For why, you are going to death.  
    Teeming earth will surely store  
    All the gladness that your pour.

Earth that never doubts nor fears,  
Earth that knows of death, not tears,  
Earth that bore with joyful ease  
Hemlock for Socrates,  
Earth that blossomed and was glad  
'Neath the cross that Christ had,  
Shall rejoice and blossom too  
When the bullet reaches you.

Wherefore, men marching  
 On the road to death, sing !  
 Pour your gladness on earth's head,  
 So be merry, so be dead.

From the hills and valleys earth  
 Shouts back the sound of mirth,  
 Tramp of feet and lilt of song  
 Ringing all the road along.  
 All the music of their going,  
 Ringing swinging glad song-throwing,  
 Earth will echo still, when foot  
 Lies numb and voice mute.

On, marching men, on  
 To the gates of death with song.  
 Sow your gladness for earth's reaping,  
 So you may be glad, though sleeping.  
 Strew your gladness on earth's bed,  
 So be merry, so be dead.

ARCHIBALD Mc. LEISH

MORITURI

1917

Not as Ulysses, otherwise with age,  
 Shall we sail out beyond the western gate  
 Into the unknown seas. Not destinate,  
 And weary of man's seeking, and the mage  
 Of subtle-changing earth and that vast sky  
 Where wonder walks, shall we sail curious  
 To do the last adventure. Oh, not thus,  
 Not satisfied with living, shall we die.

But we shall meet death running, with our lips  
 Still glad of the morning ; and with widening eyes  
 Still thirsty for the light, we shall surprise  
 The secret under that old hooded Fear,  
 And touch that face with eager finger-tips,  
 And find but Change, who crowns with youth the year.

*EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT*

## HOME THOUGHTS IN LAVENTIE

1916

Green gardens in Laventie !  
Soldiers only know the street  
Where the mud is churned and splashed about  
By battle-wending feet ;  
And yet beside one stricken house there is a glimpse of grass.  
Look for it when you pass.

Beyond the church whose pitted spire  
Seems balanced on a strand  
Of swaying stone and tottering brick  
Two roofless ruins stand,  
And here behind the wreckage where the back wall should  
have been  
We found a garden green.

The grass was never trodden on,  
The little path of gravel  
Was overgrown with celandine,  
No other folk did travel  
Along its weedy surface, but the nimble-footed mouse  
Running from house to house.

So all among the vivid blades  
Of soft and tender grass  
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels  
That pass and ever pass,  
In noisy continuity until their stony rattle  
Seems in itself a battle.

At length we rose up from this ease  
Of tranquil happy mind,  
And searched the garden's little length  
A fresh pleasure to find ;  
And there, some yellow daffodils and jasmine hanging high  
Did rest the tired eye.

The fairest and most fragrant  
Of the many sweets we found,  
Was a little bush of Daphne flowers  
Upon a grassy mound,  
And so thick were the blossoms set, and so divine the scent  
That we were well content.

Hungry for Spring I bent my head,  
The perfume fanned my face,  
And all my soul was dancing  
In that little lovely place,  
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and shattered  
towns  
Away . . . upon the Downs.

I saw green banks of daffodil,  
Slim poplars in the breeze,  
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March  
A-courting on the leas ;  
And meadows with their glittering streams, and silver  
scurrying dace,  
Home—what a perfect place !

*JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY*

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LINES WRITTEN ON AN AUGUST MORNING

It is the morning now.  
Grey-veiled and quenched is every scintillation  
Could light some far reflection in the mirror of my soul ;  
A morning meet for low-toned lamentation  
Of one who is not whole.

Desires and love burn low within my heart  
Dulled by mute anguish for some exultation  
That should uplift me, strongly whirled apart  
From life and fear of life, in a fierce wind of love  
To the high peak of consummation  
Whence looking down I might unerring mark  
The multitudinous, scattered flames of aspiration  
Leaping from out the dark

Toward the knowledge and the steady joy  
Of him who stands above  
The desert world that bruises the disconsolate feet of love.

Thence may the soul discern  
The ray of loveliness that pulses through the world  
Touching faint unperceiving hearts, suddenly aware  
Of a deep-springing hope unquenched by fortune stern ;  
Descending visible on sad eyes pearly  
By comprehension of their stinging sorrow ;  
Finding no utterance in speech  
But in an eager faith in each to-morrow ;  
A rainbow beauty poised beyond our reach—  
Soul's sun athwart soul's storm—gathering the manifold  
Happenings of life into the vaulted radiance of one far-  
springing bow.

One sole undaunted sparrow  
Braves the grey morning, cheerful in the elm  
Defies the gloomy clouds that narrow  
The cold and dreamy realm  
Where his persistent twittering mingles with the thin  
Echoes of far-off children playing, scorning  
The sun that hides within  
And will not venture forth to drive the chill rain from the  
morning.

Shall no rich gleam invade  
This coldly dreaming mind,  
Nor frosty silence melt at voices unafraid  
Borne undiminished on a teeming wind  
From some enchanted vineyard of the South  
Where the unbroken bloom of life is softly spilled  
Into the careless hand of youth ;  
Where morning by love's eager song is thrilled,  
Love whispers in the still hush of the noon,  
And twilit laughter  
Runs swiftly after  
To mock the melancholy of the patient moon.

Beyond thought's wan and listless-lapping seas  
Lies hid a sun-warmed shore  
Of the soul's garden, where ripen slowly  
Bright seeds of visions, truths and magic lore,  
Desires unutterable and holy  
Forgotten joys and frail felicities  
To fruits that bend their dreaming boughs to earth.  
There in the still lagoon  
A slender ship swings dully to the tides  
Waiting since birth  
For loving hands to load her patient hold.

But all is still, locked in a noonday swoon.  
The weed scarce sways about her blistered sides,  
The fainting airs can scarce unfold  
Her bleached and drooping pennon from the mast.  
Only the harsh, swift cry  
Of some uneasy bird of plumage tears  
The shroud of silence, shrieks to the brazen heaven, is past  
And all is still, more still for the stagnant tears  
Of endless dropping fruits that ooze their juices where  
they lie.

Weep, barren, dreaming trees  
In far, forgotten islands of the soul ;  
Weep for the sunken, splendid argosies  
Which sailed to take a prince's sovereign toll  
Of your untasted wealth of anodyne.  
Weep, for the dust-dried lips that vainly thirst  
For your unvintaged wine.  
Weep, for the joy, the confidence, the pride  
Uplifting him who first  
Dreamed in his youth of such discovery,  
And sang the while his flagged ship dropped to ocean on the  
tide.  
Weep, yea, weep for me.

O fainting heart that failed him in his need  
In terror of the grey, unbroken sea ;

Heart that believed yet shrank, and shrinking half-believed,  
That dared but once and doubted what might be  
In that immensity,  
Whispering of sunken reefs and fatal courses steered  
By prouder captains long, long years ago,  
Whose vessels pastured by the ocean weed  
Are rotting, rotting slow.

O coward heart whose resolution veered  
At the first breath of doubt and courage died,  
In that far hushed lagoon  
A mouldering ship swings feebly to the tide ;  
Your captain lies below ;  
His eyes are blind to that eternal noon ;  
But he is wept for by the stagnant tears  
Of endless dropping fruits that ooze their juices where they  
lie.

What voice shall reach him now ?  
What courage bear my heart across the dim, grey waste of  
seas  
To where he sleeps below ?  
Surely some wind of hope now stirs his drooping sail  
And murmurs in the trees  
To hush the dropping tears of years unharvested ;  
And surely he has heard an anguished voice which cries  
*Captain, awake ; the dead  
Have followed where you led.  
For their repentance' sake ;  
Captain, awake, awake !*  
Into the choking silence sinks the thin lost wail and dies.

The sparrow twitters on  
Defiance to the hidden, wasted sun,  
Alone of creatures scorning  
This solitude of morning  
When even the singing children tire of waiting for the day.



## TOLSTOY

*He is like a God, not a Sabaoth or an Olympian, but the kind of Russian god who "sits on a maple throne under a golden limetree," not very majestic, but perhaps more cunning than all the other gods.—*  
MAXIM GORKY, *Recollections of Tolstoy.*

What secret knowledge, old and cunning god,  
Purses your eyes in their inhuman leer ?  
What grim disdain lurks in your hateful nod,  
What arrogance, and what more awful fear  
Of things we cannot see,  
Strong spirit of the tree,  
Who knows wherein the roots are set of all mortality ?

Whence camest thou, a mortal man in seeming,  
Speaking our tongue, supreme in all our skill,  
To spurn them both aside for thy dread dreaming  
Of the ungovernable, mighty Will  
That sent thee to deride  
The triumphs of our pride  
And pierce our hearts with terror of thine own eyes  
terrified ?

What centaur-king at battle with the beasts  
Begot thee in the flush of victory  
Upon what fierce-eyed queen ? What drunken feasts  
Within the matted walls once drowned the cry  
Of the swift ravishment  
Of her whose pride was bent  
To hide the seed that bore thee in the darkness of his tent ?

The wild-maned horses neighed thee to thy rest ;  
The jackals howled their hunger round the horde  
While thy fierce mother clutched thee to her breast,  
Suckling a chieftain worthy of her lord  
Whose bloody hand had led  
Her captive to his bed,  
Bidding her raise up new kinsmen in the men she bore and  
bred.

Through what unnumbered ages hast thou sped,  
Thou mighty horseman, o'er the Asian plain ?  
What teeming tribes of nomads hast thou led  
To battle and to plunder and to pain ?  
Slant-eyed watcher of the nights,  
Master of creeping fights,  
To what god what victims gav'st thou in thy sacrificial  
rites ?

He was thy sire who would not to the tomb,  
At whose dark terrors his grim spirit quailed,  
Go comfortless ; but took to share his doom  
A thousand warriors on their steeds impaled,  
Who girded him around  
In the darkness of his mound  
To be his guard against the fang of death's grey, ghostly  
hound.

Not of thy kin was he who dreamed to hear  
The spinning stars make heavenly harmony,  
Obedient in sweet celestial fear  
To love that lasts to all eternity ;  
To thine the stars gave light  
To aid them in the fight,  
And guide their fearful courses through the menace of the  
night.

And when the unending journey came to rest  
Thou slumbered still, still shaped within thy sleep,  
In the proud loins of men who to the West  
Turned scornful eyes to mark where they might reap  
A harvest from the mind  
Their wandering as a wind  
Had suffered them not pause to sow with dreams of human-  
kind.

As men who rush into a new-found land,  
They stormed the gates of dreaming and desire ;  
Within the grasp of their all-daring hand  
Believed the shadows of the magic fire,

Urging their journey on  
Till earthly hosts had won  
To peaks lit by the farthest ray of thought's unearthly sun.

In this dim realm they wandered once again,  
Passing beyond the smooth and charted ways  
Into a wilderness unknown of men  
Where hearts grew faint with hunger and the maze  
Of their imaginings,  
Visions of shadowy things  
Confounded by the ghostly breath of immaterial wings.

The God they sought came not, but thou wert born ;  
In thy proud nostrils was the earth's strong breath ;  
Thou laughed their baffled wisdom into scorn ;  
Thine eyes glanced backward at the hound of death ;  
And things they could not see  
Struck anguish into thee,  
Remembering where the roots are set of all mortality.

After a little space of urgent days,  
Wherein thou wert supreme in all our skill,  
The memory of the waste, ancestral ways,  
The might of an ungovernable Will  
Locked the once eager tongue  
That in thy youth had rung  
O'er Europe like a mighty bell in a high belfry hung ;

Till at the last thou wandered forth alone  
To meet thy death where only stars might see,  
On the dim plain that echoes with the moan  
Of the impenetrable mystery  
To which no man has trod,  
Nor old and cunning god  
Who leers and fears and frights men with the blindness of his  
nod.

## EDMUND BLUNDEN

## ALMSWOMEN

At Quincey's moat the squandering village ends,  
 And there in the almshouse dwell the dearest friends  
 Of all the village, two old dames that cling  
 As close as any true loves in the spring.  
 Long, long ago they passed threescore-and-ten,  
 And in this doll's house lived together then ;  
 All things they have in common, being so poor,  
 And their one fear, Death's shadow at the door.  
 Each sundown makes them mournful, each sunrise  
 Brings back the brightness in their fading eyes.

Now happy go the rich fair-weather days  
 When on the roadside folk stare in amaze  
 At such a honeycomb of fruit and flowers  
 As mellows round their threshold ; what long hours  
 They gloat upon their steeping hollyhocks,  
 Bee's balsams, feathery southernwood, and stocks,  
 Fiery dragon's-mouths, great mallow leaves  
 For salves, and lemon-plants in bushy sheaves,  
 Shagged Esau's-hands with fine green finger-tips.  
 Such old sweet names are ever on their lips.  
 As pleased as little children where these grow  
 In cobbled pattens and worn gowns they go,  
 Proud of their wisdom when on gooseberry shoots  
 They stuck eggshells to fright from coming fruits  
 The brisk-billed rascals ; pausing still to see  
 Their neighbour owls saunter from tree to tree,  
 Or in the hushing half-light mouse the lane  
 Long-winged and lordly.

But when those hours wane  
 Indoors they ponder, scared by the harsh storm  
 Whose pelting saracens on the window swarm,  
 And listen for the mail to clatter past  
 And church clock's deep bay withering on the blast ;  
 They feed the fire that flings a freakish light  
 On pictured kings and queens grotesquely bright,

Platters and pitchers, faded calendars  
And graceful hour-glass trim with lavenders.

Many a time they kiss and cry, and pray  
That both be summoned in the selfsame day,  
And wiseman linnet tinkling in his cage  
End too with them the friendship of old age,  
And all together leave their treasured room  
Some bell-like evening when the May's in bloom.

THOMAS MOULT

---

FOR BESSIE, SEATED BY ME IN THE GARDEN

To the heart, to the heart the white petals  
Quietly fall.  
Memory is a little wind, and magical  
The dreaming hours.  
As a breath they fall, as a sigh ;  
Green garden hours too languorous to waken,  
White leaves of blossomy tree wind-shaken :  
As a breath, a sigh  
As the slow white drift  
Of a butterfly.  
Flower-wings falling, wings of branches  
One after one at wind's droop dipping ;  
Then with the lift  
Of the air's soft breath, in sudden avalanches  
Slipping.  
Quietly, quietly the June wind flings  
White wings,  
White petals, past the footpath flowers  
Adown my dreaming hours.  
At the heart, at the heart the butterfly settles.  
As a breath, a sigh  
Fall the petals of hours, of the white-leafed flowers,  
Fall the petalled wings of the butterfly.  
To my heart, to my heart the white petals  
Quietly fall.

To the years, other years, old and wistful  
Drifts my dream.  
Petal-patined the dream, white-mistful  
As the dew-sweet haunt of the dim whitebeam,  
Because of memory, a little wind . . .  
It is the gossamer-float of the butterfly,  
This drift of dream  
From the sweet of to-day to the sweet  
Of days long drifted by.  
It is the drift of the butterfly, it is the fleet  
Drift of petals which my noon has thinned,  
It is the ebbing out of my life, of the petals of days.  
To the years, other years, drifts my dream. . . .  
Through the haze  
Of summers long ago  
Love's entrancements flow,  
A blue-green pageant of earth,  
A green-blue pageant of sky,  
As a stream,  
Flooding back with lovely delta to my heart.  
Lo, the petalled leafage is finer, under the feet  
The coarse soil with a rainbow's worth  
Of delicate colours lies enamelled,  
Translucently glowing, shining.  
Each balmy breath of the hours  
From eastern gleam to westward gloam  
Is meaning-full as the falling flowers :  
It is a crystal syllable  
For love's defining,  
It is love alone can spell—  
Yea, Love remains : after this drift of days  
Love is here, Love is not dumb.  
The touch of a silken hand, comradely, untrammelled,  
Is in the sunlight, a bright glance  
On every ripple of yonder waterways,  
A whisper in the dance  
Of green shadows ;  
Nor shall the sunlight be shut out even from the  
dark.

Beyond the garden heavy oaks are buoyant on the meadows,  
 Their rugged bark  
 No longer rough,  
 But chastened and refined in the glowing eyes of Love.  
 Around us the petals fulfil  
 Their measure and fall, precious the petals are still.  
 For Love they once were gathered, they are gathered for  
     Love again,  
 Whose glance is on the water,  
 Whose whisper is in the green shadows.  
 In the same comrade-hand whose touch is in the sunlight,  
 They are lying again.  
 Here Love is . . . Love only of all things outstays  
 The drift of petals, the drift of days,  
 Petals of hours,  
 Of white-leaved flowers,  
 Petalled wings of the butterfly,  
 Drifting, quietly drifting by  
 As a breath, a sigh. . . .

RICHARD ALDINGTON

---

TO A GREEK MARBLE

Πότνια, Πότνια,  
 White grave goddess,  
 Pity my sadness,  
 O silence of Paros.

I am not of these about thy feet,  
 These garments and decorum ;  
 I am thy brother,  
 Thy lover of aforetime crying to thee,  
 And thou hearest me not.

I have whispered thee in thy solitudes  
 Of our loves in Phrygia,  
 The far ecstasy of burning noons  
 When the fragile pipes

Ceased in the cypress shade,  
And the brown fingers of the shepherd  
Moved over slim shoulders ;  
And only the cicada sang.

I have told thee of the hills  
And the lisp of reeds  
And the sun upon thy breasts.

And thou hearest me not,  
Πότνια, Πότνια,  
Thou hearest me not.

# BROMIOS

*(A Frieze in the Vatican)*

\* The withered bonds are broken.  
The waxed reeds and the double pipe  
Clamour about me ;  
The hot wind swirls  
Through the red pine trunks.  
Io ! The fauns and the satyrs.  
The touch of their shagged curled fur  
And blunt horns.

They have wine in heavy craters  
Painted black and red ;  
Wine to splash on her white body.  
Io !  
She shrinks from the cold shower—  
Afraid, afraid !

Let the Mænads break through the myrtles  
And the boughs of the rhododaphnai.  
Let them tear the quick deer's flesh.  
Ah, the cruel exquisite fingers.  
Io !  
I have brought you the brown clusters,  
The ivy-boughs and pine-cones.



Your breasts are cold sea-ripples,  
But they smell of the warm grasses.

Throw wide the chiton and the peplum,  
Maidens of the dew,  
Beautiful are your bodies, O Mænads,  
Beautiful the sudden folds,  
The vanishing curves of the white linen  
About you.

Io !  
Hear the rich laughter of the forest,  
The cymbals,  
The trampling of the panisks and the centaurs.

### MARTIN ARMSTRONG

#### THE BUZZARDS

When evening came and the warm glow grew deeper,  
And every tree that bordered the green meadows,  
And in the yellow cornfields every reaper  
And every corn-shock stood above their shadows  
Flung eastward from their feet in longer measure,  
Serenely far there swam in the sunny height  
A buzzard and his mate who took their pleasure  
Swirling and poising idly in golden light.

On great pied motionless moth-wings borne along,  
So effortless and so strong,  
Cutting each other's paths together they glided,  
Then wheeled asunder till they soared divided  
Two valley's width (as though it were delight  
To part like this, being sure they could unite  
So swiftly in their empty, free dominion),  
Curved headlong downward, towered up the sunny steep,  
Then, with a sudden lift of the one great pinion,  
Swung proudly to a curve, and from its height  
Took half a mile of sunlight in one long sweep.

And we, so small on the swift immense hillside,  
Stood tranced, until our souls arose uplifted  
On those far-sweeping, wide,  
Strong curves of flight—swayed up and hugely drifted,  
Were washed, made strong and beautiful in the tide  
Of sun-bathed air. But far beneath, beholden  
Through shining deeps of air, the fields were golden  
And rosy burned the heather where cornfields ended.

And still those buzzards whirled, while light withdrew  
Out of the vales and to surging slopes ascended,  
Till the loftiest flaming summit died to blue.

*J. D. C. PELLOW*

---

THE TEMPLE

Between the erect and solemn trees  
I will go down upon my knees ;  
I shall not find this day  
So meet a place to pray.

Haply the beauty of this place  
May work in me an answering grace,  
The stillness of the air  
Be echoed in my prayer.

The worshipping trees arise and run,  
With never a swerve, towards the sun ;  
So may my soul's desire  
Turn to its central fire.

With single aim they seek the light,  
And scarce a twig in all their height  
Breaks out until the head  
In glory is outspread.

How strong each pillared trunk ; the bark  
That covers them, how smooth ; and hark,  
The sweet and gentle voice  
With which the leaves rejoice !

May a like strength and sweetness fill  
 Desire, and thought, and steadfast will,  
 When I remember these  
 Fair sacramental trees !

EDWARD SHANKS

---

FÊTE GALANTE : THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

Aristonoë, the fading shepherdess,  
 Gathers the young girls round her in a ring,  
 Teaching them wisdom of love,  
 What to say, how to dress,  
 How frown, how smile,  
 How suitors to their dancing feet to bring,  
 How in mere walking to beguile,  
 What words cunningly said in what a way  
 Will draw man's busy fancy astray,  
 All the alphabet, grammar and syntax of love.

The garden smells are sweet,  
 Daisies spring in the turf under the high-heeled feet,  
 Dense, dark banks of laurel grow  
 Behind the wavering row  
 Of golden, flaxen, black, brown, auburn heads,  
 Behind the light and shimmering dresses  
 Of these unreal, modern shepherdesses ;  
 And gaudy flowers in formal patterned beds  
 Vary the dim long vistas of the park,  
 Far as the eye can see,  
 Till at the forest's edge the ground grows dark  
 And the flowers vanish in the obscurity.

The young girls gather round her,  
 Remembering eagerly how their fathers found her  
 Fresh as a spring-like wind in February,  
 Subtler in her moving heart than sun-motes that vary  
 At every waft of an opening and shutting door ;  
 They gather chattering near,

Hush, break't but in laughter, whisper aside,  
Grow silent more and more,  
Though she will never chide.  
Now through the silence sounds her voice still clear,  
And all give ear.  
Like a silver thread through the golden afternoon,  
Equally the voice discloses  
All that age-old wisdom ; like an endless tune  
Aristonoe's voice wavers among the roses,  
Level and unimpassioned,  
Telling them how of nothing love is fashioned,  
How it is but a movement of the mind,  
Bidding Celia mark  
That light skirts fluttering in the wind,  
Or white flowers stuck in dark  
Glistening hair, have fired the dull beholder,  
Or telling Anais  
That faint indifference ere now hath bred a kiss  
Denied to flaunted snowy breast or shoulder.

The girls attend,  
Each thinking on her friend,  
Whether he be real or imaginary,  
Whether he be loving or cold ;  
For each ere she grows old  
Means to pursue her joy, and the whole unwary  
Troop of their wishes has this wild quarry in cry,  
That draws them ineluctably,  
More and more as the summer slippeth by.  
And Celia leans aside  
To contemplate her black-silked ankle on the grass ;  
In remote dreaming pride,  
Rosalind recalls the image in her glass ;  
Phyllis through all her body feels  
How divine energy steals,  
Quiescent power and resting speed,  
Stretches her arms out, feels the warm blood run  
Ready for pursuit, for strife and deed,  
And turns her glowing face up to the sun.  
Phyllida smiles.

And lazily trusts her lazy wit,  
A slow arrow that hath often hit ;  
Chloe, bemused by many subtle wiles,  
Grows not more dangerous for all of it,  
But opens her red lips, yawning drowsily,  
And shows her small white teeth,  
Dimpling the round chin beneath,  
And stretches, moving her young body deliciously.

And still the lesson goes on,  
For this is an old story that is never done ;  
And now the precept is of ribbon and shoe,  
What with linens and silks love finds to do,  
And how man's heart is tangled in a string  
Or taken in gauze like a weak and helpless thing.  
Chloe falls asleep ; and the long summer day  
Drifts slowly past the girls and the warm roses,  
Giving in dreams its hours away.  
Now Stella throws her head back, and Phillis disposes  
Her strong brown hands quietly in her lap,  
And Rose's slender feet grow restless and tap  
The turf to an imaginary tune.  
Now all this grace of youthful bodies and faces  
Is wrought to a glow by the golden weather of June ;  
Now, Love, completing grace of all the graces,  
Strong in these hearts thy pure streams rise,  
Transmuting what they learn by heavenly alchemies.  
Swift from the listeners the spell vanishes,  
And through the tinkling, empty words,  
True thoughts of true love press,  
Flying and wheeling nearer ;  
As through a sunny sky a flock of birds  
Against the throbbing blue grows clearer and clearer,  
So closer come these thoughts and dearer.

Helen rises with a laugh ;  
Chloe wakes ;  
All the enchantment scatters off like chaff ;  
The cord is loosened and the spell breaks.  
Rosalind

Resolves that to-night she will be kind to her lover,  
Unreflecting, warm, and kind.  
Celia tells the lessons over,  
Counting on her fingers—one and two—  
Ribbon and shoe,  
Skirts, flowers, song, dancing, laughter, eyes . . .  
Through the whole catalogue of formal gallantry  
And studious coquetries,  
Counting to herself maliciously.

But the old, the fading shepherdess, Aristonoë,  
Rises stiffly and walks alone  
Down the broad path where densely the laurels grow,  
And over a little lawn, not closely mown,  
Where wave the flowering grass and the rich meadow-sweet.  
She seems to walk painfully now and slow,  
And drags a little on her high-heeled feet.  
She stops at last below  
An old twisted plum-tree, whose last petal is gone,  
Leans on the comfortable, rugged bole,  
And stares through the green leaves at the drooping sun.  
The tree and the warm light comfort her ageing soul.

On the other lawn behind her, out of sight,  
The girls at play  
Drive out melancholy by lively delight,  
And the wind carries their songs and laughter away.  
Some begin dancing and seriously tread  
A modern measure up and down the grass,  
Turn, slide with bending knees, and pass  
With dipping hand and poising head,  
Float through the sun in pairs, like newly shed  
And golden leaves astray  
Upon the warm wind of an autumn day,  
When the Indian summer rules the air.

Others, having found,  
Lying idly on the sun-hot ground,  
Shuttlecocks and battledores,  
Play with the buoyant feathers and stare

Dazzled at the plaything as it soars,  
Vague against the shining sky,  
Where light yet throbs and confuses the eye,  
Then see it again, white and clear,  
As slowly, poisedly it falls by  
The dark green foliage and floats near.  
But Celia, apart, is pensive and must sigh,  
And Anais but faintly pursues the game.  
An encroaching, inner flame  
Burns in their hearts with the acrid smoke of unrest ;  
But gaiety runs like quicksilver in Rose's breast,  
And Phillis, rising,  
Walks by herself with high and springy tread,  
All her young blood racing from heels to head,  
Breeding new desires and a new surprising  
Strength and determination,  
Whereof are bred  
Confidence and joy and exultation.

The long day closes ;  
Rosalind's hour draws near, and Chloe's and Rose's,  
The hour that Celia has prayed,  
The hour for which Anais and Stella have stayed,  
When Helen shall forget her wit,  
And Phillida by a sure arrow at length be hit,  
And Phillis, the fleet runner, be at length overtaken ;  
When this bough of young blossoms  
By the rough, eager gatherers shall be shaken.  
Their eyes grow dim,  
Their hearts flutter like taken birds in their bosoms,  
As the light dies out of heaven,  
And a faint, delicious tremor runs through every limb,  
And faster the volatile blood through their veins is driven.

The long day closes ;  
The last light fades in the amber sky ;  
Warm through the warm dusk glow the roses,  
And a heavier shade drops slowly from the trees,  
While through the garden as all colours die  
The scents come livelier on the quickening breeze.

The world grows larger, vaguer, dimmer,  
Over the dark laurels a few faint stars glimmer ;  
The moon, that was a pallid ghost,  
Hung low on the horizon, faint and lost,  
Comes up, a full and splendid golden round  
By black and sharp-cut foliage overcrossed.  
The girls laugh and whisper now with hardly a sound,  
Till all sound vanishes, dispersed in the night,  
Like a wisp of cloud that fades in the moon's light,  
And the garden grows silent and the shadows grow  
Deeper and blacker below  
The mysteriously moving and murmuring trees,  
That stand out darkly against the star-luminous sky ;  
Huge stand the trees,  
Shadowy, whispering immensities,  
That rain down quietude and darkness on heart and eye.  
None move, none speak, none sigh,  
But from the laurels comes a leaping voice  
Crying in tones that seem not man's nor boy's,  
But only joy's,  
And hard behind a loud tumultuous crying,  
A tangled skein of noise,  
And the girls see their lovers come, each vying  
Against the next in glad and confident poise,  
Or softly moving  
To the side of the chosen with gentle words and loving  
Gifts for her pleasure of sweetmeats and jewelled toys.

Dear Love, whose strength no pedantry can stir,  
Whether in thine iron enemies,  
Or in thine own strayed follower  
Bemused with subtleties and sophistries,  
Now dost thou rule the garden, now  
The gatherers' hands have grasped the scented bough.

Slow the sweet hours resolve, and one by one are sped.  
The garden lieth empty. Overhead  
A night jar rushes by, wing touching wing,  
And passes, uttering  
His hoarse and whirring note.



The daylight birds long since are fled,  
Nor has the moon yet touched the brown bird's throat.  
All's quiet, all is silent, all around  
The day's heat rises gently from the ground,  
And still the broad moon travels up the sky,  
Now glancing through the trees and now so high  
'That all the garden through her rays are shed,  
And from the laurels one can just descry  
Where in the distance looms enormously  
The old house, with all its windows black and dead.

THE END



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